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4—A Wounded Grizzly, 10x13
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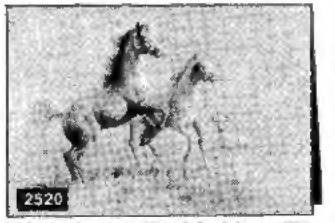

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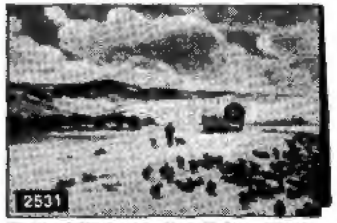

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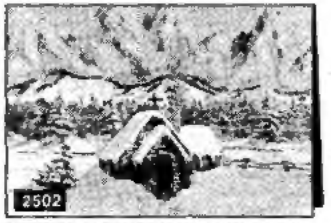

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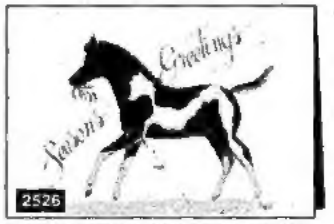

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You Won't Strike It Rich, But—

—you will be reading what I consider THE BEST TREASURE PUBLICATION WE EVER PUT OUT! If you buy a copy of GOLD! (which should be out around the first of November or shortly thereafter) and do not agree with me, send me that copy and I will—appreciate it greatly! Now you weren't thinking I was going to finish that sentence with the old advertising adage of "...refund your money . . ." were you? Old Hosstail ain't that rich and I hope he ain't that dumb! Remember, I said that *I* thought it was the best treasure publication of any magazine we have ever published—and we have been in the business over thirty-four years. I didn't say *you* would—but I sure hope so.

This is the second edition of GOLD! I am talking about and we did our dadblamedest to put out the best lost mines, ghost towns, buried treasure, gold-finding, relic-dealing, found mines and lost miners, diamond hoaxers, rock-hounding, let'er-ripping "turrible rag" that has ever been published on the face of this earth! Dadburn, where did I get hold of that loco weed!

On the other hand, when have you read a story like "I Found A Lost Mine"? Every rag that comes out, including ours, is telling all about mines that some goof-up lost and spent his life trying to find but you don't read an "actually found" one in a coon's age. This is a *long* story. If it doesn't make your toes curl right back in your boots, I'll buy you a sarsaparilla at the nearest ghost town bar. Whatever you add to it is your own doggone business!

Then there is "The Man Who Found $85,000,000!" That is one of the best cotton-pickin' discoveries I ever read and, just incidentally, this man not only found a heck of a fortune but founded Tombstone at the same time!

Then there are three stories by J. Frank Dobie—and you don't find that often. Nell Murbarger's "Seven Cities of Sin and Silver" has been called her best—and gentlemen, *that* is good! You can just feel the rowdy bustle, hear the sounds, sense the excitement. Then there is "The Incredible Mystery of the Golden Lake"—the best "lost gold" lake story I ever read.

Fact is, there are 100 pages (including cover) of what we think you will like *very* much and I don't believe you will find 100 pages for fifty cents in the western or treasure field outside of our OLD WEST magazine which, by the way, has come up second in sales in the entire field—behind TRUE WEST (first) and slightly in front of FRONTIER TIMES (third). Wouldn't that just pluck your rooster! It might be a sign that people are looking for more than 64 pages (by making what we call page 1 read page 3

(Continued on page 62)

A Joe Small Publication

November-December, 1969
Volume 17, No. 2
Whole No. 96

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

PAT WAGNER, Editor
JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher
ROBERT SMALL, Advertising Mgr.
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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Grandee

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(SEE HOSSTAIL'S EDITORIAL ON OPPOSITE PAGE)

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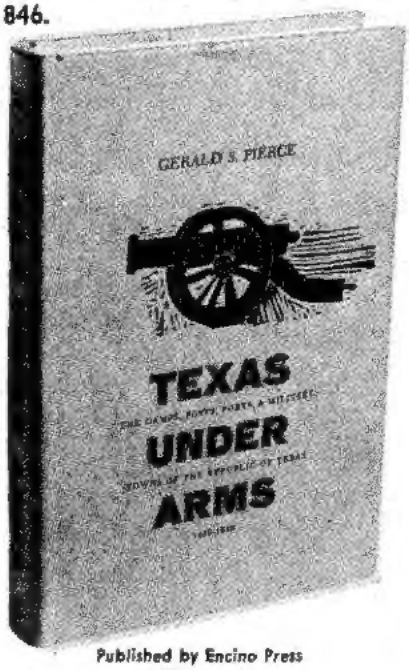

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Manna from Colorado

Gentlemen:

Pops was quite pleased when I discovered your magazines a few years ago. He has always enjoyed reading about the West as it was, but he often doubted some of the stories that he found in other magazines. Now he feels he is getting the "true story" without any elaboration.

Later on I, too, became an avid reader of westernlore and found your write-ups more in context than I thought possible. Still later, our three older sons became adept at telling numbers from letters and they found the magazines more interesting than comic books. But this did not solve the reading problem at our house. I had been getting the magazines by subscription, but with the spotty arrivals of only one magazine at a time, it looked and sounded like Civil War what with the boys snatching and bickering over the new copy. After repairing a few magazines to the tune of a roll of tape each, I decided it was best to do my own snatching and that was at the newsstand where I could get two, three or often four (with your special issues) of the mags.

It did save wear and tear on my nerves plus the same on the magazines. Seemed rather good to find an issue all in one piece and better still to know the boys were on good terms with one another. Now that the boys have all gone from home, Pop and I sit relaxed and contented with our three magazines. That one-to-spare saves the day, by the time we get them all read it is time for another edition and so it goes.

Hoping your publications last as long as I plan to be here—another forty years at least.—Mrs. Fred Reed, Rt. 1, Box 128, Gill, Colorado 80624

Nobody in the magazine business would believe that Mrs. Reed's letter arrived on a Monday. It's just not the sort of communication that starts out a publisher's week. Bills, cancellations, and complaints are the typical fare, and early on Monday morning we line up by the coffee pot, get a cup, go to our desks, put on our thick skins, and open the mail. Pow! Zooie! Blam!

When you run across one like Pop's lady wrote, you turn it over, read it again and wait for the old trick of disappearing ink. But nothing happens. It's real.

You look at the calendar. "Monday," it says. The durn thing must be printed wrong! Man, what an opportunity to eat out the boys in the 365-days-in-a-year trade!

Then you open the next letter. It starts out, "Dear True Liars: The story you wrote about - - - - - is a lot of hot air. I am the only one who knows the real facts. I'm willing to set you straight on it. What do you pay? How long are you going to mislead the public? Don't use my name."

Yep—it's Monday.

Perfect Stone Among Ruins

Dear Sirs:

I have been an ardent fan of your magazine for quite a while and decided to send you a photo I took at Tip Top, a ghost town in the Bradshaw Mountains just north of Phoenix, Arizona. I took this picture in 1968 and there isn't much left of this once thriving little town, just a couple of buildings and two cemeteries.

This particular grave is very well kept and the stone is in perfect condition and I thought that some of the relatives might like to see this picture.

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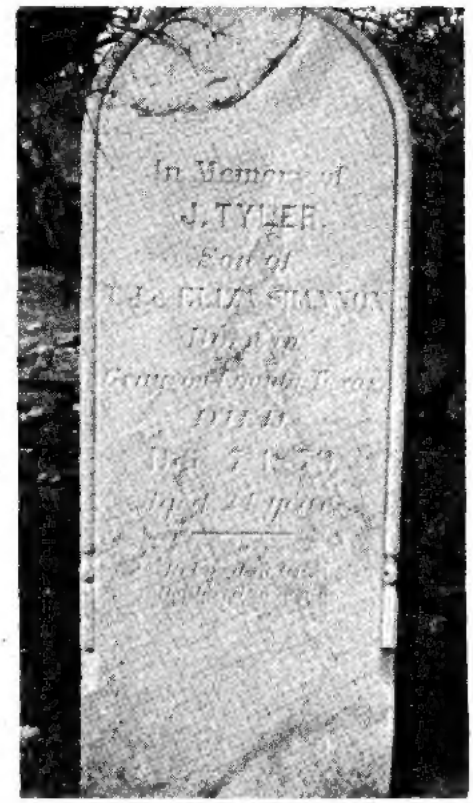

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

RANGE LIFE

Whenever things were going smoothly, Ma'am Jones became apprehensive. Smooth sailing simply was not part of her life—at least, not for long. Barbara Jones reared a family of nine sons and a daughter in the thick of the Lincoln County war in eastern New Mexico late in the 19th century. In addition, she ran a school, a boarding house, a bar, and a Sunday school—sometimes all in one. *Ma'am Jones of the Pecos* (University of Arizona Press, $6.50) by Eve Ball is an unusual story of an American pioneer woman who used a needle, skillet, or gun, as needed, and who tended the dying during frontier wars or outbreaks of equally deadly diseases. Although her husband, Heiskell Jones, who immigrated to New Mexico from Virginia after *the* war promised his wife he would never again engage in fighting, his sons were active participants in the Lincoln County trouble. Eve Ball interviewed several of Ma'am Jones' children, studied family records, and searched official archives for material for this lively story.

HIGH ADVENTURE

Occasionally a book appears in the stream of Western non-fiction that is a large cut over the average. Such a book is *Under Cover for Wells Fargo: The Unvarnished Recollections of Fred Dodge* (Houghton Mifflin Co., $6.95) edited by Carolyn Lake and with a foreword by Niel Morgan. Dodge was born August 29, 1854 in Butte County, California, the first white child of the area. His childhood friends and teachers were largely Indians. At the age of twenty-five he arrived on the scene at Tombstone, Arizona as an undercover agent for Wells Fargo. Dodge became a close friend of Wyatt Earp and the Earp brothers, working closely with them on many cases. Yet his true occupation was known to few during his fifty-year career, so well did he maintain his undercover status. In later years Dodge set down in his inimitable style his memories and experiences. Dodge became acquainted with Stuart Lake when the latter was working with Wyatt Earp on the Earp biography and turned his papers and journals over to him. Lake died before he could use the Dodge material in a fitting publication. Lake's daughter, Carolyn, literally busted the Dodge material out of a locked trunk stored in a closet in her father's studio after his death. Miss Lake's editing and notes have been kept to a minimum, and the material is presented as Dodge wrote it. Known as a man who could not be interviewed when alive, Dodge's "unvarnished" writings reveal details and insight into the adventures, times, places, and famous people of the colorful era in which he lived.

Marshall Bond actively hopped from one great adventure to another during his explorations that started with trail driving in Texas to gold hunting in the Klondike, Africa, Mexico and in the Nevada and Mojave deserts. A flavorful report of his travels is now available in *Gold Hunter, The Adventures of Marshall Bond* (University of New Mexico Press, $8.50) by Marshall Bond, Jr. Bond and a brother took a flier in gold mining in the Klondike where they cronied with Jack London. Marshall's dog, Jack, was the prototype of London's famous sled dog, Buck, in the story, *Call of the Wild.* Bond hobnobbed with British royalty on an African safari where he saw gold and diamond mines in operation. While operating mines in Mexico, he was a temporary captive of Pancho Villa. As a newspaper reporter, he covered the Goldfield, Nevada boom. Bond also operated a brokerage firm in California which went under during the crash of 1929. Considerable detail is given about his and other Mojave mining ventures beginning in 1930. This is a very good book for mining buffs.

TRIBAL TRAIL

The Nez Percé Trail (Franklin Press, Inc., $4.95) by Helga Anderson Travis is the story of the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Nez Percé on the Walla Walla River which became the town of Wallula. The fort was the end of the Nez Percé Trail which was the "great inter-tribal highway between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast." Lewis and Clark traveled the trail when they returned east from the Columbia in 1806. Northwestern Indians used the route in their annual treks to the buffalo herds. The book is the story of the fort as revealed through the lives of eleven men who served as factors from 1811 until 1855. Additional chapters on transportation, stagecoaches, pack horses, the Mullan Road, railroading, and the develop-

(Continued on page 80)

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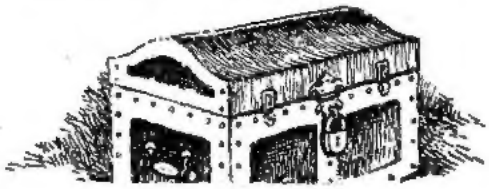

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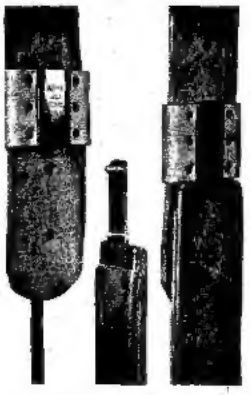

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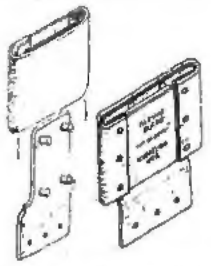

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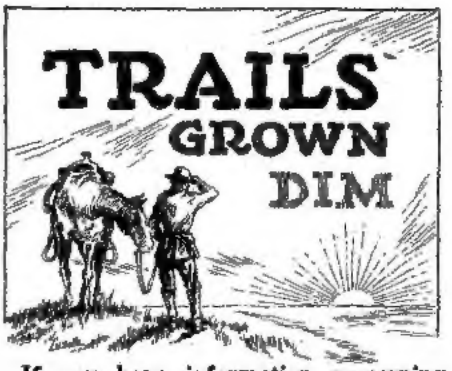

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Jack and Earl Young

Maybe some of your readers could help me locate my two half-brothers, Jack and Earl Young. They were probably born in Kansas City, Kansas. Their mother's maiden name is May Deveaux. She and our father were married in Oklahoma and moved to Kansas City. There they separated shortly after the youngest son was born. Our father's name was Walter J. Young, now deceased.—Bernice Adams, Star Route, Beowawe, Nevada 89821

Pickford Eledge-John Rhodes

Will someone please help me locate my Uncle Pickford (Pic) Eledge whom I never have seen. His mother's name was Martha Francis Carson Eledge (Montgomery County, Texas.) His brothers were Richard (my father), Jake, Henry and a half-brother, Charlie Banks. Some spell the last name Elledge. Years ago his last letter came from Oak Arc, Oklahoma. Also a John Rhodes who married a Sarah Carson.—Elsa Eledge Davenport, Route 1, Box 32-3A, Smithfield, Texas 76080

Robert B. Metcalfe

As interpreter and Indian agent, Robert B. Metcalfe played an important part in Oregon's Rogue River Indian Wars of the 1850s. Leaving the Indian Service, he moved to Texas and soon became a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1860 and a Confederate Army officer the following year. I would appreciate any information about Metcalfe from descendants or others knowing Metcalfe family history.—Frank K. Walsh, 0306 S.W. Palatine Hill Road, Portland, Oregon 97219

Lydia Stewart

I would appreciate information concerning my great-grandmother Lydia Stewart, born about 1839 in Pennsylvania. On September 22, 1893 she moved onto her homestead in Blaine County, Oklahoma. James Duff, a son-in-law, also settled in Blaine County. Lydia Stewart had two children—one daughter, Mattie, and one son, Alonzo Stewart (my grandfather) who died April 25, 1893 in Hennessey, Oklahoma.—Mrs. Elsie Stewart, 252 Buena Vista Street, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301

Georgia Cotton Family

I would like to hear from anyone who could tell me something about my mother's family. Her name was Georgia Cotton and she married my father, Hiram B. Riley on March 24, 1895. I do not know where they were married or where they lived, but I believe it was in the central or eastern part of Texas. My mother died when I was about two and I know nothing of her family other than her mother was married twice and her second husband's name was Weeks. My father was a railroad engineer and died when I was about twelve. I do not even know where Mother is buried.—Mrs. Lillie Belle (Riley) Steele, 853 E. Craven Street, Pampa, Texas 79065

William Bart Bruce

Did any reader know William Bart Bruce? He was in Oklahoma in 1884. The last time anyone here heard from him he was at Hackett, Oklahoma running a sawmill with another man around 1913 or '14. He is my uncle and had a home near Charleston, Arkansas. My Grandpa and Grandma Cooper, my father, my mother and I went to Charleston in a covered wagon and visited at his home. Uncle Bart was Grandmother Cooper's son by a previous marriage and my father's half-brother. I have a picture of my Uncle Bart. If anyone thinks they knew him, I'll send it.—Mrs. Alma Silkwood, Route 1, Cushing, Oklahoma 74023

Martin Read

I would appreciate hearing from descendants of Martin Read for more details on the story of his capture by the Confederates during the Civil War. He was held in Libby Prison where he and some others, who all had smallpox and were expected to die anyway, were laid on flatcars for transportation to the infamous Andersonville prison. Somewhere along the way he decided death was better than Andersonville so he rolled off the flatcar. He woke up in a slave cabin and a Negro slave nursed him back to health and via the underground railway got him back to Iowa. He lived in Corydon, Allerton and possibly Keokuk, Iowa and also Princeton, Missouri. He had a son by his first wife whose last name was Morrison and two sons, Ernest and Martin Jr. (both fine musicians, my mother said) by his second wife, Lydia, last name unknown. Martin's parents were John Read of Armagh, Ireland and Margaret McCall of Dublin, Ireland.—Mrs. Earl F. Rice, 49½ S. E. 6th Street, Miami, Florida 33131

Lee-Schockley-Tow-Craig

All letters will be gratefully acknowledged from anyone having information on Drury Lee, born in Kentucky about 1822. In the 1850s he married Mathilda Schockley of Ohio and lived in Gasconade and Cedar Counties, Missouri. By 1863 he was married to Susan Baxter and lived in Wilson County, Kansas. December 2, 1864 he was murdered by unknown parties while on a freighting trip in Humboldt County, Kansas. Sarah, a daughter by his first wife, was my

(Continued on page 56)

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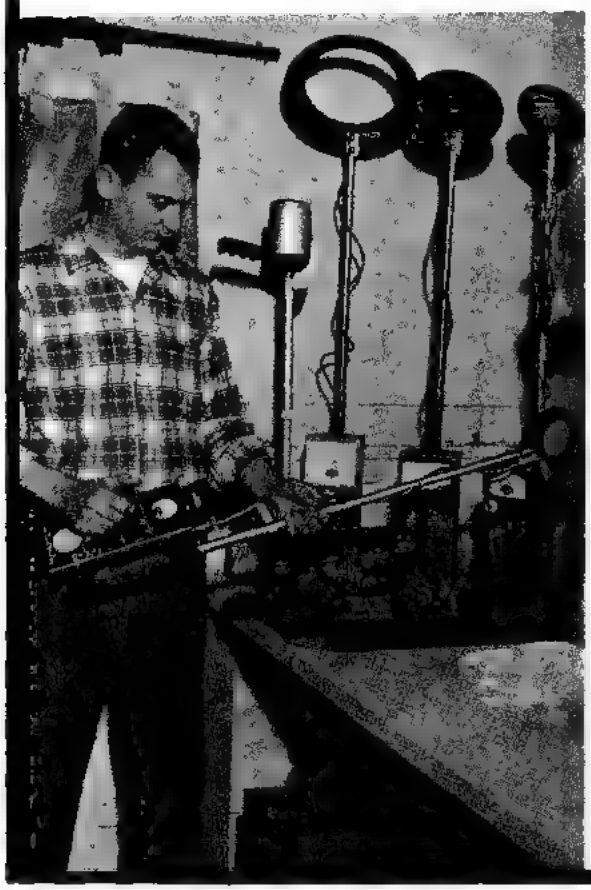

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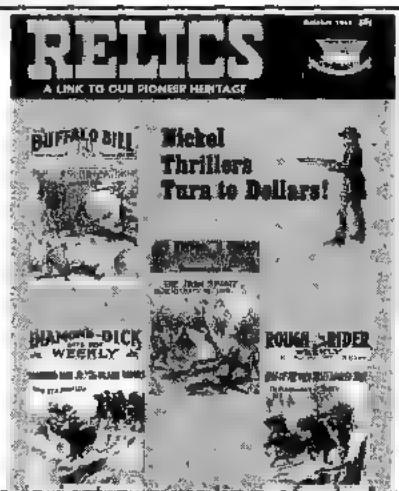

This is just a sampling of what you will find in the October 1969 Issue.

- **UNDERGROUND RAILWAY STATIONS**
  (Civil War Reminders)
  By Janet R. Hayward
- **NICKEL THRILLERS**
  (Old Magazines)
  By J. Ed Leithead
- **THOSE OLD LETTERS**
  (Postmarks & Stamps)
  By I. L. Pixler
- **WHO WANTS TO BUY A BOTTLE?**
  By Jean Ehly
- **BILL'S BELLS**
  (Cow Necklaces)
  By Stella Gipson Polk
- **FLAG MADE OF BULLETS**
  By Elmer E. Newcheck
- **CHILEAN MILL**
  (Mining Oddity)
  By Mildred Fielder

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CHRISTMAS

AT ROCKY POINT

By WALT COBURN
Illustrated by Herb Mignery

Everybody got a workout—the fiddlers, the dancers, and especially Pearl Swag who nearly caused a rise on the Missouri with her tears!

DURING the pioneer days of the '80s the Rocky Point Crossing on the wide Missouri in northeastern Montana boasted a scatterment of log cabins, a trading post, and a saloon where only forty-rod barrel whiskey was sold across the pine-board bar.

A man could buy two different brands by the jug or by the bottle. The best brand was genuine aged barrel whiskey fetched up by steamboat from St. Louis. It was strictly for the white-man trade. The inferior brand was rotgut made from grain alcohol and diluted with river water. Burnt sugar or blackstrap molasses was used for coloring, and plug tobacco and pepper sauce added for a stronger taste. This was the potent rotgut sold to Indians and halfbreed trappers, and swapped by the whiskey traders for beaver plews, mink, otter and muskrat furs, and buffalo and buckskin deer hides.

Most of the log cabins on both sides of the river had been built by wolfers, trappers, and placer miners who panned gold along the creeks and sandbars.

Rocky Point was a tough little settlement, the rendezvous of cattle rustlers, horse thieves, and all manner of outlaws with a bounty on their hides, as well as road agents who held up the stage

Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy John Town, Bridger, Montana

Rocky Point as it appeared in 1885.

coaches, rifled Wells Fargo strongboxes, and robbed the passengers. No law existed at Rocky Point. There was only the law of the six-shooter, and by that same token the law of survival.

Then came the Judith Basin Vigilantes, a secret organization composed of cattlemen and their cowhands and originated by Granville Stuart of the D H S outfit to wipe out the serious menace of organized cattle rustlers and horse thieves. In one big raid at the old Fort Musselshell Crossing on the Missouri the hanged men were left dangling from cottonwood trees as a warning, as a result of which the Judith Basin Vigilantes became known as the Judith Basin Stranglers among the outlaw clan, and those cattle rustlers and horse thieves who had been using Rocky Point for a hideaway quickly vanished from the scene. The wolfers there, who had been butchering stolen beef, also hastily departed. Their unoccupied sod-roofed cabins soon fell into decay and the logs were sawed into cordwood lengths and piled on the banks of the river to sell to the steamboat captains to fuel their steam boilers.

Then came the settlers who took up homestead rights along both banks of the Missouri. They cut wild hay along the fertile land of the river bottoms, built up their herds of cattle, raised families, and gained due respect from the big cattle outfits. Eventually the Rocky Point Crossing lost its name as a lawless, tough place, and by that same token gained a measure of respectability.

A cable scow ferry boat was established. The trading post prospered. General merchandise was hauled by jerkline freight teams from Lewistown, south of the Missouri, and from the north from the cowtown of Malta located on the Great Northern Railroad. The name of the post office was Wilder, and Mark Frost, owner of the trading post store, was official postmaster. The only saloon was located at Tex Alvord's ranch on the north bank of the river.

IT WAS along about the year 1900 when the genial Mark Frost broadcast by word of mouth the glad tidings that he was giving a Christmas dance at his trading post, with everybody welcome to attend. The good word was spread along both sides of the Missouri to the river ranchers, to the cowhands wintering in line camps, and as far away as the twin mining towns of Zortman and Landusky in the Little Rockies, as well as into the Larb Hills. Come one, come all!

Mark Frost's generous invitation promised that there would be grub for all, plenty of hay and shelter for the horses, but to fetch your own bedding. Frost had salvaged a few of the old log cabins, repaired the sod roofs, chinked the log walls, replaced broken window panes, and these cabins would be reserved for the women and children. The men could use the large log bunkhouse. Booze was available only at Tex Alvord's Saloon on the north bank of the river, because by tacit agreement between Mark and Old Tex no liquor was for sale at Frost's trading post.

Mark Frost sent special word to the Circle C outfit, the Long X and Mill Iron north of the Missouri; to the D H S at Fort Maginnis; to Spud Stevens' 2 Bar outfit and his Red Barn Ranch at the edge of the badlands on the south side of the river; to the white men and halfbreed river ranchers; with a special invitation to Red Pete Wagner, former cowhand, now one of the river ranchers on Hell Creek, and his goodlooking heart-and-hand mail-order bride. Another went to the tenderfoot schoolmarm, Sarah Jenson, an attractive strawberry blonde who boarded with the Isom family, whose ranch was near Rocky Point. Rumor had it, according to cowpuncher opinion whose judgment declared her the prettiest girl in the country, that she was lively as a cricket and well worth a long day's ride.

Mark Frost had been fattening up some turkeys, and along with these there would be beef and venison and baked beans, pies and cakes and plum puddings to be baked by the womenfolks. The dance would be an old-fashioned hoedown, with the halfbreed Antoine Gladeau one of the fiddlers, and Pegleg Jones the other fiddler. And in case these two got too drunk to fiddle, there was Long Henry Plott, a Circle C cowhand wintering at the C K line camp, to fill in in a tight. Long Henry was no slouch when it came to handling a fiddle (according to cow country standards). And there was Fred Roberts from Landusky who would fetch his guitar.

Joe Legg, a bachelor rancher from Leedy, would be there, as well as Frank Howe and Charlie Summers who were wintering in Circle C line camps at Rock Creek. And there would be Charlie Stuart from a nearby D H S line camp cutting fancy pigeon wings and whooping it up, half stung and booming out his belly laugh to liven things up.

Along with his hearty invitation for one and all to enjoy themselves to the limit, Frost laid down one strict rule, and that was for every man to leave his six-shooter on the vacant shelf above the cash register at the store. He could pick it up when ready to take his departure. If any drunken quarrels came up during the Christmas festivities, Frost wanted them taken outside to the frozen riverbank and hammered out with bare fists. Then the combatants could shake

hands and call the quarrel off, or get the hell gone.

A FEW DAYS before Christmas two or more feet of snow had blanketed the badlands along the Missouri at Rocky Point, and a raw wind had swept the broad expanse of river with a four-foot layer of ice. The men came by horseback, the horses wearing winter shoes with sharp toe and heel cleats which bit into the snow and ice. Women came by bobsled, the wagon boxes filled with hay, warm buffalo hide lap robes, blankets, quilted sougans and soft feather beds, driven by gentle work teams. People who came from the Little Rockies followed the snow-packed old freight road, as did those who came from the south side of the river.

The snowstorm had spent itself at last and nary a storm cloud moved across the sapphire-blue Montana sky. The thermometer at the log cabin trading post registered five below zero. By sundown on Christmas Eve most of the bobsleds and horsebackers had arrived. Smoke from the chimney spiraled straight up in the windless sky, like Injun smoke signals in a silent token of Mark Frost's hospitality.

A team of horses, hooked to a stout V-shaped, primitive snow plow made of fifteen-foot 2x12 planks, cleared the drifted snow from the feed yard in front of the cattle shed where the horses would be sheltered and fed. Hay was scattered around in sizeable mounds. The long water trough was filled from the windmill-operated well pump, and when the fans of the windmill barely moved for lack of a breeze the men took turns at the pump handle.

Shortly after noon the Isom family and the Mayberry and Nichols families, arrived in separate bobsleds. Fred Roberts and his wife, Liz, came in a bobsled with Bert Swag, cowpuncher and roundup cook, and his wife from Landusky. Pike Landusky's widow and her three goodlooking daughters, Julia, Effie and Lollie, came in another bobsled. Then Red Pete Wagner and his pretty mail-order bride showed up about the time that the chin-whiskered Joe Legg arrived with his niece, the tenderfoot schoolmarm whom he introduced as Miss Betsy something or other, and everybody called her Miss Betsy. She was certainly a beauty.

As each bobsled arrived, the lap robes and some of the blankets were carefully folded and laid in a pile in the partitioned off fifteen-foot-square post office part of the store, and all six-shooters were left on the high shelf behind the counter. Most of the cowpunchers already had dropped by Tex Alvord's saloon and were in a festive mood. They had purchased a bottle or jug from Old Tex to be drunk at the bunkhouse during the evening.

The women worked all afternoon in the kitchen and by supper time they had baked pies and plum puddings, huge roasts of beef and venison, and pots of beans and coffee, as well as preparing turkeys which would roast all night in a slow oven for Christmas dinner tomorrow.

Before the dance started in the store after supper, Mark Frost, resplendent in a red flannel shirt, with a new black silk neckerchief loosely knotted around his neck, the legs of his pants stuffed into the stitched tops of new alligator, high-heeled boots, sprinkled the pine plank floor with layers of cornmeal, and the teenagers skated around to the tune of Antoine Gladeau's fiddle playing "Turkey in the Straw," the girls squealing and giggling, the boys whooping. Boys and girls skated in separate groups because the boys were at an age where they made bold pretense of despising all girls. Let a boy so much as speak to a girl and his companions hooted at him for being a sissy.

Winter scene of the Town Bros. ranch house on the Missouri, near Rocky Point.

The babies and smaller children had been left in the care of loving grandmothers, albeit their white-bearded husbands were there and not too old to compare notes on who was the prettiest girl in the crowd.

NO BOOZE was allowed in the store. All bottles and jugs were confined to the bunkhouse where Sam Deniff and his brother Luke from the Little Rockies were running a poker game while their attractive wives were helping in the kitchen.

When the skating shoes of the teenagers had the floor in good shape for dancing, the two fiddlers, taking turn about, played waltz and polka music, and the dance was in full swing. Bert Swag, barbered and dressed up in town clothes, cut a handsome figure and no man was more aware of it than Bert himself. Despite the fact that he was a married man and his slender wife was easy on the eyes, he had been trying to cut out the bachelor cowhands who were buzzing around Miss Betsy like bees around the hive. And that went for big Fred Roberts who was doing his best to beat Bert Swag's time with the strawberry blonde schoolmarm.

Bert Swag's wife Pearl had been trying to keep a watchful eye on her wayward husband as best she could as she worked in the kitchen with a white apron protecting her best dress. For when all was said and done Pearl Swag was a jealous woman.

"The darned old fool," she confided to Liz Roberts, "thinks he's a lady killer. Between you'n me Bert dyes his gray hair with black shoe polish."

"Boys will be boys," Liz replied with a smile.

"Aren't you jealous of Fred, Liz?" Pearl asked. "He's been sashaying around that schoolmarm, playing his guitar and singing love songs to her."

"Just let me catch him at it," Liz's tone became whetted sharp as a razor blade, "and I'll bust that precious guitar to smithereens across his bonehead."

"Bert and Fred have been boozin' it up since we got here," Pearl complained. "By the time the dance gets really started Bert will be so drunk he won't be able to hit the ground with his hat."

But Bert Swag was going strong, taking turns dancing with every girl on the now crowded dance floor, and Fred Roberts was running a close second. However, Frank Howe was making the best time with the schoolmarm, singing in a whiskey voice close to her ear:

And Casey would waltz
With the strawberry blonde
While the band played on . . .

which brought a blush to Miss Betsy's cheeks.

Some of the cowpunchers who had never learned to dance, or were too bashful, were sitting in at the poker games. Charlie Summers was dealing at Tex's saloon across the river, and Sam and Luke Deniff at the bunkhouse. When a cowhand went broke he would amble over to the dance to stand in the background with the older men who were backed into a far corner or sitting on the counter looking on.

At the end of the dance, Peg Leg put his fiddle in the case and headed for the bunkhouse to tilt the jug. Then Mark Frost vaulted onto the counter, and Antoine Gladeau climbed up to stand alongside him, fiddle in one hand, bow in the other.

Mark's weathered, clean shaven face was flushed with excitement and joy over the success of his Christmas party

(Continued on page 52)

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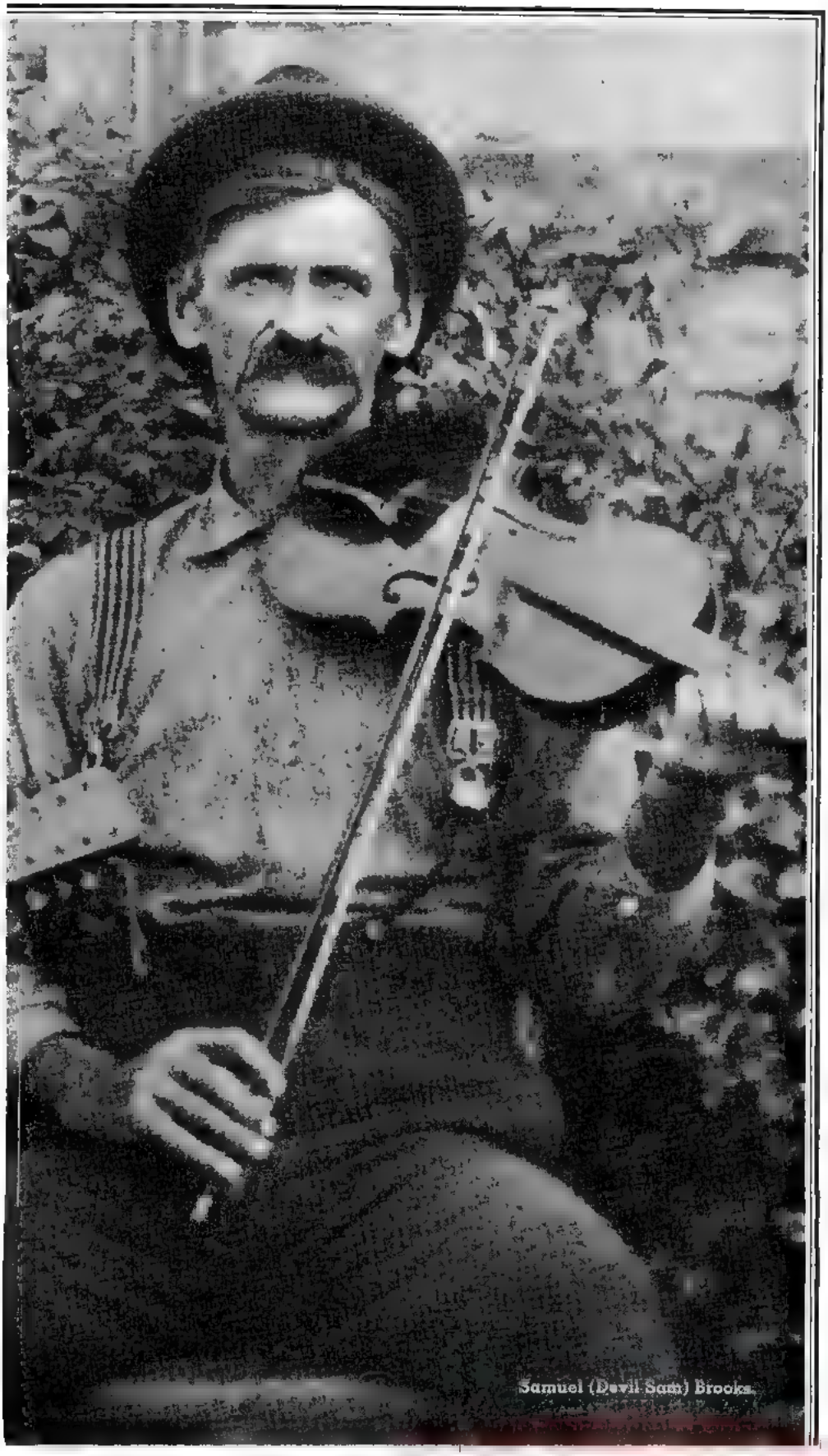
DEVIL SAM'S GOLD



Samuel (Devil Sam) Brooks.

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE HOWLING WIND swirled sand and red dirt in mad fury over the settlement of Bluff, Utah. Cottonwood trees lining each side of the road which served as a street were blotted out. The settlement's ramshackle store-trading post was not discernible through the stifling air.

It was a *hell bender*, they claimed, that early September day in 1889. Nevertheless, through it appeared "Devil Sam" Brooks, passing unerringly to the store with his three burros. He opened the door and entered quickly, slapping sand and dirt from his clothing.

At the far counter the pudgy store owner and a visiting neighboring cowman stared at the stranger and felt a bit apprehensive. Across Devil Sam's lower face from the tip of his nose downward was fastened a blue cotton bandana. Was the hankerchief protection against the storm or to make a holdup man? Outlaws were fairly common in the vastness of southern Utah's badlands.

Devil Sam relieved their fears by pulling the bandana down on his neck, revealing homely pleasant features. Advancing with a friendly grin, he stated his business simply and promptly.

"I sure need some grub," Sam announced. "Been prospecting a spell and I'm running out."

Brief amenities were exchanged. The storekeeper was all eagerness to trade. Customers were few in that harsh, bitter land on the San Juan River at the mouth of Cottonwood Creek.

Devil Sam, having been away from human companionship for weeks, traded unhurriedly. He needed the usual for nomads of the wastelands—flour, a dab of sugar, coffee, slab bacon, tobacco, salt and a few canned goods. When the pile was heaped on the counter to a weight he figured the burros could carry easily, he pulled a half-pound size RJR tobacco sack from a pocket.

It was heavy with yellow metal, exposed when he pulled the drawstring. Several pieces as large as a man's thumb spilled out on the wooden counter top.

"Hit a mite of the stuff," he observed, unable to repress a happy glow. "Weigh out whatever you figure will pay for the grub."

Did you ever hear of a lucky greenhorn who was satisfied to be a loner until he could make enough money to last the rest of his life? The West didn't have many of them!

A new gold excitement had recently burst on the upper San Juan. In preparation for expected trade the storeman had bought a troy scale, knowing that sooner or later this situation would confront him. He picked up one of the nuggets, examining it critically. Then, with his brow furrowed in doubt, he laid it down. "Dunno if this here is gold or not. A little light yellow. I'd rather have the money."

"Shucks, that I ain't got," replied Devil Sam. "I always thought pure gold could be swapped anywhere the same as money. Ain't this good enough?"

The heavily built cowman of fifty-odd years picked up the nugget and inspected it briefly.

"Got a piece of glass?" he asked.

A thick, square piece of plate glass was produced. On it the cowman drew a line with a point of the nugget.

"Fifteen carats fine," he announced. "That's worth fifteen dollars a troy ounce. Seen a lot of it tested and evaluated in my time."

"It's sure enough genuine gold?" the storeman asked hopefully.

"Ain't nothing else but!"

The gold was weighed out, plus a little more than was needed to pay the bill.

Devil Sam packed the supplies out a bit at a time, loading them into the burro's panniers. In between trips he chewed on fresh tobacco and chatted briefly. The two men were visibly excited but tried to repress their feelings. Their roundabout questions trying to obtain information as to where the gold was found were ignored as though Devil Sam did not hear them.

When the burros were loaded Sam disappeared into the blinding and howling world of sand and red dirt. No doubt, the storeman thought, he was most anxious to get on with recovering more nuggets.

NEAR SUNDOWN the wind began to die. Soon the air was no longer filled with blowing particles. Emerging from their sanctuaries, people collected at the store which served as a sort of community hall and gathering place.

Of course Devil Sam's gold was the main topic of conversation. The largest nuggets were placed on the counter top to be examined and discussed. Many of the men and boys touched them with wonder.

One of the elderly settlers who had prospected in California in his youth knew considerable about gold. "You got any sulphuric acid around?" he asked, suspicion gnawing at his mind.

The storeman did have, and the elderly man gingerly managed to let a single small drop fall on the nugget. It fumed briefly, leaving a tarnished surface.

"I thought so," the old man chuckled in amusement. "You been took. This here is pure gold all right—pure fool's gold!"

The storeman was stricken. He began testing other pieces of the yellow metal while the old man explained how to recognize the reaction. Most of the nuggets proved to be iron pyrites. There were, however, a few tiny pieces of gold in the batch traded for supplies.

The excited citizens were incensed that one of their number had been swindled by a stranger out of the wastelands. A posse should be formed to take out after him! The matter of where to seek him was the stumbling block. No one had observed the stranger's arrival. None had any idea whether he came in from the north, from across the river, or where. The blowing sand and dirt had effectively wiped out all tracks. He couldn't possibly be traced. Moreover, the storeman and the cowman were not even sure they could positively identify him. The stranger had been a very ordinary, unimpressive person with no outstanding feature.

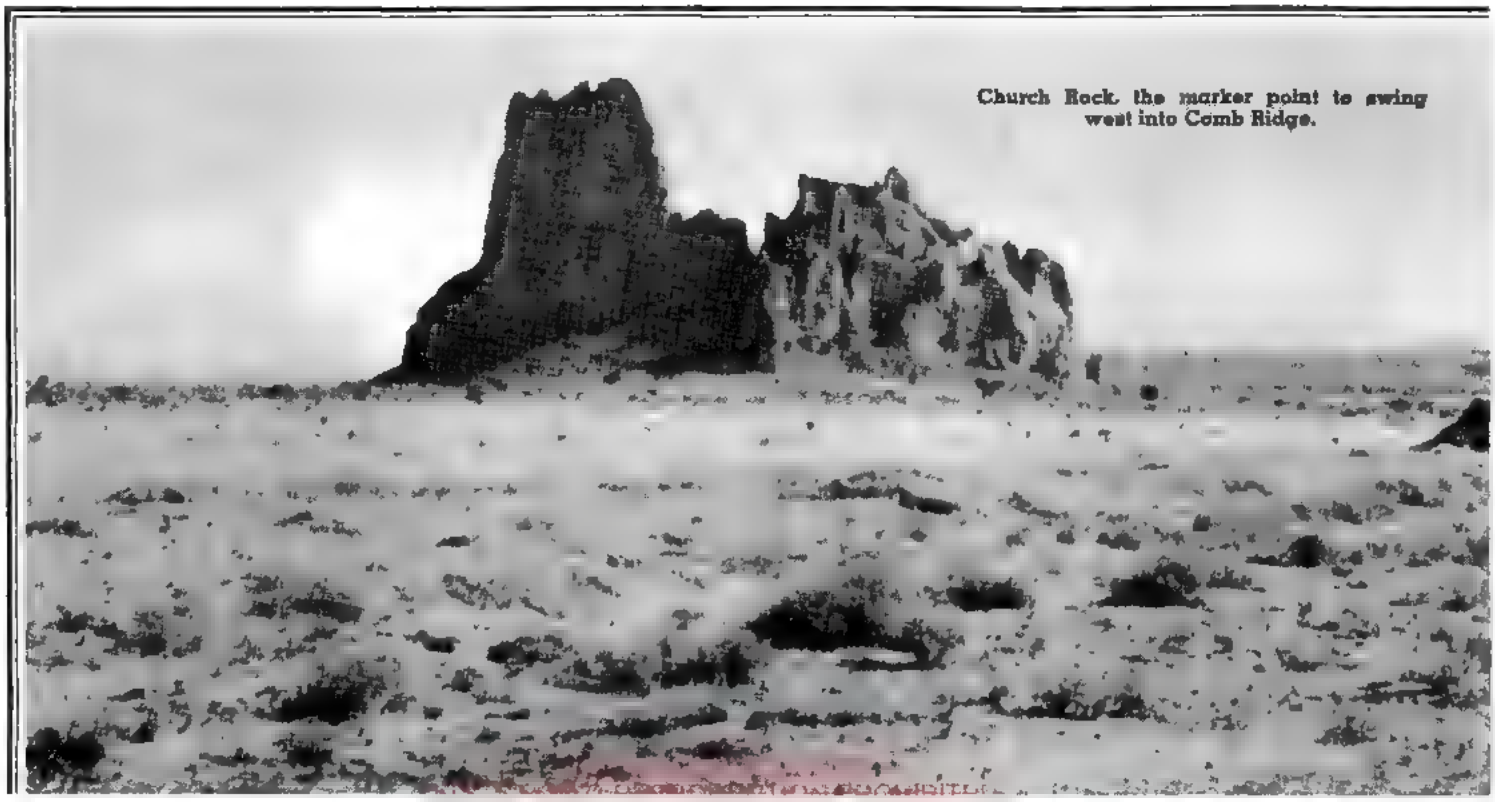
Meanwhile Devil Sam was on his way back to his gold-bearing gravel. He had not knowingly swindled the Bluff storeman. What he did not know about gold would have filled a large library. A disillusioned farmer from Indiana, he had come west seeking his fortune as a prospector. His first stop was Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Through many conversations with first one then another he gained what he imagined was sufficient information to become a prospector. Actually, as he realized later, it was all bum dope from men no more versed in the facts than he. But his venture did satisfy an ambition of his youth to go west looking for gold.

Most of the talk at the time was of the presence of gold along the San Juan River. So Devil Sam went northwest to Farmington. That farming village on the river was a jump-off point into the barren lands of color and allure. Buying three big burros and outfitting with equipment and supplies, he started west downstream.

Like all greenhorns he soon got lost. In no time he found himself in the jagged-topped line of Comb Ridge which came down into Arizona from north of the river. But wasn't one place as good as another to look for gold?

IN HIS LONELY, solitary camps a few Indians showed up to partake of his grub and tobacco. All of his questions



Church Rock, the marker point to swing west into Comb Ridge.

about where to look for gold were answered by grunts. Few of his visitors knew any English words.

Devil Sam prospected over the desert land during the summer days. The devil winds—miniature cyclonic columns formed—wavered and darted suddenly across the wastelands. The Indians, Navajos and Utes, called him "Devil Sam" after hearing his first name spoken.

Soon after beginning his prospecting career, the Hoosier tenderfoot had what he considered colossal luck. It must have been a sheer stroke of good fortune that took him directly to one of the few springs in the seventy-mile-long rugged Comb Ridge. Protected inside a high ring of outcropping sandstone, there also existed a few acres of grass for the always hungry burros.

After establishing camp, Devil Sam went forth with pick and a California type black gold pan. A couple of weeks of failure did not discourage him. Finally one afternoon he found four nuggets, glistening yellow at his feet in the sunlight. They were in the gravel-filled bed of a dry wash.

With a whoop and a holler he stirred the gravel most energetically. No more came to light that day. But thereafter, scattered widely apart, he began picking up more of them. It was back-breaking, stooping work. Regardless of the aches and pains, he persisted in his search and collected about sixty pounds of nuggets. Unknowingly he left much more in fine particles.

The gold was cached in the ground in camp. That September, with his grub about gone, Sam filled an empty RJR (R. J. Reynolds tobacco, or as known to prospecteors, "Run, Johnny, Run!") tobacco sack and set out north. According to a map he had, there was a place called Bluff up there across the river somewhere.

For pure fool's luck Devil Sam proved to be one of the anointed. The San Juan was almost dry when he crossed it. He did so where Cottonwood Creek entered the river, in a blinding storm of blowing sand and red dirt. Traveling on, unable to see much of anything, he walked right onto the Bluff store before he was aware of its existence.

On leaving the settlement he came out of the storm south of the river and reached his oasis in the vastness of Comb Ridge without difficulty. If his find held out, he might become a wealthy man at twenty-eight! He could buy one of the best farms in northeastern Indiana.

A week later Sam was sitting beside a dying fire when three prospectors drove their pack burros and mules into the oasis. They knew exacly where to find it (though few others did). Indeed, they were surprised to find anyone there.

Halting well away, one of the bearded, stocky men advanced to look Devil Sam over and to ask permission to make camp. It was readily given, and the prospectors unloaded, hobbled their livestock, and cooked a meal.

Later they proved friendly and talkative. They were en route north across the river for the Blue Mountains where one of them had found likely color the previous spring. Finally one inquired politely if Sam were also passing through. Because, he said, there was nothing in these parts but fool's gold that had washed in from somewhere else. He and his partners had prospected Comb Ridge thoroughly in the past.

Prospectors typical of Devil Sam's days.

This was the first Devil Sam had ever heard about iron pyrites looking so much like gold they could be taken for it. The information gave him an uneasy feeling that he had "hung one on the Bluff storeman."

Cautiously he inquired how to recognize fool's gold, confessing that he was a tenderfoot prospector. The experienced men eyed him curiously over the chunked-up fire. Perhaps he had come west for his health. He did look unusually stringy thin, like a lunger.

The prospectors were generous, however. One of them went to their packs. He returned with a vial of nitric acid and two small metal nuggets. Devil Sam was given a demonstration of the reaction of the acid solution on gold, and then on iron pyrites.

"Of course, pretty soon you can easily tell fool's gold from the real stuff by sight. Its also got a different feel to the fingers," Sam was told.

The vial of acid was a parting gift the next morning when the prospectors pulled out at dawn. After the men were well out of sight Devil Sam uncovered his buried nuggets and began testing them. He was apalled; half of his cached wealth proved to be iron pyrites.

RETURNING to the wash gravel, Sam picked out the largest pieces of metal. Very soon he could easily differentiate between the genuine and the phony. As he continued working into fall, Devil Sam grew more and more conviced that he had surely partly swindled the Bluff storeman.

Low clouds hung in the sky and snow threatened when he fitted his pack saddles on the burros and set out north. Scattered white flakes were falling when he reached Bluff. The storeman was alone when Sam entered, and immediately drew upright from leaning on the counter, his face in a scowl.

Advancing with a smile, Devil Sam produced the same tobacco sack filled with nuggets.

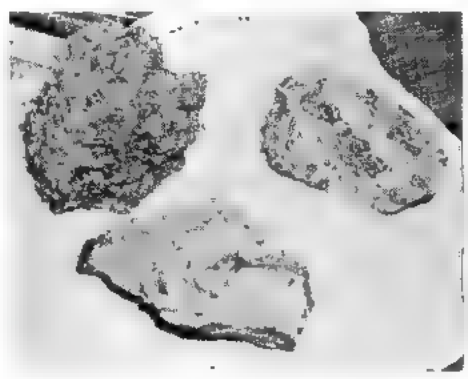
"No, not again!" the storeman exclaimed. "You done took me once and that's more than enough."

"I know—now," replied Devil Sam solemnly. "That's why I've come back with the real stuff, to replace whatever of them nuggets was fool's gold." While the storeman unbent from his injured feelings, Devil Sam confessed to being the greenest of tenderfeet. But now he knew gold from iron pyrites.

Having kept the phony nuggets, the storeman balanced them out with an equal amount of gold on the scales—but not before being acid tested. Buying more provisions, Devil Sam shook hands and left. The storeman tried to watch his departure but after Sam quit the road west

(Continued on page 72)

Samples of the iron pyrite nuggets which first fooled Devil Sam.



RUSSELL WATERCOLORS FOUND!

Photos Courtesy Frankie M. Taylor

Both gifts from Charles M. Russell to Jasper McFry, the cowboy sketch (below) is McFry himself; the Indian sketch is believed to have been a Christmas present since it bears the date Dec. 25, 1883.

See page 62 for details of Mrs. Taylor's important discovery!

Cruel and inhuman punishment designed to subdue incorrigibles—this was

THE NIGHTMARE OF OLD FOLSOM PRISON

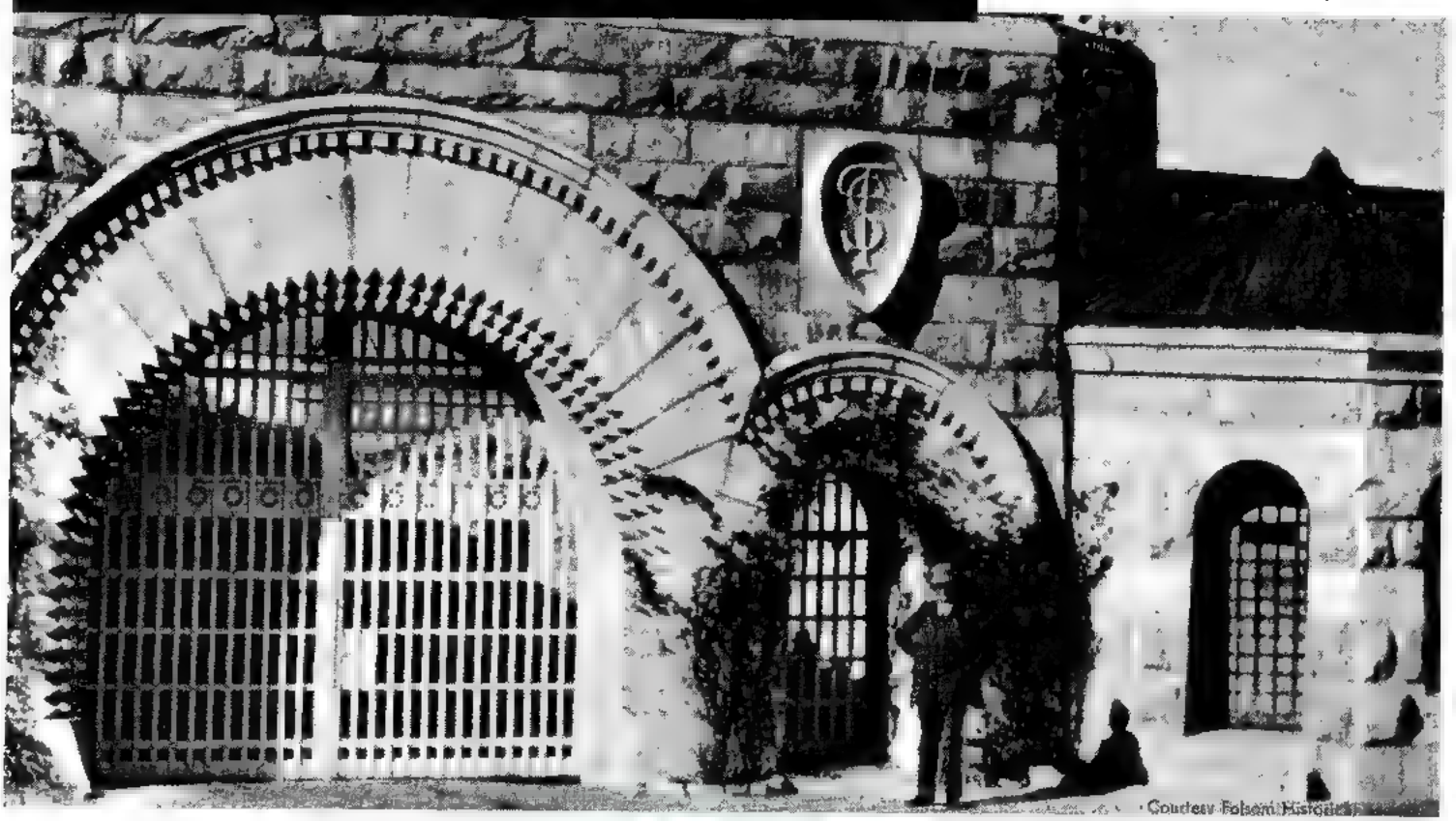
By MARY E. BOWEN

Photos Courtesy Author

ON JULY 26, 1880, forty-five of San Quentin's toughest convicts were transferred to a new branch state prison situated in a rocky canyon in the Sierra foothills. They were led to a row of cells made of thick granite slabs mortared together and topped with sheet iron. Two men were put into each seven-foot-wide cubicle. They were provided two wooden bunks, straw mattresses and pillows, two blankets, a bucket to use for water, and another to serve as toilet. When the sheet iron doors were closed, they had no light or ventilation except that which came through a ten- by three-inch slit in the door. They were, to use the old-time con language, "really sloughed up." They were in Folsom Prison.

Folsom Prison, for about the next thirty years, was pretty close to being the toughest prison in the West. The prisoners were a mean lot, the majority being men who couldn't be held at San Quentin. Many were under official sentence of death, and knew they would soon swing on the prison gallows. Others,

The main gate at Folsom prison.



Courtesy Folsom Historical

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under unofficial sentence, were subject to confinement in the "hole," to the embrace of a straightjacket known as "Susie's corsets," to being suspended by a derrick or "triced up," to hard labor in the prison quarry, or worst of all—to the tender ministrations of each other and of opium-smuggling ringleaders within the prison. Folsom Prison was to earn its reputation early, and well.

THE NORTHWEST boundary of the prison was the swift-flowing American River. On the other three sides eight Gatling guns were placed at strategic positions. Close in was a circle of pillboxes manned by foot guards armed with Henry and Winchester rifles. The main door, for which a sign had been proposed, "Abandon Hope All Who Enter Here," was protected by a six-pound brass howitzer. There were at that time no walls, but instead "deadlines" drawn in lime on the grounds. Any prisoner who crossed a deadline would immediately be fired upon, with no shouts or warning shots.

Even under these circumstances those first convicts proved almost too incorrigible to handle. On the first day they entered into a dispute among themselves and with the prison keepers as to which inmate should receive the first number. The matter was finally settled when the title "Number One Boy of Folsom" was given to convict Chong Hing of Canton, China.

As soon as this was decided the convicts turned to making trouble with the free men who had been hired to work on the construction of the prison. Warden Thomas Pockman hired eight additional guards after the first week.

Within two months additional transfers of prisoners too incorrigible for San Quentin brought the number of convicts holed up in the granite and sheet iron cells to 208.

Laborers who had been working on prison construction were sent home and the convicts took over their jobs. There were soon three escapes, eight unsuccessful attempts and one suicide.

Two inmates, and sometimes four, were housed in each cell. It was hard to tell which was worse—summer or winter. Water for the prison was hauled in by wagon the first summer. The men had been issued striped pants, but were still wearing whatever shirts, vests, coats or hats they had possessed on first arriving in prison. At periodic intervals the men were escorted to the river's edge for bathing, but no changes of clothing were available. Summer days in the Sierra foothill region often reached temperatures of 95 to 100 degrees, and the sheet iron roofs of the cells must have turned them to bake ovens. It was not until the second summer that the lack of ventilation in the cells was taken into account by prison authorities. Fourteen holes about one inch in diameter were drilled into the top of each cell door and a small vent installed in the opposite wall. It was at this time also that the wooden bunks were replaced with iron ones to make the control of vermin easier.

In the winter there seldom was snow, but icy rainstorms and cold thick fogs kept the men miserable enough. Light and heat, such as it was, came from the single oil lamp provided each cell. Oil for the lamps was always in short supply. The convicts were expected to stretch their small allotments over long periods of time, often with disastrous results. As one old-timer put it, "It was beg, borrow, or steal, and none of us were in here for begging!"

AS PRISON routine became established, the quality of food served to the prisoners came to be used as an instrument of discipline. The dining hall was marked off into sections; there was the bean table, the bull-beef table, and the mutton-chop table.

The San Francisco *Call* for March 28, 1887, described the bean table:

The first table consisted of a single board ten inches wide, upon which, about every three feet is nailed a tin dish containing salt and pepper. The beans and other rough food are served on the tin plates—no knives or forks, silence has to be maintained while eating.

In comparison, the bull-beef table was much to be desired. Excellent conduct and industry—according to the official records—would win for a convict the right to eat at this festive board. Here a man, even though he was not allowed to speak, could sit down and eat. Boiled beef and vegetables were the usual fare. At the

Courtesy Folsom Historical Society

Prisoners descending to the lower yard (circa 1910).

Courtesy Folsom Historical Society

A portion of the original Folsom cell blocks. They are now enclosed within a large building and are still in use.

mutton-chop table, a man had—in the words of the San Francisco *Call*—achieved the "Nirvana of hard work." He enjoyed variety in his food. There was mutton, stewed beef, other meats and various vegetables in season. Moreover, he had a full complement of tin dishes, a knife and fork, and was allowed to converse during the meal.

By this time, of course, the prison had become well established. An administration building and dining hall were completed, the first sewers and water system installed, concrete floors put in the cell-blocks, the steep hillsides graded, and retaining walls built to hold the fill. There were now over 300 inmates.

Folsom's second warden, John McComb, was in charge. During McComb's reign, two official investigations were launched into the conditions at the prison. Both, apparently, were motivated by political rather than humanitarian reasons.

On July 20, 1887, A. J. Filcher, one of the members of the State Board of Prison Directors, reported in the San Francisco *Examiner* "cruelty to the state convicts by most inhuman and barbarous officers." Another newspaper promptly contended that the *Examiner*, acting under instructions from its new proprietor, William Randolph Hearst, would do anything to make his paper "interesting." This newspaper concluded:

The Folsom Prison excitement has died a natural death. The Examiner has found out its mistake, and has backed down . . . with all the grace of a lobster at low tide.

Perhaps this newspaper based its opinion on the fact that in 1884 McComb had been charged with misconduct, incompetency and neglect of duty, and had been absolved.

Filcher, however, apparently had enough influence to bring about more serious investigations. The results of these investigations were summarized as follows by a history student at San Jose State College, David Nephew. The specific charges of cruelty included:

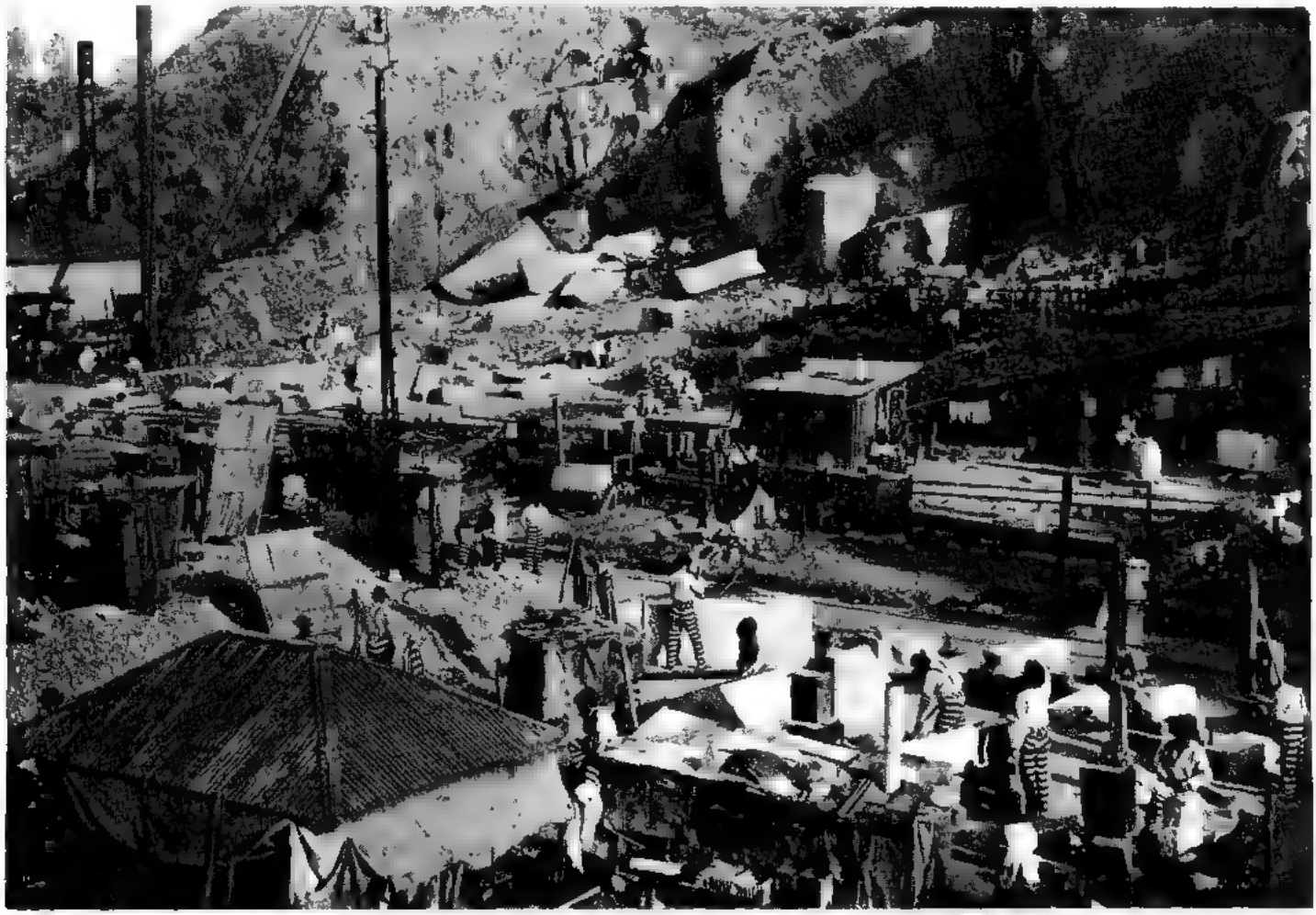
. . . using water torture, incarcerating prisoners in the dungeon for unjust periods of time, providing insufficient food, and employing the "Oregon boot."

The water torture was also known as the cold shower, the water cure, and the shower bath. The victim was tied naked in the form of a crucifix. His face, chest, abdomen and private parts were exposed to a guard who held a one and a half inch hose equipped with a three fourths inch nozzle. A stream of water under a head of about a hundred feet was unleashed against the convict's body. If he gasped, the stream of water was forced into his mouth. . . . Although the Captain of the Yard, Benjamin Chambers, admitted using the water cure as late as 1885, Warden McComb flatly denied its presence in the prison in 1887.

There would be an (Oregon) boot around each ankle with a chain attached to both irons. . . . The existence and the use of this instrument was not denied, but the warden claimed that it was restricted to one exceptionally dangerous prisoner. Folsom's chief executive contradicted himself during the investigation when he stated that he could not handle five particular inmates unless they were shackled. A convict, who was not one of those mentioned above, stoutly maintained that he wore shackles for two days.

Solitary confinement, which was sometimes a misnomer since two prisoners often shared a cell in the dungeon region, had been used to punish inmates since 1881. . . . The cruelty of this punishment, it was claimed, occurred after the ordeal of the water cure. . . . Sometimes the prisoner would never again see the light of day.

Proof that a prisoner died in the dungeon never materialized, although the periods of confinement in solitary ranged from fifteen months to three years. Apparently a prisoner in solitary about to die was quickly transferred to the hospital.



Courtesy Bancroft Library, University of California

"Making little ones out of big ones" in the prison quarry (circa 1910).

DESPITE the evidence summarized above, Warden McComb and his staff were acquitted of all charges of cruel or inhuman treatment toward Folsom prisoners. The newspapers went cheerfully back to their controversy as to whether or not the investigation was politically motivated, and whether or not Hearst's *Examiner* would go to any extreme to stir up interest in its news coverage. But there must have been a lot of political infighting going on behind the scenes, as McComb resigned as warden shortly afterwards. He gave as his reason that he was physically unable to fulfill his duties. Amazingly, he was —on the same day—placed in charge of San Quentin Prison, and completed his term of office there.

The use of the straightjacket was never investigated. Known to the inmates as Susie's corsets, or "the bag," this instrument was truly a killer. It wasn't the sort of restraining garment used in mental institutions, but a special version designed for punishment. A piece of coffin-shaped canvas, it was wide near one end and tapered down, with large brass eyelets on both sides.

The canvas would be spread out on the floor and the convict made to lie down on it. The canvas then would be wrapped around him and heavy cord laced through the eyelets. As additional punishment, the convict would receive a "cinching." This meant a guard would stand on the convict's back, get his leverage, and pull the rope as tight as he cared to. In some cases two-, three-, or even four-man cinchings took place.

Once tied up, the prisoner would be left on the floor of his cell for varying periods of time. Part of the punishment was that no provision was made for respite to relieve himself. To make matters worse, sometimes trussed-up convicts were forced to drink water laced with Epsom salts.

The same procedure was used at San Quentin and the effects were described by a former convict:

> *After they put me into the jacket they played tug of war with me. The rope broke, and they got another. They lifted me a foot off the floor and let me fall several times. This was to knock the wind out of me and use my natural weight to tighten the jacket. The pain begins in five or ten minutes. It's a suffering of the kidneys. It seems as if someone was crushing them in his hands, or as if they was jumping and trying to get away from you. Your hands begin to feel twice their size. The hands and arms go all dead, then come to life with sharp, keen pains. You have sharp pains in your stomach, sharp pains.*

Old-time convicts all reported that those who survived the embrace of Susie's corsets suffered a permanent crippling of the hands and various recurring internal pains.

The use of straightjackets continued for twenty years, until shortly after the turn of the century. The San Francisco *Call*, in 1902, demanded an investigation. Folsom Warden Thomas Wilkinson was accused of keeping an inmate in a straightjacket for eighteen hours. As before, the affair caused quite a furor in political circles, fanned by San Francisco newspapers. In the end, Wilkinson was not cleared but was permitted to remain at his post until the end of his term, a period of little more than a year.

Wilkinson must have felt justified in continuing the use of the straightjacket,

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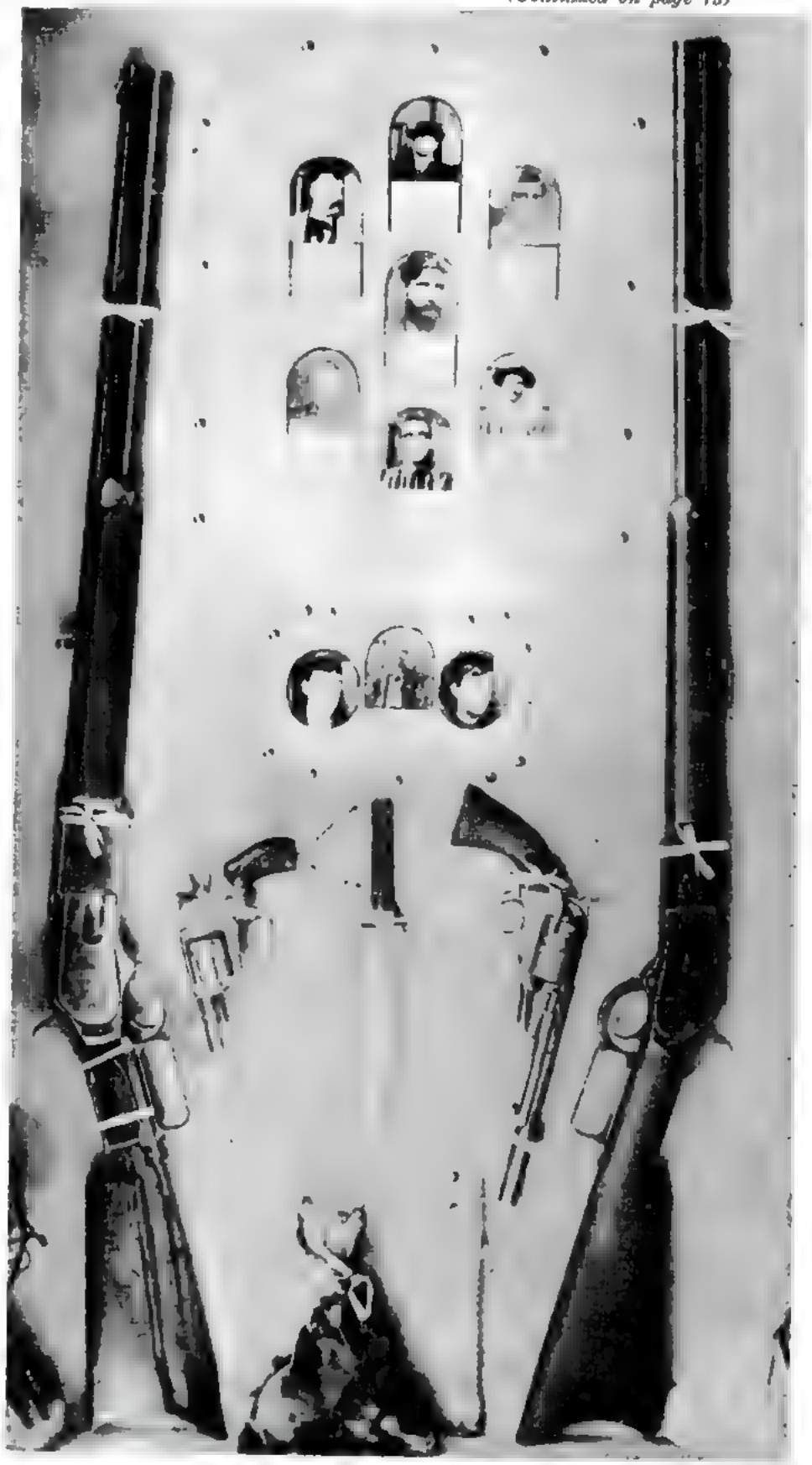


Gun display showing souvenirs of the break in 1893.

Courtesy California State Library, University of California

HALF-MILLION DOLLAR STAGE

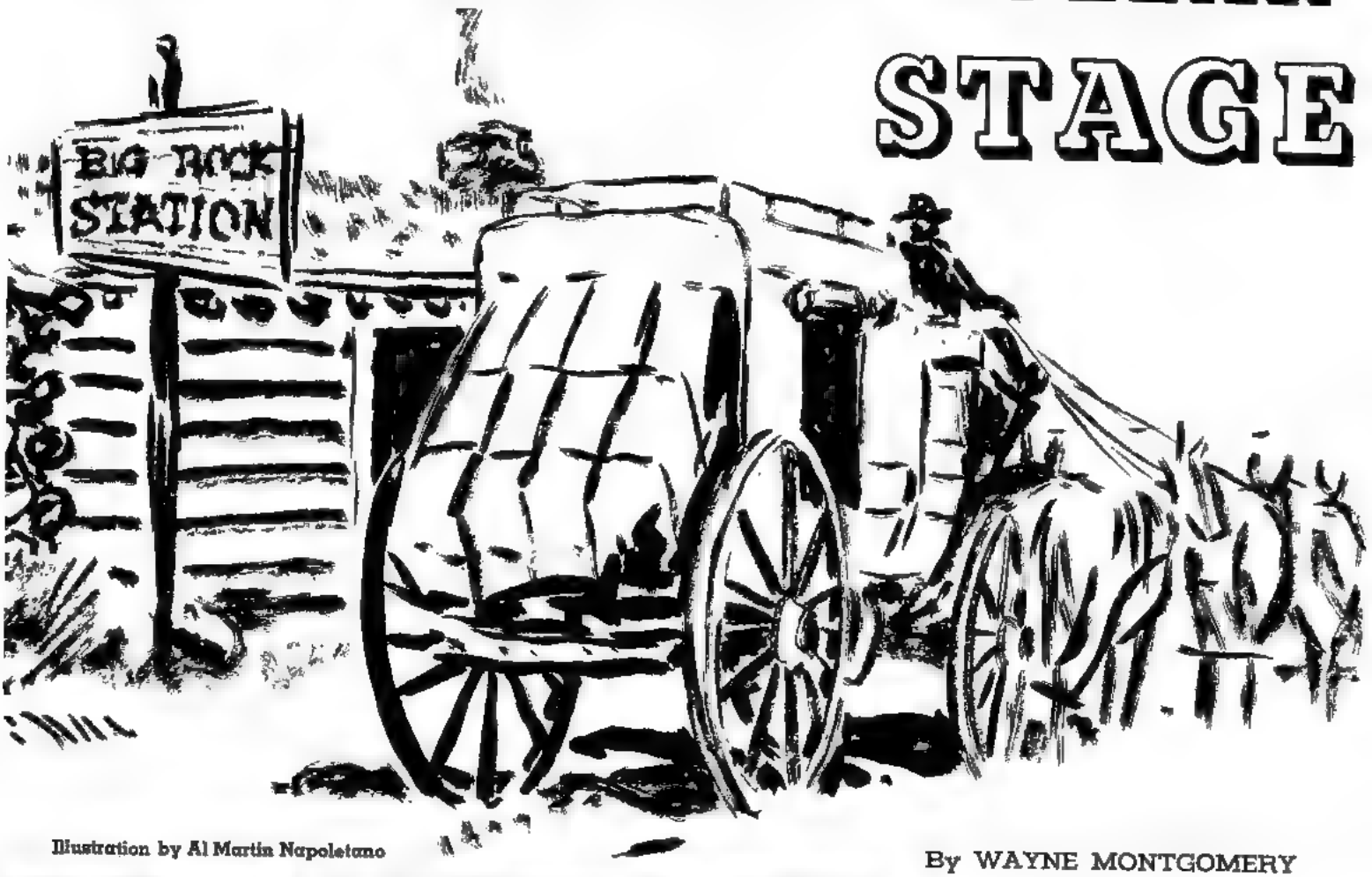
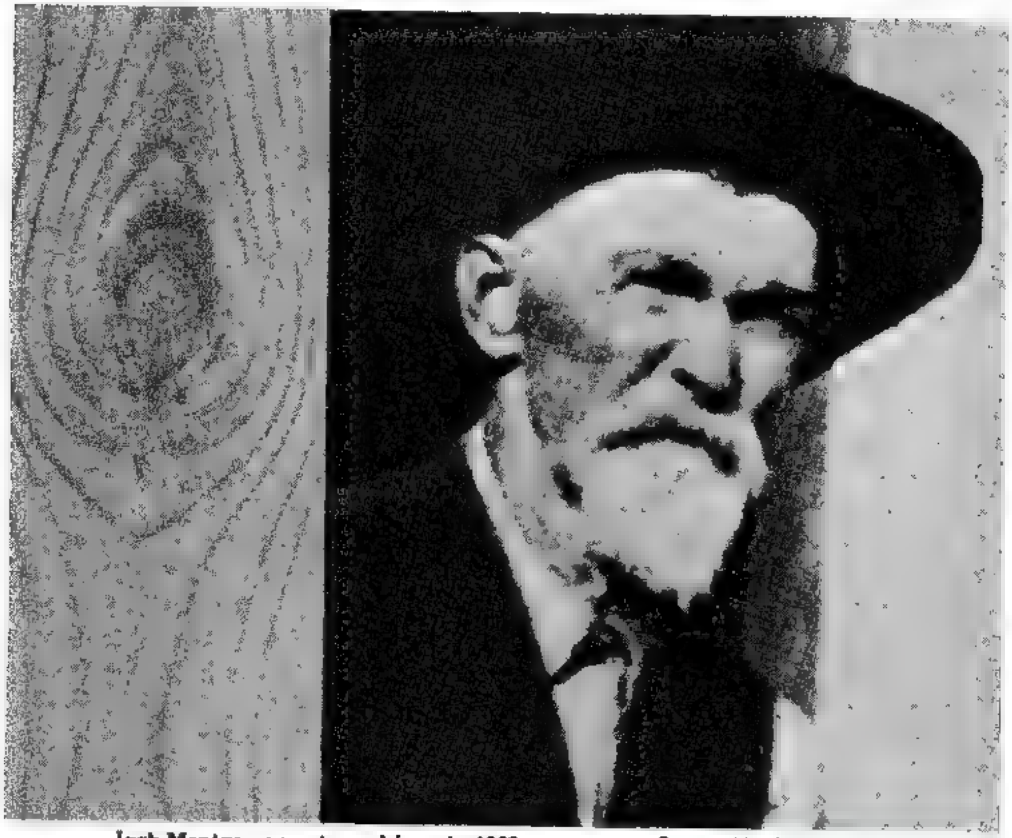


Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

By WAYNE MONTGOMERY

Photos Courtesy Author



Jack Montgomery, stage driver, in 1900. Courtesy Mrs. Leona Montgomery Roberts

JACK MONTGOMERY and another man sat in front of the freight warehouse discussing first one thing, then another. May 5, 1857 was as fine a spring day as this part of Oregon ever had. The grass was green and wild flowers grew in abundance everywhere. It was one of those days that made a man want to lie down in the yard and go to sleep.

Fishing was out of the question—Jack couldn't get time off to go. After a hard winter, freight had piled up and had to be moved. A Virginian-come-West, Jack was driving a stage run between Eugene and Striped Horse, Oregon, and his services were always in demand. He was probably the greatest stage driver of them all, bar none. Jack could skin a six-line team through mountains at a dead run where other men feared to walk them through. It took a strong man to handle four or five teams hooked to a big stage. Jack Montgomery had all it required. Six feet tall with curly blond hair, he was strong as a mountain bull. (Contrary to some printed versions which describe Montgomery's "straight black hair," I am assured by Leona M. Roberts, his daughter who lives in Central Point, Oregon, that this was not the case.)

During Jack's waking hours he was never without a big black cigar poked

There was only one way to stop Jack Montgomery, a driver who couldn't be robbed—blow up the road!

COACH ROBBERY

into his mouth. He was very jovial and well liked by young and old. On this day as he sat talking with his friend, a man approached and told him that J. J. Comstock, superintendent of the Oregon and California Stage Company, wanted to see him in his office in Jacksonville.

"Now," said Jack, "I wonder what the hell he wants. If he expects me to go back to Striped Horse tonight I'll have something to tell him." But off he went and when he arrived he was asked to sit, and he sat, chewing on his cigar and wondering what this was all about. He was introduced to a Mr. Howard, an official of Wells Fargo Express Company.

"Mr. Montgomery," began Mr. Howard, "I'll make this as brief as possible. I have been informed that you are the man we want. There has been a big strike, perhaps the biggest in these parts. We have a half-million in gold that we must get out before this strike is discovered. Instead of taking it to San Francisco as usual, we are going to take it from Jacksonville to Portland and ship it to 'Frisco by boat. This should throw off any would-be robbers since they won't be watching this road.

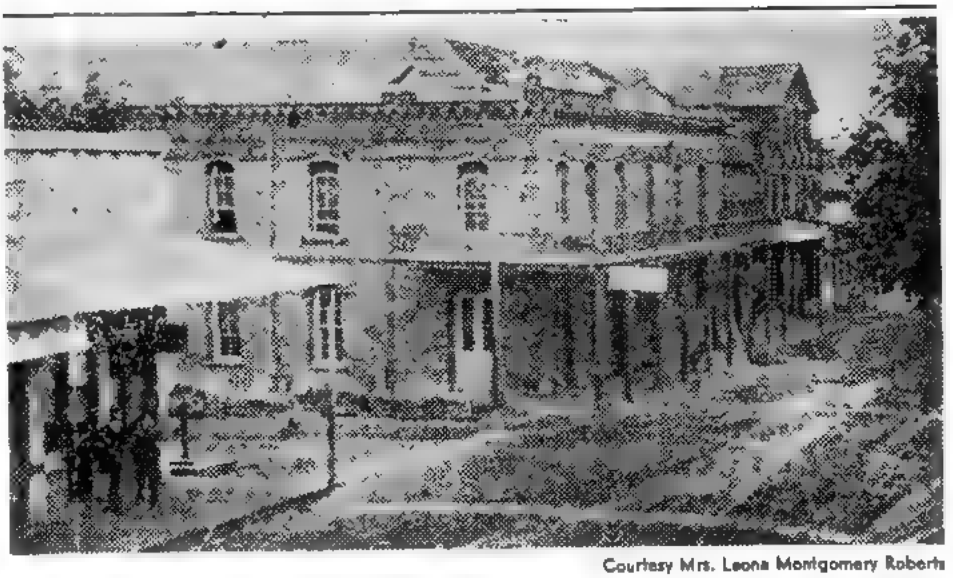
"You will have the biggest stagecoach built, pulled by ten horses, and you will also take a full complement of passengers to allay suspicion. If you accept this assignment you will be paid $150 for the trip, and if you get through safely, you will receive $100 bonus."

Jack thought for a moment then said, "Mr. Howard, I'll drive that stage to the moon for $250." As he started to leave he turned and said, "I'm ready. Just give me fifteen minutes' notice."

A few days later when Jack returned from Striped Horse he was notified to be ready at 5 a.m. the next day.

WHEN you mention a gold rush, people naturally think first of California. But some of the biggest strikes were made in Oregon. In those hectic days there was no law and order. A town usually hired a marshal who policed its several streets and nothing more. So the stage lines hired the best shots available to ride shotgun. Guards killed so many would-be robbers that most bandits gave this part of the country a wide berth. Later, vigilante groups were formed and cleaned out the remaining criminal element.

(Continued on page 75)



Courtesy Mrs. Leona Montgomery Roberts

Jacksonville's main street on a quiet summer day in 1880.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

A group of Jacksonville citizens in front of the Wells Fargo office in the 1880s.

PERILS OF DESERT

AND HOW TO

By B. D. SORRELLS

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

TREASURE HUNTING

THERE ARE various inducements in the idea of treasure hunting which may turn a sedentary, civilized sluggard into a clear-eyed, firm-jawed, action-motivated individual. An old map from the bottom lining of great-uncle's trunk; half a map from a friend of a friend in Tiajuana, Mexico, who just happens to need bail money (your half doesn't have the "X" marking the spot); a scholarly research that has revealed sufficient clues to point out a definite trail through the desert wilderness or simply a rut-escaping chance to take a chance.

What has aroused the sleeping "treasure-bug" is of relative unimportance, but once aroused, keen and hungry, its bite is permanent and produces an itch that scratching does not alleviate. Unfortunately, not all are in a position to react immediately. Once bitten, the scratching begins slowly. Camping gear is usually purchased first. The rationalizing processes convince you that "the family can always use the equipment on vacation and save on lodging bills." Then comes the four-wheel drive vehicle for, after all, you can't use the stuff for camping without a mode of transportation to get to the camping spot. At this point, reason has fled and logic is totally anesthetized. Everything begins to affect the mental processes. The "Late Late Show" with phrases such as "We'll bury the loot here, men, and come back for it after we shake the posse" causes a humming in the ears and a glazing of the eyes. Your waking hours are spent with the far horizon as a focal point, and your sleep is frequently interrupted by the family waking you just before you place an eight-ton, solid gold, Aztec idol in the living room. Your

Courtesy Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife

Courtesy National Park Service

Courtesy National Park Service

survival has now become a matter of action. You are convinced; your family is in total shock and you have wheedled three full weeks out of your company. Your hour of destiny has arrived.

NOW you are ready, really ready. Your four-wheel drive steed is in the driveway, chomping at the bit. It is loaded with 400 gallons of water, rations for a regiment on a six-month's field exercise, a transistorized dodecahedron metal detector, black light, Geiger counter, camping gear and casting bones purchased from the nearest medicine man. You have the treasure pinpointed somewhere northwest of Langtry, Texas and southeast of Las Vegas, Nevada. You have overlooked nothing and you will be as safe on the desert as you would be in your own living room. Right? WRONG! You are now a prime candidate to be the focusing agent to the following three headlines:

"Man Reported Missing in Desert"
"Man's Vehicle Found in Dry Wash"
"Badly Decomposed Body Found"

Should you reach this stage, you are no longer interested in much of anything in this world, and if you have reached this stage, you may stop reading. If, however, you are still among us and have plans to make an extended trip into the Southwest desert areas, please take note of the greatest of all scientific laws as expressed in Murphy's Law which says, "When absolutely nothing can possibly go wrong, it will."

The basic difference between a professional and an amateur treasure buff is the number of assumptions made. The "pro" will do everything possible to reduce this number to zero. The amateur will take off in all directions at once. Since treasure hunters come in all sizes, shapes and backgrounds, the general categories could run from professional, semi-pro, amateur, accidental, stupid, idiotic and the better known category of all, DEAD. The latter can and frequently does, cover all other categories. These are the ones who make the headlines, boost newspaper circulation for one or two issues, and give old-timers the opportunity to shake their heads and exclaim wisely, "What in tarnation were they doin' in 'that' part of the country?"

"That part of the country" can be anywhere from the Dallas city park to the Mazatzal Wilderness area. Their deaths

(At top)
The rattlesnake is one of the four types of poisonous snakes found in the United States. This is the Texas diamondback. The dark spot between the eyes and the tip of the nose is a heat sensory pit, found in all pit vipers.

(middle)
The sidewinder, or horned viper, is first cousin to the rattlesnake, but rarely uses his rattles. It has a habit of coiling in soft sand and vibrating his body till he becomes a mound with nothing showing but his eyes and the two small horns above them. It bites quickly and without warning.

(bottom)
The Arizona coral snake. The desert coral is rarely over fifteen inches long, very slim, with a black head. This variety does not strike, but has to chew its victim to inject venom.

Courtesy Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife

The Gila monster, the Southwest's largest and only poisonous lizard. Their jaws are so powerful they have been known to break the bone of a man's arm.

can be the result of any one or a combination of many conditions. Heat stroke, sun stroke (yes, there is a difference), snakebite, scorpion sting, broken leg or arm, lack of water, exhaustion, exposure, just plain panic, or any combination of the foregoing.

As an example, there is an area just forty miles east of Phoenix, Arizona, to which a remarkable number of people are attracted. It is a mountain which erupts straight up from the desert floor to heights of 3,500 to 4,000 feet. On the south side runs the Federal Highways 60, 70, 80 and 89. To the north runs the Apache Trail which follows the Salt River and many man-made lakes. The width of the mountain varies from fourteen to twenty miles wide and is roughly thirty miles long.

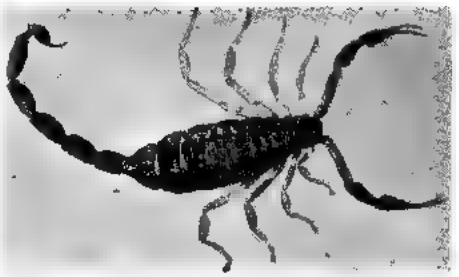
A Spanish family named Peralta first invaded this particular area and extracted gold. In 1891 an old man died of pneumonia. His legacy was a small wooden box full of magma-type intrusive ore. It, too, was loaded with gold. His name was Jacob Waltz and his legacy has caused a lot of people to get themselves killed in one way or another. Jacob Waltz was known as many things, from a dirty old man to a highgrader, but the name that posterity seems to be stuck with is "Dutchman," for the mine is now known as the Lost Dutchman Mine. A glance at any map of Arizona will show that this is relatively a small area bounded by well traveled highways. The worst conditions a person could be in would be a ten-mile walk, north or south, to a main, heavily traveled highway. But once inside the Superstition Mountains, the feeling is that one has been swallowed by a rock monster; 1,700-foot cliffs are common; 2,500-foot cliffs are not rare, and there are canyon floors that have never seen the sun. In the winter, the temperature can vary from 90° during the day to 15° at night. The summer days are a little warmer—say 120° and the nights get down to only 30° or 40°. If you want a full and complete description of this mountain, it can be found in a book called, oddly enough, *The Lost Dutchman Mine*, by Sims Ely, published 1953 by the William Morrow and Company, New York, New York.

SINCE the object is to aid the hunter, the descriptions and deductions of Mr. Ely are unsurpassed and highly recommended reading. However, keep in mind the two extremes of the people who emerge from this particular area, represented by Charlie Williams and Adolph Ruth. Mr. Williams, after three days and nights of being totally lost, emerged onto the Apache Trail with his shirt sleeves, converted to sacks, full of gold nuggets. Mr. Ruth's decapitated skeleton was found after a six-months' search. Mr. Ruth was to have met a guide in Globe, Arizona. The guide waited three days past the appointed time and then took a short-term job of assay work on some nearby claims owned by John Saxman. Mr. Ruth did not wait but passed on through to the Barkley ranch. W. A. Barkley, its owner, offered to accompany Mr. Ruth, but because of some pressing business it would be a few days before he could go into the mountains. Again Mr. Ruth was impatient and was guided in by two local prospectors who returned to the ranch the next day, leaving Mr. Ruth to his fate. The rest of the story is one of the larger sensations of 1931. One man made it, another didn't.

But 1931 and 1932 are ancient history. Would 1947 bring the action closer to you? Another death, another decapitation. Still too far away for worry? Try 1963. A span of thirty-two years and some twenty deaths later, it still goes on. A very small area, surrounded by civilization, with a road now cut deep into the heart of the mountain, and still people die. Obviously, the first assumption to avoid is that any area is "safe." Anything involving people, nervous people, should be considered uncertain. The larger and better known treasures naturally attract more people. The only predictable certainty about people is that they are totally unpredictable.

Psychology has developed theories on the mental effects of sex, rejection, environment, etc., etc., but it has never developed any intelligent theory regarding the affect of pure, native gold on the mental processes of the human animal. The presence of a large gold nugget produces sweaty palms, nervous agitation

(Continued on page 46)

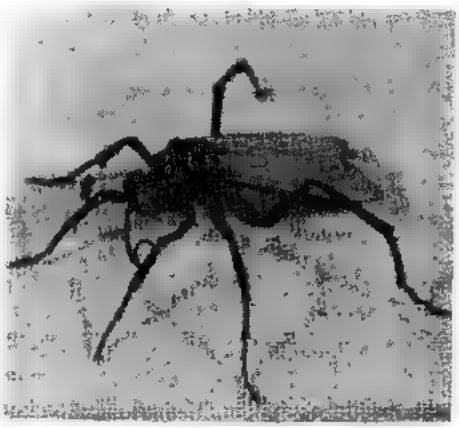


Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

The wood scorpion. Its venom attacks the nervous system. It is usually found under the bark of trees or between the joints of old abandoned shacks. The desert variety is somewhat "fatter" and can be found under the rocks or on the floor of a wash or creek where the sand is damp.

Courtesy National Park Service

The black widow. It likes to live in cool, damp, shady places. The hour-glass shape on its posterior provides easy identification.



Courtesy National Park Service

The tarantula hawk, a natural enemy of the hairy tarantula. It has been known to sting people and while the venom is not dangerous, it is extremely painful.

MYSTERY of the SANSBOIS

By ALLIE B. PALMER
Photos Courtesy Author

I HONESTLY don't know what year it was when Papa walked up that canyon looking for a good location to set up his saw mill. It must have been about 1908 that he arrived in the Sansbois Mountains of Oklahoma to look over a tract of virgin pine that he was to cut. But it was in this area, about this time, that the mysterious intruder of the Sansbois appeared.

Now the usual procedure that Papa followed was to camp out with his crew until the first lumber was cut. Then, with the first finished lumber, he would build a lean-to for his family, and each of his crew would do the same. But Papa was most fortunate on this particular venture for, in spotting timber for the mill, he stumbled across an old log cabin, apparently still sturdy despite its age. (It was purported by a man named "Gleen" to be at least 100 years old.)

Allen Hogue's sawmill at a location on the old Boggy River.

Here is a taste of the supernatural, and the evil glee with which it and darkness conspire to terrify mankind

So, sparing us the days of camping, Papa moved Mother and my sister and me (we were just little tots) over the Sansbois Mountains to settle in his abandoned cabin. The mill was set up close by, and the first lumber was used to build the usual sawmill shacks for the other families in the crew. The move itself was exciting and I had learned to look forward to each new sawmill location with great anticipation. But this move was especially delightful for it was rare for a sawmill family to live in anything quite so substantial as a log cabin.

Mama was content with the place as it was until her younger sister, a "city" girl, wrote of her wish to come out for a visit in the wilds. And wild it was! It was not uncommon to hear from any direction the screams of panthers, screams that somehow registered a protest against the invading sawmill.

I vividly remember one evening when neighbors called. Mama and Papa left the dinner table, leaving the food and the unwashed dishes in the light of Mama's little Silverene kerosene lamp. Tiring of neighborhood conversation, my sister and I ran back into the house, stopping abruptly when we saw a huge black thing hunched over the table where we had been but minutes before. We ran screaming to Papa's arms. Trembling with fear, we transferred ourselves to Mama as Papa cautiously entered the house to determine just what the "big black thing" might be. Soon he returned, laughing and slapping his leg, "Just a cub bear!"

But the wild kingdom seldom threatened our safety, and Mama's sister thought a visit would be fascinating. The little cabin was not built originally for company, so work furiously began to prepare for our special guest from town. The crew soon had a new room on the cabin which was fully completed except for the floor. Two twelve-inch planks would have finished the project, but for some reason which has eluded me, they were never added. Aunt Bert didn't mind, however, and after her arrival, living was delightful in the enlarged "mansion."

Two months passed. The mill was making good progress. Life was happy, full of adventure but serene. I say this so that you might be able to solve the mystery of what followed. All was peaceful—but that peace was not to last for very long.

WITH SEVERAL families in our logging neighborhood, we planned an outing to a big cave three miles away. Somebody had named it Cave Springs, and to go to Cave Springs was just about the greatest thrill a youngster on the Sansbois could have. All I recall of the trip is Papa's seating me below the bunks of the log wagons. Mama was afraid I might fall, but Papa showed me how to hold on for that long, bumpy ride. The next thing I remember of that excursion is when the men lit long pine torches to light the way into the cave. Carefully they descended to the bottom and called for the rest to follow. The women laughed with delight as they coasted down Devil's Slide into the arms of the men. Then down I slid, screaming all the way, into the arms of my father.

That pleasure outing marks the day of the beginning of the Sansbois mystery. I do not remember exploring the cave or going home or being tucked into bed. But I do recall the awful crash on top of the house in the wee hours of the morning.

All of us awakened simultaneously. The sound was not a nightmare, for all of us had heard it. Most of us were frightened —all, I suppose, but Papa who began a quiet investigation. He hushed us, assured us that it was only a prank a neighbor was playing, and cautioned us never to mention it. But I could not forget it. I could not sleep for the rest of the night, for the sound of the crash kept ringing in my ears. It was like the sound of a Number Two wash tub full of rocks, rocks the size of medium-sized potatoes, being lifted at arm's length and dumped on the roof. We could even hear them fall to the ground with a dull thud, rolling evenly to a stop. A cruel prank, I thought.

Daylight had hardly broken when we were all outside to determine the damage. We were in rocky country, but to our amazement, there were no extra rocks about the house, no loose stones to account for the incident during the night. There were no indentations in the soft earth to prove our "dream" of hearing many rocks fall from the roof. And never again did we hear this sound on the roof; never did we hear the sound of rolling rocks on the ground. But every night thereafter, a strange knocking occurred in the cabin. It was a very disturbing knock, not limited to foggy nights or evenings when the animals of the forest seemed to be on edge. It was a persistent knock. The knocking came at all hours of the night and even into the early morning hours, not just in the old log cabin but also in the new room.

Soon after daylight, the knocking would fade away, only to return at nightfall. At first it seemed to be made by the soft knuckles of a child or a woman. Slowly, softly, evenly and without a pause, the knocks continued. Then the knocking would become perceptibly louder, then quite loud, at last reaching such intensity that the vibrations from it would shake

(Continued on page 61)

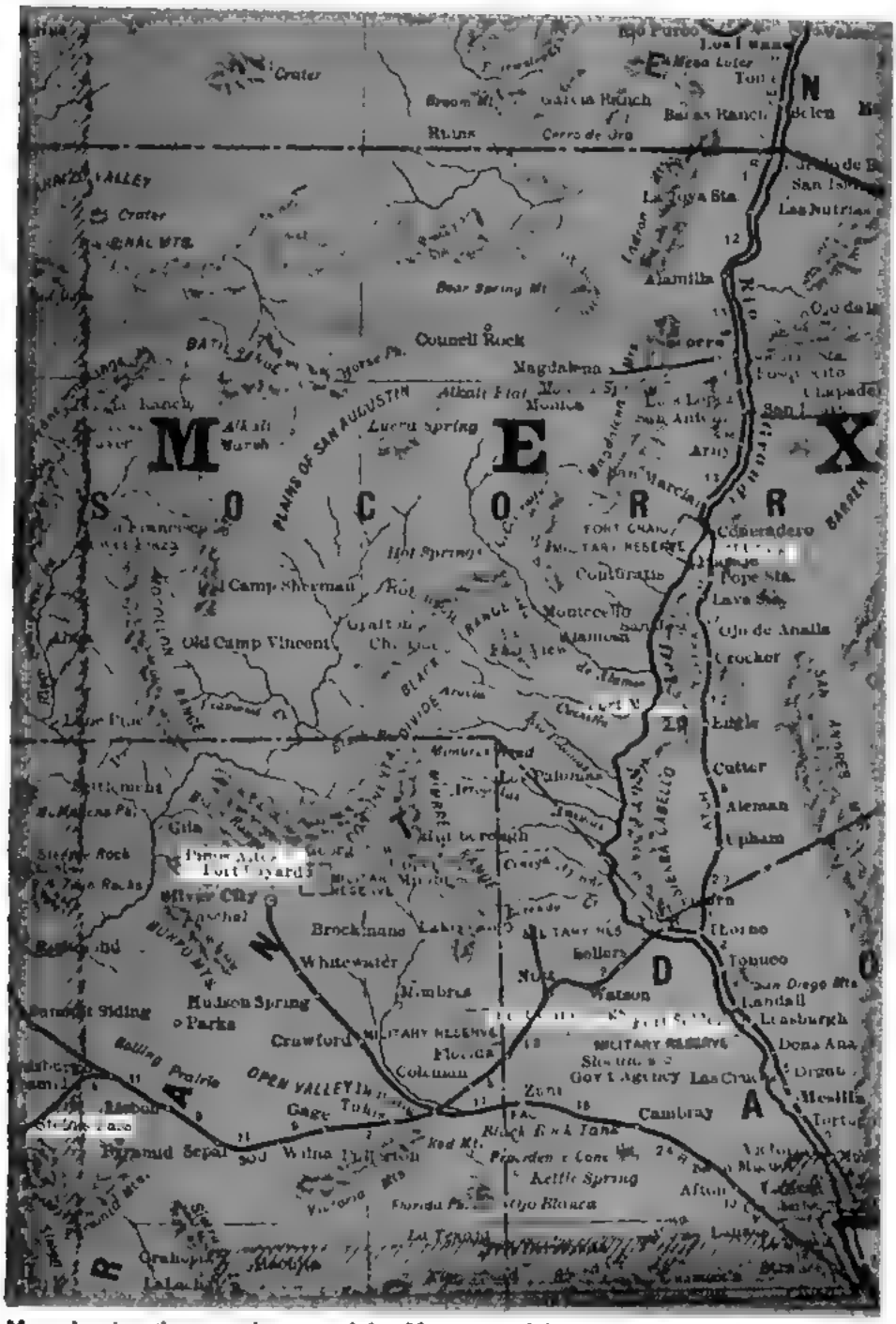
Allen and Clara Hogue, owners of the sawmill, and parents of the author.

The Hogue children. Allie, on left, brother in chair, and sister Ruby on right. Photo was taken in back of the sawmill shack very close to the time of the mystery.

The Hogue sawmill in operation.

Retribution at FORT McLANE

...the four versions of Mangus Colorado's death.



Map showing the area frequented by Mangus and his followers and the location of military establishments.

By LEE MYERS

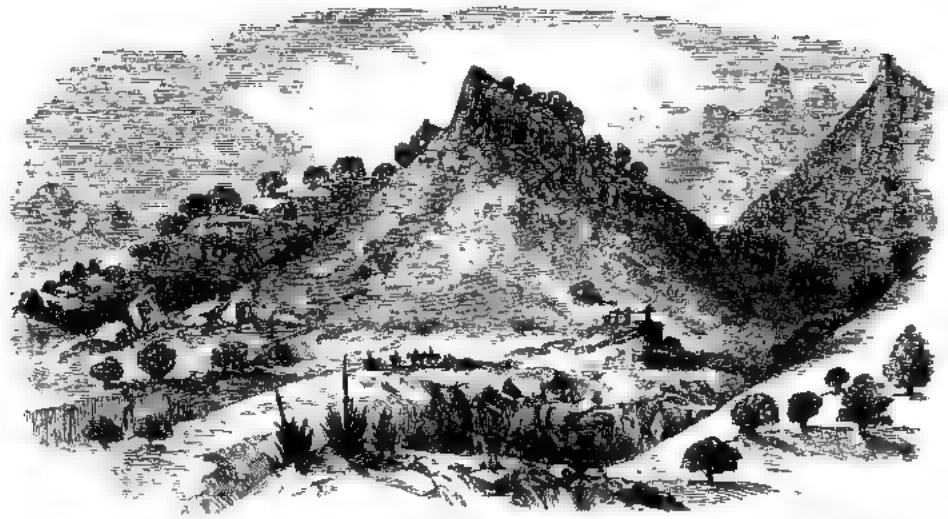
WHAT to make of the killing of the six foot six, savage Apache, Mangus Colorado? Over the years there has been general agreement among historians that he was killed by guards while a prisoner of the military, but where and just how has been a matter of controversy and confusion for much of the one hundred years since that infamous old warrior leader made his sudden exit from the southwestern deserts and mountains that had known and sheltered him for fifty or more years of his life.

Much has been told of his life of savage warfare and bloody deeds, and each telling has been capped by a recitation of his violent death at the hands of his soldier guards, and there the story becomes befogged by nearly as many versions as there have been recitals. And although his numerous raids for both plunder and retaliation led him over hundreds of miles in the Southwest and much of northern Mexico it is interesting that his end came within fifteen miles of Santa Rita del Cobre, or the Coppermines, where a fiendish act of white men against Mangus' people elevated him to leadership of the band and launched him on a future dedicated to revenge and lust for the blood of all white invaders whether Mexican or American.

That was on April 22, 1837, when James Johnson, trapper-turned-scalp hunter, invited the Apaches of the area to a feast, then when festivities were at a peak, directed the fire of a hidden cannon into their midst, killing many of them including the chief, Juan Jose, to whose position as leader, Mangus, the redoubtable warrior, succeeded.

This career of hate, torture and death came to an end sometime during the night of January 18, 1863, at abandoned Fort McLane, four miles south of the present-day smelter town of Hurley, New Mexico, but has been reported as occurring at Fort West, in the same state, and in Arizona, and the details of the killing have varied even more than the place.

The feared Apache Chief, Mangus Colorado.



From "New Mexico in the Nineteenth Century," University of New Mexico Press

An engraving of the Pinos Altos Mountains near the Santa Rita copper mines. They were an Apache stronghold for many years.

Recent research has uncovered four different versions of the affair and it is these four versions which have given rise to the confusion and controversy enveloping the incident. It is likely that none of them tells the entire truth, even the two which appear to bear the stamp of greatest authenticity, for one is probably colored by an attempt to give overdue credit to the writer's companions; and the other, an army account, smells suspiciously of an effort toward preserving the good name of Government by over-emphasis in one direction and careless handling of the truth in another.

IN 1861 most of the federal troops garrisoning the frontier forts in Apache country were withdrawn and sent to eastern battlefields, leaving much of Arizona and New Mexico at the mercy of the Indians. Mangus and his band, commonly known as the Coppermine Apaches, lost no time in stepping up their forays against the hated white man, and close at hand was a situation tailor-made to accommodate the lurking ambushes that they knew so well how to execute.

Immigrants and settlers were streaming west toward California over the several prominent caravan trails, and one of them, the Southern Route, passed through Apache country only a few miles south of the Coppermines. At one point the trail ran through a four-mile stretch of rough canyons and arroyos known as Cook's Canyon, named for Lieut. Col. Philip St. George Cooke, Second Dragoons, who in late 1846 led the Mormon Battalion through there on their way to support United States forces engaged in the conquest of California. It was slow, rough going for the heavy awkward wagons of the travelers, both military and civilian, and opportunities for sudden, overwhelming attack were everywhere; nor were such opportunities neglected by the savages. It is said that over the years as many as 400 whites (men, women and children) fell victim to Mangus and his followers there, a figure probably redundant but nevertheless emphasizing the evil reputation of the canyon.

Mangus' hatred for the white invaders was brought to a furious boil when in 1861 he was seized by miners at the newly discovered gold camp of Pinos Altos, bound to a tree and whipped until his bare back was a mass of bloody welts. This was the ultimate indignity that could be inflicted upon an Apache, and the chief, then past middle age, reacted accordingly. Nothing could ever again soften his fanatic hatred of the white man.

Following the withdrawal of federal soldiers from the Southwest large numbers of volunteers were enlisted in California, all expecting to be sent to southern battlefields; instead, all but a small handful were assigned to dozens of far-flung posts and camps in Indian country throughout the West. Three regiments and a few over, marched through the deserts of southern California and Arizona to New Mexico to take the place of those so preemptorily withdrawn. Most of these volunteers were rough, self-sufficient men from California's Mother Lode with the typical frontiersman's hatred and distrust of the Indian.

Their leader, Brig. Gen. James H. Carleton, a hard-bitten Dragoon officer of the old school with years of experience fighting Indians in New Mexico, was soon made commander of the Department of New Mexico, with orders to make that territory safe against the threat of Indian uprisings and Confederate invasion. When the southern re-invasion by way of Texas no longer appeared imminent he turned his attention toward the red menace, and Mangus and his band were among the first to feel his ire.

The chief and his people were known to be in the neighborhood of Pinos Altos, about twenty miles north of abandoned Fort McLane. The Coppermines were fifteen miles in a slightly northeast direction, the three of them the very heart of Mangus' homeland and within the confines of a subdivision of the Department of New Mexico known as the District of Arizona. This division was under the command of Brig. Gen. Joseph R. West, one of Carleton's favorite commanders and another hard officer whose trail was destined soon to cross that of Mangus.

Fort McLane had been established in October 1860, but was abandoned less than a year later, its garrison of 7th Infantry transferred to Fort Fillmore. There had been no time to build permanent buildings at McLane, only temporary log huts, which by 1863 were mostly in ruins.

ON JANUARY 6, 1863, Carleton ordered the establishment of a post, to be named Fort West, somewhere between Pinos Altos and the Gila River, designed to control the Apaches of that area and to protect the miners at Pinos Altos. These orders included the organization of an expedition of volunteers from West's command to campaign against Mangus' band.

As this expedition marched from Mesilla, New Mexico, Captain Edmund Shirland, with twenty men of his company of First Cavalry, California Volunteers, marched ahead of them with orders to either kill or capture Mangus as circumstances directed. On the 18th of January

Courtesy Collections in the Museum of New Mexico

General J. H. Carleton, commander of the Department of New Mexico, ordered the establishment of Fort West and a full-fledged campaign against the Indians.

Shirland and his detachment joined West's command at Fort McLane, bringing Mangus along as a prisoner. Sometime that night the chief was shot and killed by his guards, allegedly because he was trying to escape. A few days later a board of officers rode west and north from Fort McLane to search for a suitable location for Fort West.

The following month, February 1863, the fort was established on the left bank of the Gila River, near the present-day farm village of Cliff; and though this post existed less than a full year it fits into the Mangus story because one of the conflicting versions was believed to have been written by a Doctor George Gwyther, who was apparently stationed there in some capacity. Unfortunately, the doctor's story, published in September 1870 and for which records show that he received $39 as the probable author, appears to be almost entirely fictitious and has been the cause of much of the confusion as to the location and manner of Mangus' demise.

The story, as its author wrote it, concerns his implied stay at Fort West and states that it was there that Mangus met his fate from "the bullet of a cavalry sergeant . . . while drunk and a prisoner in the guard house. . . ." The doctor proceeds, in a flowery style, to tell how the chief was induced to come into the post, which he finally did, to be tendered the hospitality due a man of importance. And here the story receives the brand of either fiction, or the fact that its writer was never at Fort West, by saying, "A temporary treaty was . . . desirable. . . ." General Carleton had repeatedly admonished his officers and men that no treaties were to be entered into, that the Indians were to be killed wherever found—orders that were forwarded to Capt. William McCleave who commanded at Fort West for some months after its establishment.

The story continues that Mangus was then treated with whiskey, of which he was especially fond, and that one day he was noisy, and to keep him out of mischief the chief was lodged for the night in the post guardhouse. During the latter part of the night, according to the writer, Mangus awoke from drunken slumber, realized where he was, sprang to his feet, and was instantly shot down by the sergeant of the guard. The story goes on to say that the post surgeon prepared the chief's skeleton and that much interest was shown in it, especially the skull and lower jaw, which was "so wide that . . . nearly any man at the post could put his face inside it without contact."

There is every reason to believe that the statements concerning Mangus' death at Fort West are entirely spurious and should be eliminated from the actual history of the act. In fact, Fort West had not been established when Mangus was killed. Unhappily though, Dr. Gwyther's account has been seized upon by other writers and no doubt will long be a thorn in the side of truth.

THE ARMY VERSION of the incident is preserved in National Archives

(Continued on page 66)

From "New Mexico in the Nineteenth Century," University of New Mexico Press

Stein's Peak and Stein's Pass near the New Mexico-Arizona border, an Apache stronghold used to dispute white passage into Arizona.

Photo Courtesy Author

Ranch house and horse corrals of the 2-C Cattle Company one mile south of Apache Tejo, and believed to be the site of Fort McLane.

Photo Courtesy Author

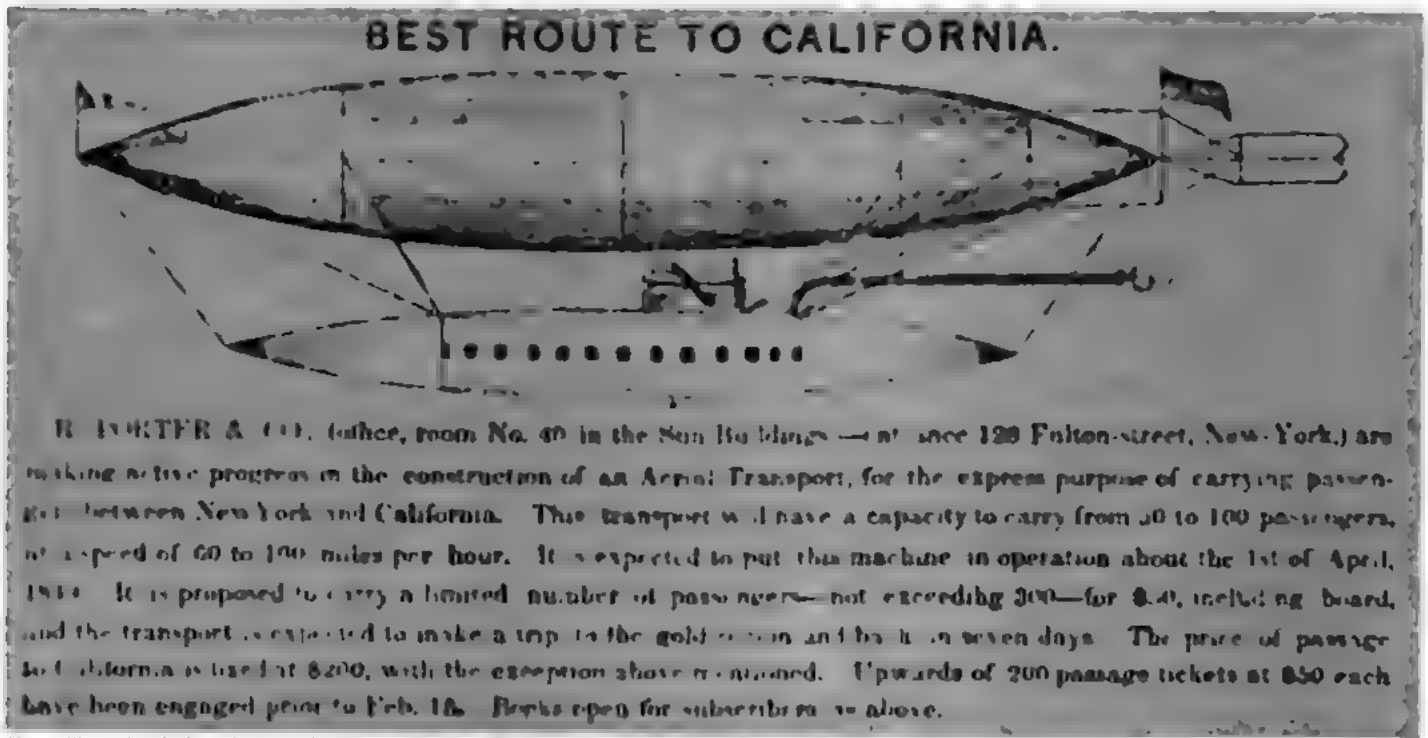
Apache Tejo, or Apache Spring, still furnishes water to the mill and smelter of Kennecott Copper Corporation at Hurley. Fort McLane was approximately one mile south of the Springs and on the opposite side of U.S. Highway 260.

Fortunately for the gold fever sufferers in the East, this miracle of transportation died on the drawing board...

An Aerial Liner for the Forty-niner

By DR. GULDEN MACKMULL

Photo Courtesy Author



R. PORTER & CO. (office, room No. 40 in the Sun Building — not since 128 Fulton-street, New-York,) are making active progress in the construction of an Aerial Transport, for the express purpose of carrying passengers between New York and California. This transport will have a capacity to carry from 50 to 100 passengers, at a speed of 60 to 100 miles per hour. It is expected to put this machine in operation about the 1st of April, 1849. It is proposed to carry a limited number of passengers—not exceeding 300—for $50, including board, and the transport is expected to make a trip to the gold region and back in seven days. The price of passage to California is fixed at $200, with the exception above mentioned. Upwards of 200 passage tickets at $50 each have been engaged prior to Feb. 15. Books open for subscribers as above.

Above illustration is from "Aerial Navigation. The Practicability of Travelling Pleasantly and Safely from New York to California in 3 Days," L. R. Kennedy, San Francisco, 1935.

"ROUND TRIP New York to California for $50"—a promise of future air-fare economy? Not at all. This was an offer—actually more of a promise—made in the year 1848.

Gold had been discovered in California in January of that year. At first the finder, James Marshall, told the astonishing news to Captain John Sutter of Sutter's Fort. The captain in turn enjoled and bribed people to keep this a secret. Such a monumental discovery, however, could not long remain confined to the Valley of Coloma. One of the fort's less inhibited employes on a trip to San Francisco, paraded through the streets in bucolic, or alcoholic, exuberance, shouting and waving a bottle full of yellow dust. "Gold! Gold! Found at American Fork!" That did it. From that unsteady spark the news spread rapidly throughout the city, the nation and the world. The California gold rush began.

By early 1849, as soon as the snows melted in the Sierra Nevada mountain passes, thousands of men braved famine, sickness, and Indians—not necessarily in that order—in overland treks to the gold fields. Other thousands jammed into all manner of sailing vessels, both crews and ships in various stages of dubious repair. The more hardy goldseekers went by way of Cape Horn, where from three to six weeks were required to pass through the Straits of Magellan. The entire water trip from New York to San Francisco was a leisurely 240 to 290 seasick days.

Other Forty-niners left ship at Panama. They fought, begged and bribed their way across the Isthmus to find passage to San Francisco. By the end of 1849, some 32,000 miners had crowded into the Golden State.

NEWS of the many hardships of travel trickled back East. A certain frustration ensued. There in California was all that gold just lying loose on the ground inviting everyone to become rich. Even the United States Government abetted this chimera by declaring a "finders-keepers" policy on gold in California. This was the official government position at a time when Mexican law was OUT and U.S. law was not yet IN.

There just *had* to be a better way than by land or sea to get to California. There was—by air!

The editor of the *Scientific American*, Rufus Porter, proposed such a solution on paper. In a handbill embellished with a drawing of a dirigible-like "Aerial Locomotive," this gentleman promised to "carry a limited numbers of passengers—not exceeding 300—for $50, including board. The transport is expected to make the trip to the gold region and back in seven days." This introductory offer was amended in the next statement. "The price of passage to California is fixed at $200 with the exception above mentioned."

Copying the ballyhoo of P. T. Barnum, whose career at this time was in full blossom, Mr. Porter concluded, "Upward of 200 passenger tickets at $50 each have been engaged prior to Feb. 15. Books open for subscribers as above."

Everybody was interested. What was this Aerial Locomotive? Mr. Porter elaborated. The Locomotive *must* be in the shape of a *revoidal spindle* (eliptical or pointed cigar-shape to the uninitiated). It would be 800 feet long and 50 feet wide at its greatest diameter. Hydrogen gas, 838,000 cubic feet of it, would be the lifting spirit, "to be manufactured in a suitable apparatus." The semi-rigid-

(Continued on page 42)

Jean Lafitte's captain loses his heart to a ferryman's

Child Bride of a

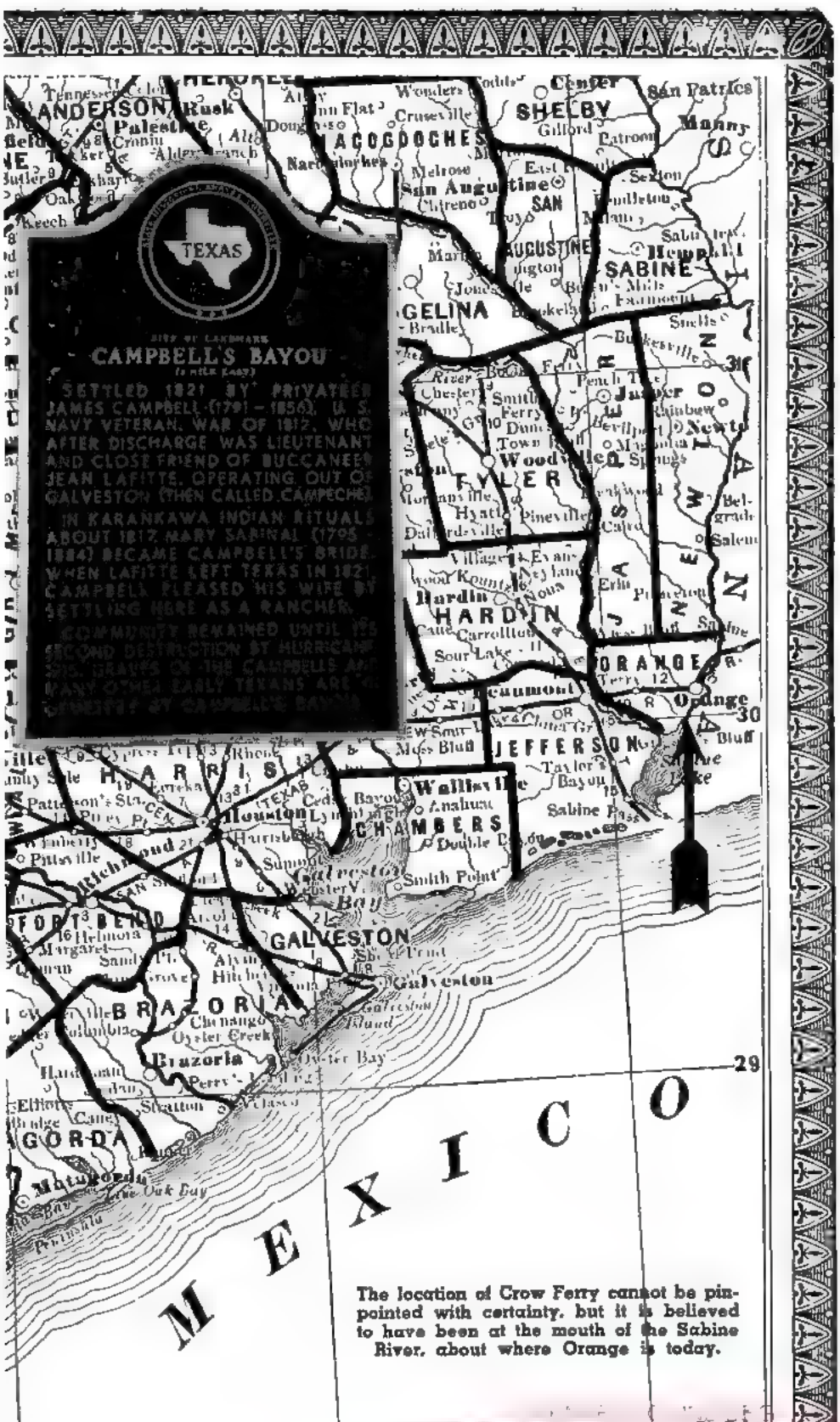
By MABEL DICK
as told to
REBECCA L. TUMLINSON

Photos Courtesy Author

SHE CAME to the Texas border when she was eight years old. She came from near New Orleans with her parents in her father's boat manned by three Indians. They landed at Crow's Ferry where her father was to take over the operation of the ferry across the Sabine.

When they landed they were offered food, but the child did not want to eat. Her mother, knowing that she must be hungry, insisted she take some white bread, fresh butter, and meat. There was plenty of everything—the best. Their host was Jean Lafitte. The new century was just beginning and Mary Sabinal had stepped into Texas history.

She was to leave the legacy of stories of her life imprinted in the memory of Mable Dick, a granddaughter, now ninety-five years old. Mrs. Dick's remarkable



(inset)
The Texas Historical marker placed near Campbell's Bayou where the Campbells lived and are buried.

The location of Crow Ferry cannot be pinpointed with certainty, but it is believed to have been at the mouth of the Sabine River, about where Orange is today.

Mrs. Mabel Dick recalls the stories told by her grandmother, Mrs. James (Jim) Campbell.

daughter...

Buccaneer

memory recreates the stories she loved to hear her grandmother tell and retell.

A big log house was built at the ferry and Mary began to grow into young womanhood. The father operated the ferry and raised cattle. Mary soon had some fifty pigs she tended and called her own. The family had a garden. The big Karankawa Indians were friendly and helpful. Mother Sabinal had a Bible and read to the growing girl. This was home. Mary loved it and clung to her parents.

But there was a particular boat which came to their landing that Mary always dreaded to see. For several years the boat came skippered by a young Irishman named James (Jim) Campbell who was Jean Lafitte's trusted captain. Campbell had been born in Derry County, Ireland in 1791. He was brought to the United States by his parents while yet a small child. They settled in Maryland.

As a young man Jim Campbell served in the U. S. Navy during the War of 1812 aboard the *Constitution* and later aboard the *Constellation*. After his naval service Campbell joined the *Coujalado*, a Spanish ship which fell under the guns of the privateer Captain Rapp who operated out of what is now Corpus Christi. Wounded and one of only four survivors, Jim was put ashore on Galveston Island. Here he later took command of the schooner *Concord* for Jean Lafitte.

It was at the ferry crossing on the Sabine that he saw and lost his heart to little Mary Sabinal who was too shy or too frightened to eat when she first set foot on the Sabine. The boat of Jim Campbell came to the Crow Ferry landing. He spoke, as a man should, to Mary's father, and waited for the little girl to grow into young womanhood.

"Years later she used to laugh with us," said Mable Dick recently as she recalled the words she heard so often from her grandmother. "It is funny now and it was funny when she told us, but it wasn't funny then—to her as a little girl," Mrs. Dick murmured with compassion as she retold her grandmother's story.

"AS long as Jim Campbell could come up there I was scared to see that boat coming," Grandma Campbell would say. "I was scared of him. I'd see it was him and I'd go hide. I'd go back in our log house and crawl under my bed where nobody could spy me, and my mother would come pull me out. She'd say, 'You've got to get out here. We've just got to have you out here.'

"Jim Campbell told my father he was going to marry me some day and he always brought us sugar and coffee and flour and such stuff as that, you know, from Lafitte's boat.

"We had plenty of stores all the time and the Indians came in and baked great big loaves of white bread and made a big pan of beef—baked. We didn't have to worry. We had everything we wanted like that. Cabbage, rutabagas, turnips, everything you know, and always plenty of salt pork."

The Indians came from Galveston to notify them when Jim Campbell would be there and her father told Mary that James Cambell was going to marry her and take her to Galveston.

"Oh, no," said Mary, "I'm not going back with him!"

When the day arrived and Jim Campbell's boat came into the landing he asked for Mary.

"She's here somewhere," said her mother. "I'll have to go look for her."

Mary was back under that bed—" 'way back just as far as I could get'," Mrs. Dick recalled her grandmother's words. " 'It was a log house you know, and the windows were log and nobody could see me'."

But her mother found her and coaxed her out by telling her of the preparations for the wedding feast. The Indian women were down at the landing cooking for them. There was pork and mutton and beef cooking and they had spread white sand in the area.

"I went to see, but I wouldn't stay down there. I'd hang on to Mama," Mary would say.

"The first thing I knew here came three great big old Indians. One had a book in his hands and I didn't know what that book was. I knew my mother had a Bible. She used to read it to me, but I didn't know what that big Indian was doing coming up there with that book.

"He said to some men who came up with some little brooms made from broomweed, 'Lay six this way, six this way, six that way, six that way, and six this way.'

"When the circle was made he said, 'Now catch his hand!' I didn't want to hold Jim Campbell's hand and Mama took my hand and put it in his. I didn't want to get married. I didn't want to leave there. We stepped in the ring and walked around three times and I was scared to death.

"Directly we stopped at that great big old fellow and he said, 'Now catch hands and walk across it this way and go around it this way and get in the middle of it and stand up!' When we did that he commenced to read out of that book. What he was reading I don't know. He could talk good; you could understand what he said. My mama always had a Bible—she knew and my father knew.

"The big man said a few things and then he said, 'Now you are man and wife. Catch hands.' I wouldn't give Jim my hand. I held my hands down so he couldn't get hold of them. 'Now kiss her. This is your wife. That's your husband. Kiss him.'

"Well I didn't like that a little bit. He took me in his arms and kissed me. 'Now I've got you and we're going to Galveston,' Jim said.

" 'Not me, I aint!' I answered back.

"Well, we had a feast. We had cake, we had fresh butter, fresh white bread, all kinds of meat, beef, we had potatoes, we had everything we wanted. When the feast was over Jim picked me up in his arms and took me over to Mama and said, 'Now we are going to Galveston.' And of course I tried my best to hang on to her.

"Mama said, 'Now you go with Jim Campbell. He's your husband. You belong to him now.' "

Mrs. Dick recalled that Grandma Campbell would laugh as she told the story, "I guess I'm married," she'd laugh. "I may or may not be. I don't know if I was married or not! Of course they all knew, and my mother and my father knew—but I didn't know!"

JIM CAMPBELL had provided pillows to place around his bride as they sailed for Galveston. They sat on the deck and talked and Mary began to lose her fear. When the couple landed on Galveston Island Mary stood up to go ashore, but Jim Campbell told her to sit down again and wait. He left the boat and returned shortly.

Mary stood up again and Jim picked her up in his arms and carried her ashore and into the house. "This is your house," he said. "This is where we are going to live. Don't be afraid. This is your house. These are your things. This is where we are going to live."

Mary was to recall the pens of wild chickens, the ducks and geese. She was to remember the two ponies, the cow. The Indians were helpful. The young Irishman had dreamed a big dream over the years he waited for Mary and had made it come true.

Their first child was a son and Mary and Jim loved him and took pride in his growing. He was almost three when the sickness came. They had two doctors from New Orleans. The Indians came to help throughout the long nights and proposed their remedies. Everything was done but the child died. They couldn't save him.

The Indians dug the grave and lined it with brick, rock and cement. A small white casket with a small white box to put it in was brought from Sugarland. The small white box was covered with brick, rock and cement and the Indians formed an arch of brick over his head. He rested in the shade of the salt cedars.

(Continued on page 42)

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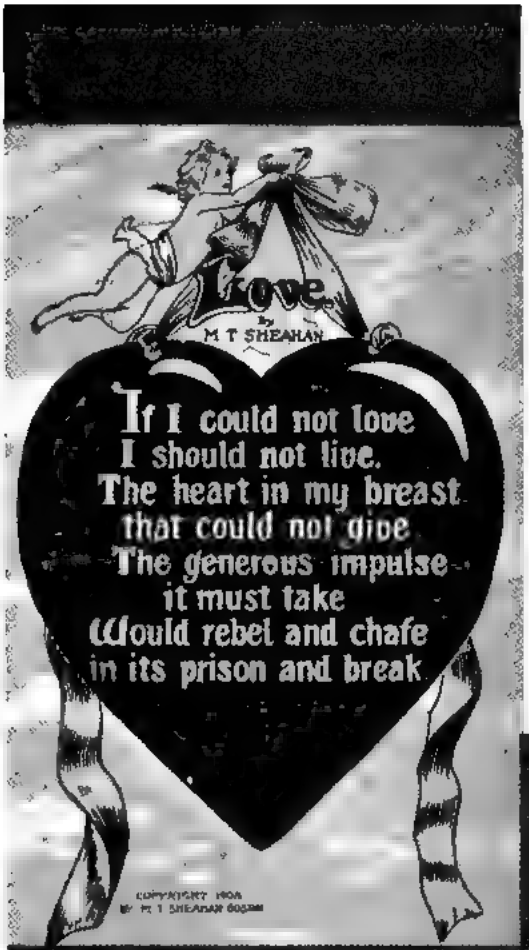
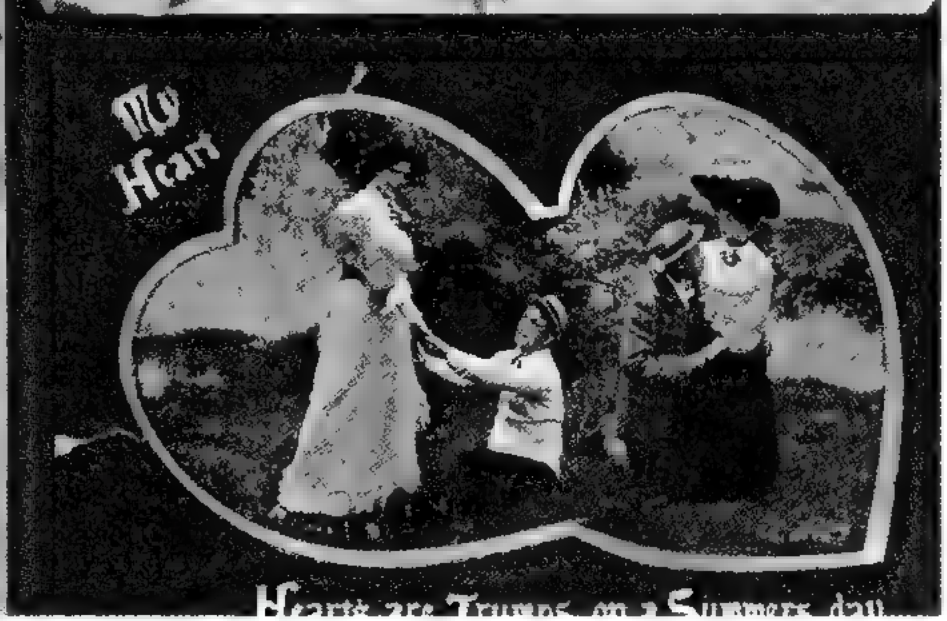
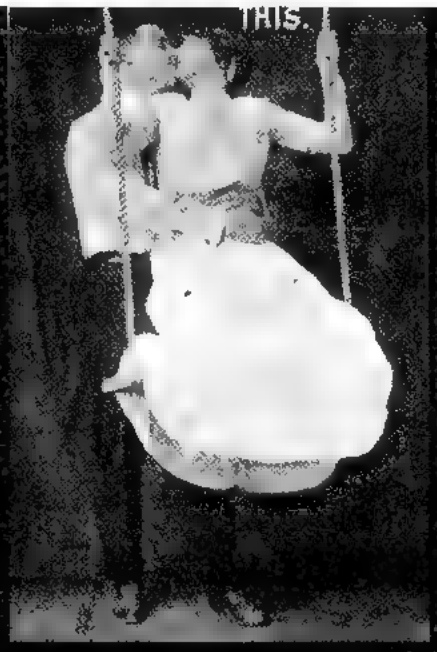
Penny for Your Thoughts

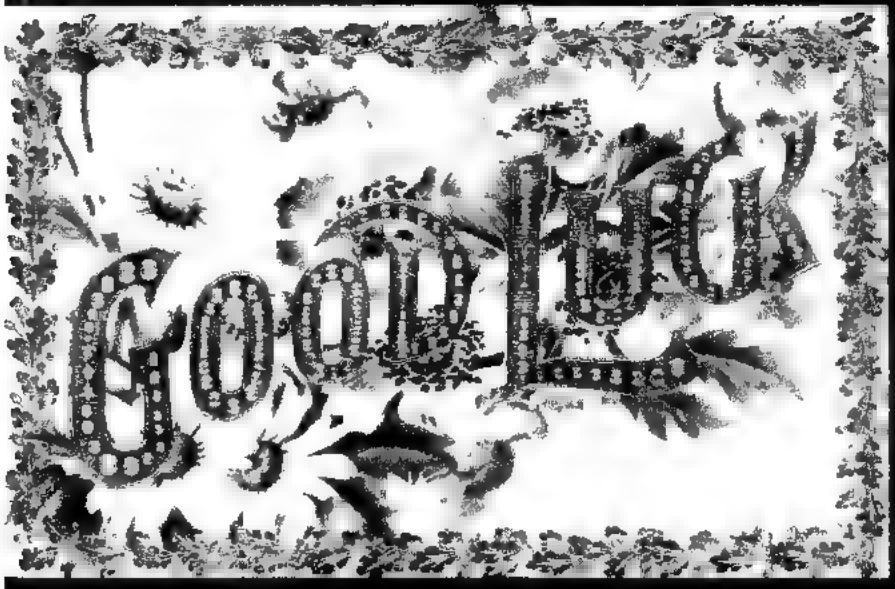
That's all it cost in the old days for both the message and the postage!

Courtesy Archer Collection, Sherman, Texas









Love me morning, noon and night,
Your kisses are my hearts delight

Wild Old Days!

Treasure hunters at Odessa, Texas. 1966. Courtesy the Author

ADVICE FROM A TREASURE HUNTER

By Ike Osteen

BUYING a metal locator is just exactly like buying a car. Each manufacturer feels that his is the very best instrument made. Like cars, in the same price range they are all similar. Some of you drive a Ford. Others a Chevrolet. So it goes. One metal locator will have features you like; another kind will suit me better.

My first instrument was a rather heavy one with tubes and ear or headphones. I work in brush, rocks and cold windy weather, so for me the cord and headphones had to go. I now have a transmitter-receiver type instrument. All transistors instead of tubes. A built-in speaker instead of headphones, and it can be adjusted for metal or mineral at the flick of a switch. Light weight and balanced, with no strain on your wrist if you use it all day. All transistors are easy on the batteries. I won't buy any instrument which will change setting or tone each time the sun goes behind a cloud or, if you are working around rocks and trees, each time you move the instrument into or out of the shade.

I know a couple of treasure hunters who dug a fourteen-foot hole because the deeper they dug the louder their instrument "squealed." It was just a matter of the different temperature and atmosphere in the hole causing their instrument to drift. The temperature in the air went up right fast when I showed them what was happening, and told them unless they wanted a water well they should dig no deeper because there just wasn't any metal down there.

Here is my suggestion on instruments. Buy the best one you can afford and then use it. I repeat—USE IT. Get so good with it that you can predict the brand of beer before you dig it up. If you can tell a pop bottle lid from a coin you are ready for a park or beach and some lost coins, watches and rings.

A good operator can find more with a poor instrument than a poor operator can find with a good instrument. No detector will lead you to buried treasure, but you *can* find treasure with any kind of instrument—the iron rod from the end-gate of a wagon bed, or a forked stick. Good golfers use good clubs. Professional hunters use good guns. A good fisherman can catch fish with a cane pole but most of them use another kind. So it goes. It all depends on you and what you plan to do with your instrument.

AS TO BOOKS, maps and other articles you should buy, here again it's up to you. I have a room full of books, maps and articles, but you can get along without a single one if you want to.

The Distribution Section Geological Survey, Federal Center Building 41, Denver, Colorado 80225 has topographical and quadrangle maps for all of the United States west of the Mississippi River. They cost fifty and seventy-five cents each. Just explain what town, county or area of a state you want. For the area east of the Mississippi write to Distribution Section Geological Survey, 1200 South Eads Street, Arlington, Virginia 22202.

I have material from the Library of Congress, the National Archives, various writers of western history, the United States Mint. I have handbooks on mining, filing claims, gold panning etc. The best book I ever read on treasure hunting for the beginner was by Karl Von Mueller, now of Segundo, Colorado. In it he takes you step by step and item by item from the kind of pants you should wear to the snakebite kit you should carry in your pocket.

How do I get my leads on where to look? The best way is to listen instead of talking all the time. Any old-timer who will relive his past for you can't help but give you a lead or two. Even your own daily paper is useful. An item may report that a certain recluse had died and relatives found thousands of dollars in his old shack. Did they use a metal locator or just find his fortune on top of the ground? Anther item may say, "Coin dealer has car wreck on way to convention and highway is covered with coins." Did the searchers use a metal locator or just pick up what was handy? Many leads are given by writers of articles for this magazine. If they are not treasure hunters they may not realize they are telling us anything about treasure. But it is there. All you need do is read between the lines, research it for proof that it has some foundation, and then go see if someone has already beat you to the loot. If they have, you can always pick up some change in the parks, at the beach, the fairgrounds, rodeos, picnic areas, or just about anywhere people gather for fun and relaxation.

All I ask is that you please get permission from the owners before you set foot on privately owned land, and that you fill up every hole you dig before you leave. Don't take boards from floors or buildings unless you replace them as good or better than you found them. Don't cut across fields and pastures, making new roads. If you find a gate open leave it open. If it's shut leave it shut. Give the land owners and the Internal Revenue boys their fair share. If there is any left when you get home, tell your wife to go out and buy herself a new hat.

THE MAN WHO IMPERSONATED BUTCH CASSIDY

By Charles Kelly

IN A PAST issue of TRUE WEST is an article in which the author tries to prove that Butch Cassidy survived the shooting in Bolivia in which the Sundance Kid was killed with another man, and returned to the United States, married and went straight the rest of his life and died in bed in 1937.

The author does not give the name under which Butch was supposed to operate after his return to the States, nor the location where he lived, as he says, to protect the family. But I can furnish that information.

In 1938 an article appeared in a Spokane newspaper under the heading

"Death Ends Career of Famous Wyoming Robin Hood," from information supplied by a Lander rancher, stating that Butch Cassidy had just died and that he had been living his last years under the name "William Phillips." It was also claimed he had spent many months in Wyoming trying to locate the $10,000 buried by his supposed partner after the stage holdup, and that several ranchers in Wyoming had lent him horses and furnished supplies during this period.

When I was in Wyoming in 1936 I met several ranchers who claimed that Butch Cassidy had visited them during his search, that they had known him during his outlaw days, and that they knew for certain the man was actually Butch Cassidy. One rancher had ridden with him for three weeks in his search. The man looked in many different places for the treasure from the "stage holdup" although he had no idea where it was supposed to be buried, and in spite of the fact that certainly the partner who had buried it must have dug it up many years before. Although the Wyoming ranchers actually believed his story, the whole thing was absolutely inconsistent.

AFTER a friend sent me the clipping from the Spokane newspaper it made me curious, so I finally got the address of the William Phillips who posed as Butch Cassidy and wrote to his widow, asking point blank whether or not her husband was actually Butch. Here is her reply:

Spokane, Wash.
10-4-38

My Dear Mr. Kelly:

Again I have to beg your indulgence for my long delay in answering your last letter; and again my reason is the same; so very busy earning a livelihood, have little time for anything else.

However it came to my mind last eve that at least I could do as you suggested and give you a brief outline of Mr. Phillips' life, tho am afraid there will be little of interest in it to you because I am unable to give you an account of the part of it in which you, naturally, are most interested; viz. the few years in which he knew and rode the range with Cassidy.

William T. Phillips was born and raised in an eastern state until he reached the age of 14 years; at which time (owing to dime novel influence) he ran away and headed for the Black Hills where he was greatly disillusioned in regard to many things as he was bound to be; after a few months of seeing his small hoard dwindle away and failing to find work because of his youth and inability to convince anyone he could hold down a man's job he became homesick and started out to make his way back home.

It was in the fall of the year and he finally succeeded in finding work on a ranch during harvest (and tho I have often heard him tell about it) I'm not sure just where that was, but in the corn belt, for he often laughed about the speed he acquired in husking corn. He enjoyed the people with which he found himself and stayed until the following spring when, having survived his homesickness, decided to stay awhile longer in the west, and again headed for the Black Hills. It was after that, of course, that he fell in with Cassidy; but not having it all in detail I cannot give you much detail as to how it all came about, except that it was at the time of the Johnson County war, and I've heard him express himself as being entirely in sympathy with the little fellows instead of the cattle association. He thought he knew Cassidy very, very well and considered he was much more sinned against than sinning. As to just how long he was associated with him I am unable to say, for my memory is none too good as to dates, etc. and I haven't that all in detail, as I have his account of Cassidy, in which he makes no mention of himself.

Later he did mural decorating in New York City for two or three years; at one time had a machine shop in Des Moines, Iowa, for about seven or eight years. After he and I were married, we lived in Arizona for a year; came to Spokane and have been here ever since until his death last year [1937].

That, in brief, is the story of my husband. I write you that we each knew Cassidy; so we did. I knew his family. But I can tell you little, I think, that you do not already know. However both Mr. Phillips and myself came originally from the east, not the middle west. . . . .

Sincerely yours,
MRS. WILLIAM T. PHILLIPS

William T. Phillips must have been an unusually good impersonator, but it must be remembered that he associated with Cassidy long enough to hear many of his exploits on the outlaw trail, and that many years had passed since the old ranchers in Wyoming had seen Cassidy.

Many stories have been told about seeing Butch Cassidy after he was supposed to have been killed in Bolivia, but in checking them all I have found none with a foundation in fact. Matt Warner, his one-time partner, when he heard of Cassidy's death, passed the hat among his old friends and sent a man to South America to ascertain the facts. This messenger returned with the report that Cassidy had been killed, and produced a photograph to prove it, which has been seen and approved by several old-timers of my acquaintance.

I hope the story of Mrs. Phillips will settle once and for all the reports of Cassidy's having been seen in Wyoming and Utah after his reported death.

A GOLD BRICK

FRONTIER TIMES, Vol. 9, No. 8
May, 1932

VARIOUS inventors have been working for years on the theory that there is plenty of gold in sea water if only some process of extraction could be developed.

Some years ago the Rev. Prescott J. Jernegan was the salt water wizard of the hour. From the day his bubble burst and he left for Europe, nobody seems to know what has become of him. Jernegan, who posed as a clergyman, and C. E. Fisher, once a floor walker in a New York department store and before that a diver, got together in the fall of 1896 and for a whole year carefully considered the problem of extracting gold from salt water. It is true, their whole field of thought compassed the use of salt water as an accessory only, the real material from which the gold was to be extracted being the American people.

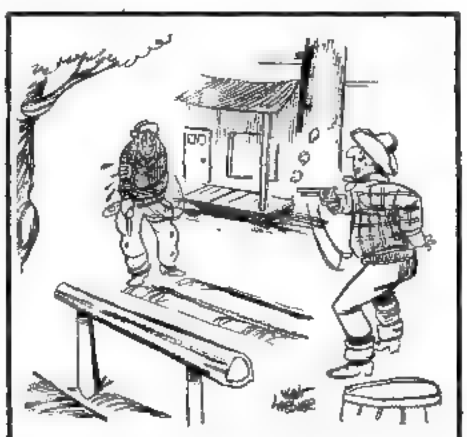
Very artistically Jernegan, to whom was left the matter of publicity, permitted some vague rumors to leak out. "A leading clergyman had a marvelous money making device. The world was soon to be stunned by a fact that would make the possessor of the original secret so rich that all the multi-millionaires would be paupers in comparison." When Jernegan and Fisher had stirred up public curiosity they went to New England and there set up some mysterious machinery.

On Narragansett Bay was an old half-dismantled wharf, and at the sea end of this the two erected a cheap frame shanty about eight by ten in size, with a square hole cut through the floor and looking directly down into about fifteen feet of water. An electric wire from a small battery was run along the piling of the wharf and attached to a mysterious box, with heavy iron clamps and holes all through to permit free passage of the water back and forth.

Finally the great secret was divulged. These two men had discovered a way of taking all the gold they wanted from the salt water at a cost so trifling that it was ridiculous to mention it. Two wealthy persons, one a Providence jeweler and the other a New York florist, were approached by Jernegan with what seemed to be such a trustful and childlike proposal that they both embraced it eagerly. All his apparatus was ready for experiment, he said, and they were invited to come to the shanty on the wharf, prepared to go through a night's vigil and witness the result, and they could be accompanied by any scientific friends they cared to bring along.

The idea, as outlined by Jernegan, was to send a current into a pan of mercury held within the box, the receptacle then being sent to the bottom of the sea and drawn up after several hours, when it would be found that the mercury had absorbed gold from the ocean.

(Continued on page 77)



"The best two out of three—Okay?"

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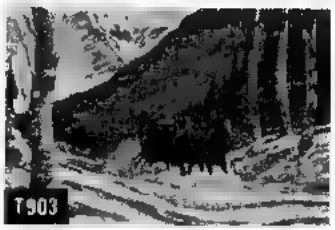
PICK FOR '69 FROM THE BEST IN FULL COLOR CHRISTMAS CARDS OF THE

Just thinkin' of you at Christmas — With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season — **Long**

Offering the Pipe of Peace — May Peace be your Gift at Christmas, etc. — **EchoHawk**

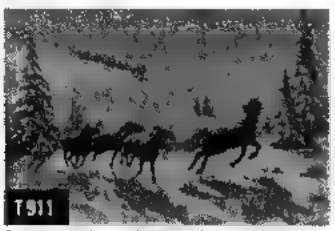


From the two of us — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Kerswill**

Blossoming Ocotillo — To wish you a Blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Hilton**

Christmas Eve at Ranchos de Taos — To wish you a Blessed Christmas, etc. — **Gomez**

"Old days, Old times" — Wishing the Joys of an old-fashioned Christmas, etc. — **Swanson**

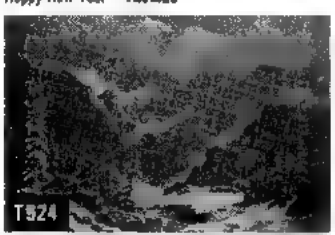


Sleighbells in the Night — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Thomas**

Waitin' at the Rail — Verse by S. Omar Barker, card by the great **Charles M. Russell**

Friendly Roadrunner — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Lau**

Waitin' for Christmas News — May the meaning of the Season be deeper, etc. — **Bunder**



"Open Face of Heaven" — May the Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Lowdermilk**

Night Run in the Rockies — May the Spirit of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Fogg**

Midnight Stop for Directions — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Thomas**

To your outfit from ours — Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas — **Parks**

"there were shepherds" — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Thomas**

A Chinook Wind for Christmas — May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You, etc. — **Shope**

Season of Christmas — Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Dick**

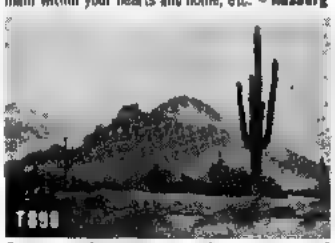
Home to the Ranch — Merry Christmas! Good friends, good times, etc. — **Hampton**

Christmas Spirit — May the Christmas Spirit remain within your hearts and home, etc. — **Husberg**

The End of a Holiday Journey — May your Christmas day be blessed, etc. — **Warren**

Adoration at the Manger — May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, the Gladness of Christmas which is Hope, etc. — **Touraine**

Caking Cattle on Christmas Morning — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Chappell**



Christmas Dawn — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year — **Lau**

We've Packed Up and Moved — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from all of us at our new spread! — **McLean**

ALL NEW DESIGNS IN BRIGHT FULL COLOR

BEST QUALITY ART: Yes, these are the Western Christmas Cards you've been looking for! Heavy textured enamel paper folds to make a rich card, approximately 5 x 7. We can print your name, or brand or BOTH in red to match greeting. Deluxe white envelopes — extras included. 24-hour shipping till Christmas. Order direct from this ad or send 25c for sample of any particular card and color catalog.

WHY NOT HAVE YOUR BRAND IMPRINTED?

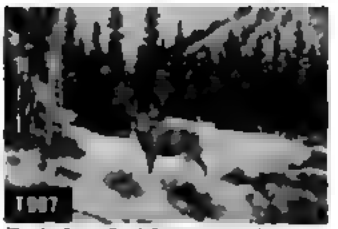
FREE...AN ENGRAVING OF YOUR BRAND. Add the personal touch for 1969. Let us print your own ranch brand on your cards at our low, low price! We will then send you FREE the zinc engraving of your brand individually mounted on wood for handy, everyday use. Usual cost of this mounted plate is $4.00 but it's yours FREE with your order.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND POSTAGE FREE

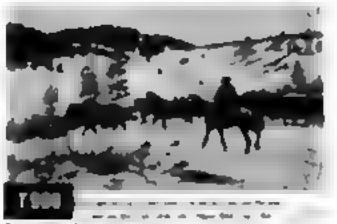
WEST BY THE LEANIN' TREE RANCH

Outdoor Temple – Greeting is an appropriate verse by S. Omar Barker – **Lanza**

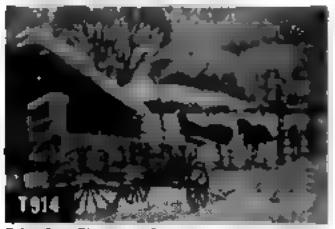
Happy Memories – May the warmth . . . of Christmas be with you all the Year – **Thomas**



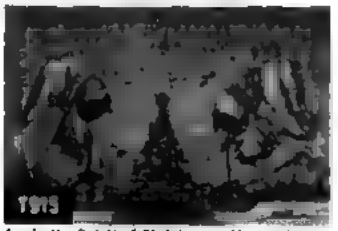
"In the Forest" – A Christmas wish for you and all the world . . PEACE – **Peters**



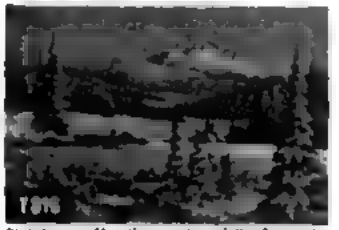
Season's Promise – Warm and friendly verse by S. Omar Barker – **Marks**



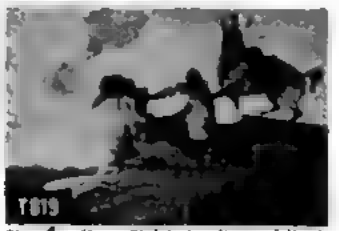
Friends – Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for all the Year – **Hopkinson**



Joy Is the Spirit of Christmas – May you have a Happy Christmas – **Christofferson**

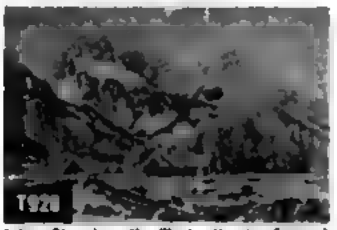


Christmas – May the meaning of the Season be deeper, as Christmas comes, etc. – **Thomas**

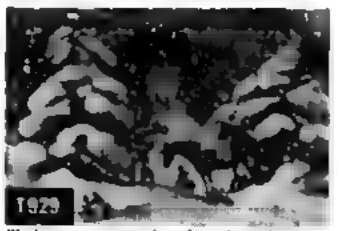


Signaling Merry Christmas – Heaps of Happiness in the Twelve Moons ahead – **Eschelbach**

Counting Our Blessings – Merry Christmas and Happy New Year – **Nicles**



Little Church in the West – May the Spirit of Christmas Abide, etc. – **Schniering**

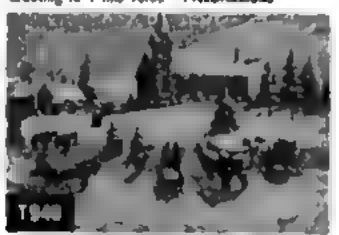


We hope your camp is safe and warm, etc. – Greeting is 4 line verse – **FitzSimmons**

Forest Deer – With Every Good Wish for Christmas and the New Year – **Hasberg**

A Christmas Kindness – May the meaning of the Season be deeper . . . – **Chappell**

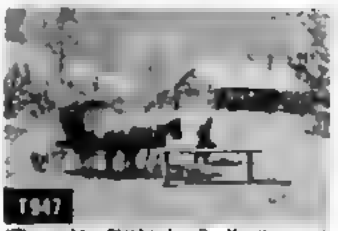
When Christmas Day has come and gone – May every happiness be yours, etc. – **Roberts**



Ranch Country Christmas Eve – Warm and western verse by S. Omar Barker – **Thomas**

A Load of Logs for Yule Fires – May your Christmas day be blessed, etc. – **Meyers**

"Greeting warm as . . .elight glow" – Merry Christmas and Happy New Year – **Ralston**



"This night a Child is born" – May the warmth of Christmas, etc. – **Thomas**

A New Day's Promise of Beauty – May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. – **Curtis**

"A time to renew our ties . . " – May you have the Spirit of Christmas, etc. – **Harvey**

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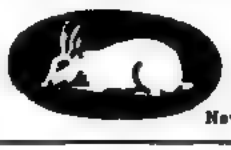
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An Aerial Liner

(Continued from page 33)

ity of the craft would be maintained by a skeleton framework of 24 spruce rods one and one-half inches in diameter and 800 feet long. This balloon-like bag would be fabric, coated with gum elastic (India rubber).

Suspended 60 feet beneath the revoidal spindle, by cast steel wire, Porter envisioned a saloon, 180 feet long and 10 feet wide. To reduce air resistance this too would be pointed fore and aft. Windows for 80 feet of the saloon would allow paying passengers, as the craft hovered eight feet above the ground, "to converse with the merry farmers as they follow their creative avocation of hay making." When the jolly aerial passengers approached the Great Divide, they would be regaled by "cruising along the steep sides of the Rocky Mountains and laughing at the astonished countenances of the harmless grizzly bear."

This saloon would have all modern conveniences, including seats. These could be converted to beds, "for those who have occasion to sleep aboard," during the three nights en route to California.

THE AERIAL LOCOMOTIVE was to be propelled through the air at 100 miles per hour, by means of a spiral fanwheel or screw propeller. The motors of this marvel would consist of six tubular boilers and two steam engines generating two horsepower each. Two propellers, 20 feet in diameter each, would make 200 revolutions per minute. Eight sail-like arms, seven feet wide and eight feet long, would control direction, ascent and descent by changing the pitch of the sails. Smoke and steam from the motors would be conducted and discharged aft by 100 feet of pipe.

The total weight of the assembly would be 14,000 pounds. With a potential 56,000 pounds of lift, the balance of 42,000 pounds should prove adequate for the levitation of 200 passengers and baggage.

Although the cost of the locomotive was not stated specifically, a smaller model one-fifth its size was to cost $1,700. This would imply that the Aerial Locomotive could cost $8,500—a bargain by any standards.

For the timid prospective gold-rusher many safety features were offered. Mr. Porter insisted that travel in his machine would be "less dangerous of accident to the float than to the hull of a marine sailing vessel." Further, "It is impossible the float should ever take fire." But this floating hydrogen bomb escaped the fates of the "Hindenberg," "R 38," "R 100," and the "Macon" a century later, only because the Aerial Locomotive never left the drawing board.

Lightning and the discharge of electricity generated while the craft was aloft was supposed to be discharged by a copper wire dangling to the ground.

"In a real tornado," continued Mr. Porter, "the Locomotive would either rise above it or a grapple may be thrown out by which the machine may be brought to safe moorings." Further anchoring could be accomplished by a "spiral perforator." This giant corkscrew would plunge this stinger, like an angry wasp, into the delicate skin of the earth. The craft thus secured could descend to the ground by a hand-cranked elevator.

If these precautions still failed to allay the anxieties of prospective customers, "each passenger will be furnished with an improved parachute"!

A contemporary, J. E. Sherwood, comments in the 1849 edition of his *Pocket Guide to California: A Land and Sea Book:* "We advise our readers to *look out* for the fast line."

Did some providentially inspired engineer, with no soul for adventure, discourage the redoubtable Mr. Porter? Did funds dry up? For whatever reason, the wonderful Aerial Locomotive of Rufus Porter was never built.

Child Bride

(Continued from page 35)

Their daughter Diana came and then Warren, who was just a toddler when the ships began to run before a great storm in the Gulf. The Indians came to tell them that the storm was a bad one and that the water would wash over the island.

Jim Campbell talked with his wife, but she still refused to leave her home.

"I can't leave my baby!"

Finally an Indian woman came to talk with her. "This is your baby, right here," she placed her hand on the brick arch. "The storm will come and after the storm you can come back. Your baby will be right here when you get back."

Jim Campbell helped Mary into the tossing boat and saw that the two children were safe below. He had the masts unseated, for the storm was already too bad to carry canvas. Big Karankawa Indians of remarkable strength gathered round the boat and clung to the sides. Galveston Bay was a furious running sea.

"I don't know how many times we went over—first to this place and that." Mary was to tell her grandmother. "The boat seemed about to turn over many times, but the Indians in the water always righted it. Sometimes I would try to peek out to see the storm and Jim and the Indians would all shout for me to go back.

"Once Jim came below to get a cup of coffee. 'Don't be afraid' he said to me."

When the last crossing was made of the normally shallow Galveston Bay and they found shelter in a bayou on the mainland, salt water was crashing four feet deep across the island. The shouts of the Indians as they made fast the boat in the shelter of the bayou rang like a prophecy in Mary Campbell's ears.

"Campbell's Bayou! Now we've got it! Campbell's Bayou! We are where we want to be. Campbell's Bayou!"

Mary Campbell was never to go back to Galveston Island. There was nothing there to go back to.

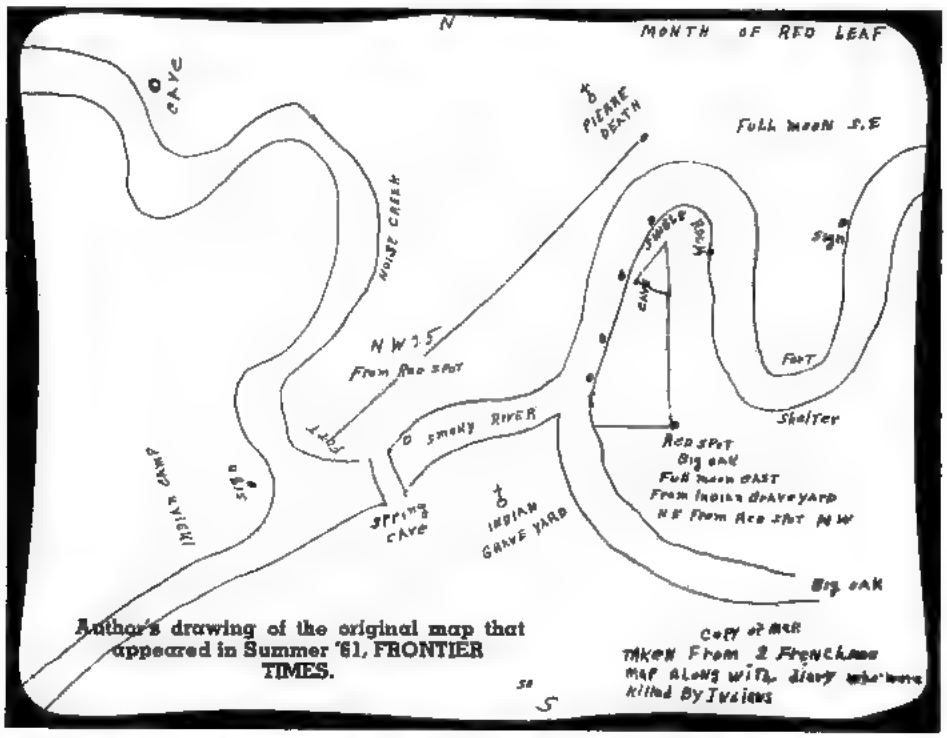
ON PROHIBITED

Missouri's Possible Fortune in Silver?

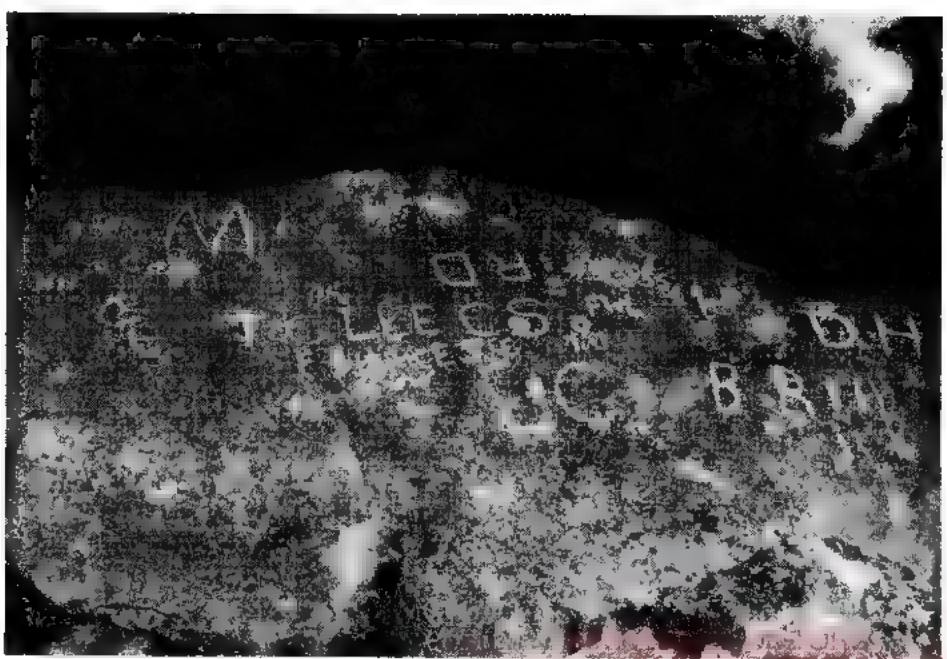
Some missing parts to a puzzle which has frustrated several generations of red men and white. We first carried an account of this treasure in our Summer 1961, FRONTIER TIMES.

By BOB H. McGOWEN

Photos Courtesy Author



Author's drawing of the original map that appeared in Summer '61, FRONTIER TIMES.



I DON'T LIKE to start a project and not finish it, as it creates a wonderment and anxiety in my mind; it matters not whether the project is a success or failure—the object is to complete it to my own satisfaction and consolation. I will therefore pass this information on to someone who may find the treasure that so far has eluded me. This account is true to the best of my knowledge and if anyone would like to check it out, feel free to do so.

Hidden on the headwaters of the Norfork River are supposedly twelve pony-loads of silver as the legend goes; testimony of old-timers in these parts says the silver is hidden in a cave, and the entrance is sealed with rock and dirt.

I am not a treasure hunter, but a raccoon hunter. I live at Mountain Grove. Four years ago while hunting at night with a gas lantern I came to a ledge of rock; as it was raining I got under this ledge for shelter. The light of the lantern picked up some carving on the rock. I noticed that the carvings had been made with a tool, such as a chisel, and had faded somewhat from time and weather.

Going back the next day I found the carvings were almost invisible in the daylight hours. So, if you would like to examine the rock for yourself, I suggest a night trip with a gas lantern.

Sometime ago I read a story in the West Plains, Missouri, *Quill* that might have some connection with this carving I found on the rock. The article stated there were six or eight men on horseback traveling at night, coming from Little Rock, Akansas; destination St. Joseph, Missouri. A person was supposed to have witnessed as a small child numerous valuables put in a cave, the entrance sealed with rock and dirt, and various hand growth planted therein. This loot was supposed to have been hidden in approximately 1875 or 1876. The only clues remaining were that the boy attempted two times during his life to dig it up but, being a very superstitious

(Continued on page 58)

Photo (left) shows the rock code that might hold the answer to the long lost silver.

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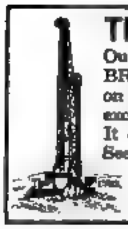

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

I make a hobby of visiting ghost towns in our state and have used a book by Nell Murbarger many times in finding them. Each year they look a little worse for wear and soon they will be all gone, only remembered by articles in a magazine such as yours. Maybe before that happens, people will learn to take care of these places and not destroy what is left.—Jack Sypherd, 9115 North 13th Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85020

Charlie Russell

Dear Sir:

I have read a number of magazines concerning Charlie Russell. I have never read a more true account than you published in the February 1969 TRUE WEST.

From the time I was a small boy I heard about Charlie and I knew him personally. When Charlie was a young man he needed new boots. A donation was taken up and my dad gave a dollar toward his boots.

All of Charlie's young life was spent in Cascade, Montana instead of Great Falls. I knew him before he married. His wife was my sister's friend and she visited us often. She worked for Ben Roberts at the time she married Charlie. Later they moved to Great Falls.

An early painting was the "Last of 10,000," painted in '86 or '87. They had had a very hard winter and his boss wrote Charlie and asked him how the cattle were and he just drew a picture and wrote on it, "The Last of 10,000"! —Frank J. Kinsey, 17024 South Western Avenue, Space 63, Gardena, California 90247

Bits of History Needed

Dear Sir:

The Institute of Texan Cultures (it was the Texas Pavilion during HemisFair) is sorely in need of some genuine old Texas Ranger items for display. We are not a museum and do not solicit or accept gifts of relics. We do borrow them for a period of one year for display, always giving proper credit to the lendor.

We have just returned a number of items from a small case in the Ranger area, and need some good replacements. We could use an old carbine, pistol, handcuffs, badge or any other items of similar size which were once owned by an old-time Texas Ranger.

If any of your readers who have such an item would consider lending it to us for a year for display, we would appreciate a letter from them.

Everything we borrow is insured from the time it comes to us until it is returned to the owner at the valuation set by the owner. This is a permanent state institution and we maintain full security with locked cases and guards on duty 24 hours a day. Lendors can be assured their property will be respected, taken care of, and returned when it is due.—R. Henderson Shuffler, Director Institute of Texan Cultures, P. O. Box 1226, San Antonio, Texas 78206

Jim Converse, Trainman

Dear Editor:

The first through passenger trains over the newly opened line between New Orleans and San Francisco dashed out of their respective cities on February 5, 1883. The first freight shipment eastward over the new line consisted of fifty barrels of port wine for the F. Hollander Company of New Orleans and was consigned by the Arpad Haraszthy Company of San Francisco.

Jim Converse, the designer and builder of the old trestle bridge across the Pecos River ("Scrapbook," October 1968 TRUE WEST), was chief engineer of the lines to the east of El Paso. He figured he could eliminate the two tunnels, reduce maximum track curvature from ten degrees to five and shorten the line by at least eleven miles. After board clearance, his only problem was to span a gap 2,180 feet wide and still stay the required 321 feet in the air. This called for a structure more massive and higher than anything any railroad had ever attempted before.

When completed, Jim Converse's bridge was an eighth wonder of the world and the railroad put an additional fifty cents charge on all passengers crossing it. Tickets included "Pecos River Bridge Toll." The newly established Texas Railroad Commission didn't take too kindly to the idea of the extra charge and challenged the railroad's authority for the charge and it was speedily withdrawn.

Jim Converse completed his bridge in a record time of eighty-seven days and it was officially opened to traffic in 1892 (when the Painted Cave section was closed); 3,500,000 pounds of steel were used in the construction of the bridge. Because of the increasing traffic loads it was reinforced seventeen years later with another 2,250,000 pounds of steel and was shortened to a new length of 665 feet.—Clyde G. Curtis, 4807 Orcutt Road, Santa Maria, California 93454

Law in Ava, Missouri

Dear Sirs:

We sure enjoy "Dad" Ingles' stories of logging. Ray has worked in the timber since he was thirteen years old—twenty-one years for Roseburg Lumber Company of Roseburg, falling and bucking timber. I've taken many pictures.

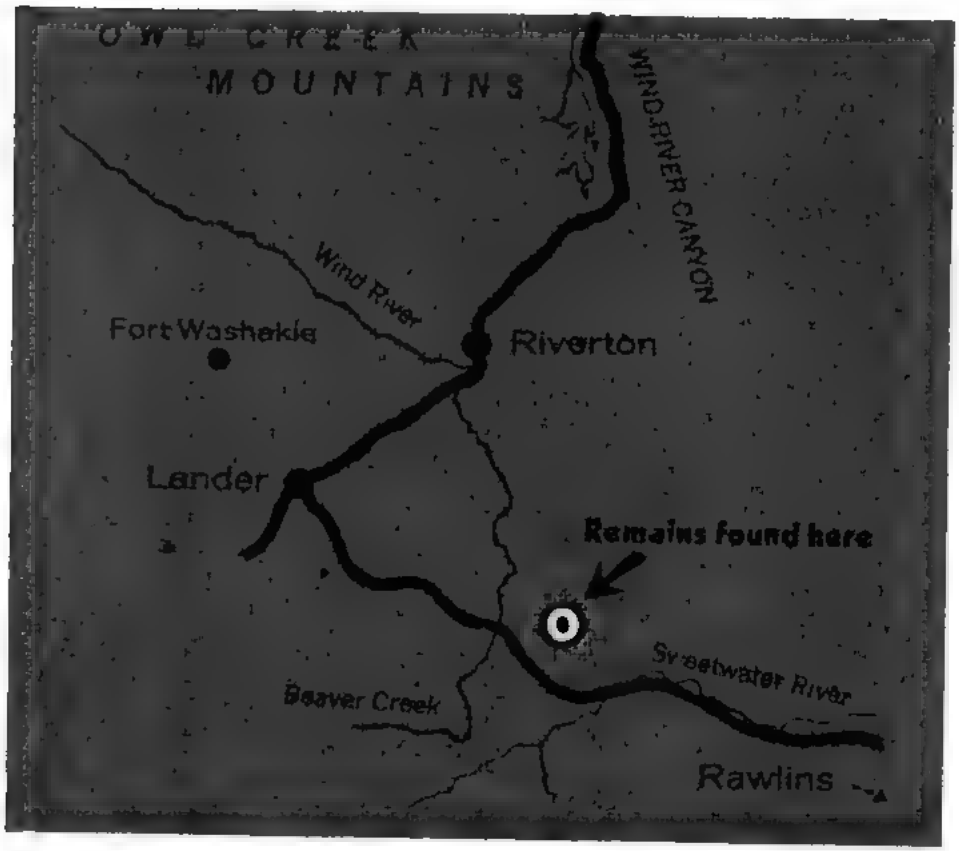
My grandfather Jesse E. Reeves could really tell some stories if he were alive today. He was an officer of the law in Ava, Missouri for many years and we sure enjoyed listening to his experiences. I wonder if any readers knew him. I would enjoy hearing from anyone who can give me any information or pictures of those days gone by from Douglas County, Missouri.

He worked with Ernie Gentry and Cal Nimon at Ava in the '30s. They worked on the Pretty Boy Floyd-Rubie Graham case. I am the daughter of John R. Kerr and Dorothy Reeves Kerr from Ava, Missouri — Lanora Louise.—Mrs. Ray Waggoner, Route 1, Box 356, Sutherlin, Oregon 97479

(Continued on page 50)

WHAT HAPPENED TO EDNA WILSON?

The pretty young girl would have fought for her life. How did she die—and why?



Map (above) shows approximate location where the remains were found, December 21, 1955. Two views (below) of the wood and glass box containing the skull and a few bones, the copper bracelet, comb and mirror. The brow band and Spanish bit are on the outside. These artifacts are now in the Fremont County Museum in Lander, Wyoming.

By M. G. SORENSON

Photos Courtesy Author

THREE uranium hunters with Geiger counters, climbing in an extremely rugged area some twenty-five miles southeast of Lander, Wyoming, stumbled onto on unusual find. It was December 21, 1955 but it is believed that they found the answer to an unsolved mystery dating back to about 1903.

There under overhanging rocks and a dirt slide, they uncovered a human skeleton. Sifting through the sand, they found a Spanish-type bridle bit, a copper bracelet, a belt buckle, a double-edged comb and a mirror. The comb bore the date 1850. The long silver bangles on the brow band of the bridle, and the fancy, ring-type bit caused the Geiger counter to give a clear signal. The leather in the bridle was badly deteriorated.

There was no semblance of a grave, suggesting that the person might have crawled into this crevice for protection from the weather.

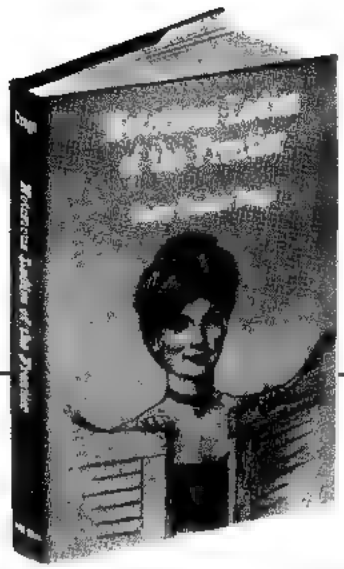
The uranium hunters notified authorities and it was determined that the skeleton was that of a female. No one had any idea as to the identity until a local old-timer suggested that this might be the remains of Edna Wilson, a girl who was lost in the early 1900s.

About 1903 the Charles Wilson family lived in this area. Their daughter Edna was eighteen, and wanted very much to go to school in Utah. It seemed she could stay with friends there and attend school, if only she could arrange transportation. Edna insisted she could make the trip on horseback. Her parents were very much against it, but she was an expert rider.

In the meantime, Edna went to visit her sister who lived on the Wood River near Sunshine Ranch. While there, Edna and her date, a man named Al McComb, had started for a dance. Edna's parents disapproved of McComb, but Edna liked him and it was thought she had eloped with him when she didn't return to her sister's home.

Edna Wilson and Al McComb rode off together, and she was never seen or heard from again. The family waited to hear that she had reached her friends and school in Utah, or that she had married McComb. Why didn't she write? They waited and waited.

(Continued on page 60)



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DODD, MEAD

Perils of Desert

(Continued from page 27)

and an immediate desire not only to possess the nugget, but to find where it came from, followed by a frantic, frenetic search for more. It develops an insatiable appetite that cannot be satisfied.

Another eccentricity of people with relation to this mountain or any mountain is that as you rise in elevation the human body is subject to anoxia or lack of oxygen. You drive to your destination and though you are climbing all the while, the only discomfort you may feel is a stuffiness of the head and a popping or pressure in the ears. Having arrived at your destination, there is a flurry of activity, pitching camp, unloading gear and perhaps a run up the nearest elevation for a quick look around. Usually this will only bring about a weariness and a great desire to sleep.

On occasion, however, there is a different reaction. It can be anything from a simple mental dislocation to a complete personality reverse accompanied by some very wild hallucinations which border on paranoia and a sense of being pursued. Being altitude happy is only funny to the observer. The sufferer is in need of aid. The best thing to do is to convince him to lie down and rest until his body becomes adjusted to the locale. In a healthy person, the time it takes to become acclimated is usually less than an hour of calm relaxation, but while he is in a frantic condition he is a danger not only to those around him but also to himself.

This particular malady is a sneaky one since it may not manifest itself immediately. If one of your party continues to complain of headaches, dizziness or occasional nausea even after several days, be very attentive to his condition and encourage him to rest as much as possible. There are drugs which can aid in altitude adjustment, but they are of the prescription type and are given mostly to persons suffering from cardiac complications.

THE NEXT physical condition of natural elements to consider is the multitude of "ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beasties and things that go bump in the night." Most of the desert dwellers are nocturnal and roam about from late evening to a little after dawn. The lengthening shadows of sundown are a signal for the hunter and the hunted to begin their search for food. To these simple "beasties" there is no such thing as friend. There are only food and enemies. If you are small enough to be eaten, you are attacked. If you are too large to be eaten, you are avoided or attacked purely as a defensive mechanism.

The most well known, the most feared, and the most misunderstood is the rattlesnake. His usual hunting site is along a well worn trail in the buffalo grass. Coiled here, he waits for a pack rat, field mouse, kangaroo rat or small rabbit to come wandering by. When the heat sensors in the pits above his eyes pick up the target, measure it, zero in on it, he waits. If the heat mass is large, he rattles out his dry song of warning; if not, he strikes, pulls back and waits. A few minutes are allowed to pass and then he crawls off down the trail to locate the victim, unhinge his jaw and enjoy a meal which will be sufficient for a week or two—at which time he will repeat the process.

The sun is the rattlesnake's worst enemy. Should he be caught out in the bright sunlight of summer he has but fifteen minutes to live. Being a cold-blooded animal, he has a very narrow margin of activity. As the temperature drops, he becomes sluggish, slow moving and relatively helpless. A warm spring shower will bring him and all his kind out to hunt. As the ground cools, you can find him if you happen to be looking for him, near the base of large rocks which hold the heat of the day. Another favorite place is along black-topped roads where the asphalt will stay warm till long after midnight and young bunnies gather to eat the greenery growing on the shoulder of the road. He will not always rattle. Should you come upon him suddenly, without warning, he'll strike now and rattle later. When he is moulting or shedding his skin, his eyes are covered and the heat sensors are dulled; his reaction is strictly to vibration and he will strike at anything moving the brush or jarring the ground. There is no warning, just a blur of the strike, the feeling of being struck by a club, and quick retreat by the snake, away from danger.

THE RATTLESNAKE'S first cousin, the sidewinder, is of a different disposition. Even though he has rattles, he seldom uses them. He has a couple of aliases which he goes by that are more descriptive: The horned viper, for he has two small horns sprouting from over the eyes; or the sand viper because of his habit of coiling in soft sand and vibrating his body until he becomes a mound with nothing showing but his eyes and the two small horns.

If you should see a mound of sand looking at you, leave it alone. It bites quickly and without warning. The only other poisonous snake found on the desert is the coral snake. The desert coral is rarely over fifteen inches long, very slim and its head is always black. Its bright red, yellow, and black rings make it easy to identify. There is, however, a friend of man, the king coral, which is similar in color except the head is white and he is definitely non-poisonous. The coral does not strike but has to chew its victim to inject poison.

The last reptile that is dangerous to humans is the Mexican Beaded Lizard or the Gila Monster. These are very sluggish animals and are easily recognized by their bright colors, their skin which looks like woven beads, and by their large, fat tail. While slow moving, they are capable of blinding speed for short distances. Their bite is very painful since they fasten onto the victim and slowly grind away with their extremely powerful jaws. Their "teeth" are actually grooved bones and the poison flows down the grooves and is ground into the

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flesh. Their jaws are so powerful they have been known to break the bone of a man's arm.

First aid for the bite of a rattlesnake is to apply a tight, restrictive bandage or belt about eight to twelve inches above the wound and to "freeze" the area of the bite as quickly as possible. Several local anesthetics which come in aerosol cans are excellent for this purpose. Suctioning the area of the wound is also recommended. A controversy exists among the medical profession over the lacerating or cutting of a wound to induce bleeding. You will have to decide what is best.

The only thing you should never do is anything that will increase circulation. Creating suction over the entrance wound can be accomplished by mouth, by a suction cup purchasable at almost any drug store, or by heating an ordinary drinking glass or soft drink bottle and applying its mouth directly to the wound. The cooling of the glass will create a very strong suction. Rattlesnake poison is an enzyme and though it causes nausea, dizziness, and is painful, it is very rarely fatal to an adult.

FIRST AID for the bite of a coral snake is similar—with the addition of copious amounts of prayer—for the poison attacks the nervous system, and breathing starts being depressed very quickly. The victim usually becomes unconscious soon after being bitten. The only comforting thought to be passed along with reference to the bite of the coral snake is that the victim has to exhibit a great deal of cooperation to be bitten.

First aid for the bite of a Gila Monster is rather messy, for you must, in general, sever the head of the lizard. After cutting off the head, the jaw muscles have to be cut and the automatic locking mechanism of the jaw severed before the head can be removed and first aid to the wound can begin. If you are alone, which you shouldn't be, apply the restrictive bandage above the bite prior to the decapitation of the animal. Since the wound is usually a gaping one, clean it quickly and thoroughly with any good antiseptic. Hydrogen peroxide is less painful but if it is not available, grit your teeth and flood the area with alcohol. (Doubting Thomases, should they wish to make the trip, may examine the author's right wrist.)

After any bite, and as soon as it can possibly be done, the victim should be taken to the nearest doctor or, better still, the emergency room of a hospital. Your chances of survival are much better than a Sunday afternoon trip on a California freeway.

Should you prefer it, the treatment for snakebite as recommended by the desert Indian tribes is to first, kill the snake and skin it. Second, wrap the wound with the snakeskin. Third, lie down and sleep for twenty-four hours or the passing of one sun. You may choose the method you prefer. A Boy Scout of northern Arizona came up with an original and effective treatment. He was dipping water from a spring when he was bitten by a rattler. He killed the snake with the bucket, took off his shoe and sock, placed his foot in the icy water, lay down and slept. The result was that the bite had very little effect, leaving only two small scars on the side of the foot. This may, however, require a great deal more mental discipline than most humans have.

There are only two more "long-legged beasties" that are dangerous to man. They are the wood scorpion and the black widow spider. The desert scorpion can grow to relatively huge proportions, but his sting, while painful, is not overly harmful to humans. The wood scorpion, like the coral snake, has a venom which attacks the nervous system. Most adults can weather the storm with no more than a case of nausea and a difficulty in breathing. A child, however, is a different story. Since the amount of body tissue is vastly smaller, the poison has more of an opportunity to do its worst. The basic difference between a desert and a wood scorpion is sometimes difficult to discern, except by an expert. For a quick idea of how difficult it is to see the difference, the desert scorpion is "fatter." His back is more rounded and the tail segments are round and plump while the wood scorpion is flat, and the tail sections are flat. The coloration of the desert variety is, in general, pale yellow with a darker area on the back. The larger variety is often hairy. The more dangerous

(Continued on next page)

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variety is just pale yellow and has the appearance of the one "that's been sick." The desert scorpion will live under the rocks or the floor of a wash or creek where the sand is damp. The wood scorpion is usually found under the bark of trees or between the joints of old abandoned shacks.

THE BLACK WIDOW is easily recognized since it is hard, shiny black and the stomach has a red hourglass or red diamond on it. It likes to live in cool, damp, shady places. The black widow will weave a very messy looking web and will usually leave a large cocoon-like egg.

First aid for all these is the same as for snakes—restrictive bandage and keeping the area of the bite or sting as cold as possible. The smaller the stature of the individual bitten, the sooner a doctor should be seen. To avoid the necessity of first aid, never put your hands or feet where your eyes can't see.

There are three other animals that can give a great deal of trouble to youngsters and those of small body mass. The large black wasp known as the Tarantula Hawk can inject a great deal of venom and cause a very painful sting. These wasps are as large as a man's thumb and their natural prey is the hairy tarantula. They have been known to sting people and while the venom is not dangerous, it is extremely painful.

The other two villains are the large, hairy desert ants. One has a black body and a brilliant red tail. He is about the size of the last joint on your thumb. The other desert ant is slightly smaller and is covered with bright yellow hair. Again, their sting is not dangerous, but it can cause nausea in a child. And the sting is painful to a person of any size. Note that a distinction has been made between venomous and poisonous.

So much for the denizens of the desert. There are others that bite, sting, nibble or just irritate, but offer no real danger directly to the individual except for a panicky condition in the person involved, and ordinary infection should the bite not be properly cleaned.

FOR the next step, where are you going? What do you actually know about the area, its topography, its basic composition? Are the rocks igneous, sedimentary or metamorphic? Would you know what is natural and in place and what has been moved and is out of place? Can you look at a "float," a rock in a dry wash and tell if it came from the canyon wall or farther up in the mountain? Building a fireplace in the same dry wash, would you know which rocks to use? Some are safe but others, after being heated, will explode violently, sending rock shards screaming through the camp.

After a long, dusty hike in the heat, with sweat streaming down your body and your neck, if your belt line and legs near the top of your boots begin to burn and itch, would you be aware that you are on your way to having a very nasty alkali burn? This can spread until you are a first-class hospital case. Alkali dust on your skin, being agitated by sweaty, rough clothing can cause a third degree burn as bad as any fire. Should you run into this condition, wash your entire body as quickly as possible and then cover the raw areas with petroleum jelly.

A further note: Always use a completely clean handkerchief to wipe perspiration from your forehead and eyes, since your eyes are particularly susceptible to burning by alkali dust. Rings and wrist watches can also cause a very painful burn from the same source.

Should you come upon a pleasant spring and there is a curious lack of vegetation, with the exception of some scrub salt cedar, look at the ground surrounding the water. If there are scalloped white rings which look like the icing on a cake, leave the water alone. It may look clean and clear but it could make you very ill if you should drink it. It may be only salt, but the odds are that it is alkali. A small, but effective distillery can be built, but that is another story.

If you find a running stream, look closely for the tracks of animals. If they have been drinking from the stream, it is reasonably safe for you. Running water in a wash after a rainstorm should be examined closely since it could have run through chemical beds ranging from borax to arsenic. Borax will only cause a temporary physical embarrassment, but should the arsenic be strong enough, there will be a lot of loud singing and slow marching around your place.

An easy test for all of these conditions is to carry a small bottle of blue and pink litmus paper. Alkali will change the pink litmus paper blue and arsenic in solution will turn blue litmus pink. A simpler test is to smooth grease on a knife blade and swish the blade around in the water. If the water beads up on the grease, there is little or no alkali in it and it is usable. If the grease or knife blade dissolves, use your own judgment.

There is one more condition that desert water sources can create which causes a severe allergenic reaction in some humans. These streams or springs come from or pass through sandstone or shale and pick up very minute quantities of oil and/or sulphur. This water will usually give the coffee a strange taste, but some people react with hives and the swelling of mucuous membranes. Should this occur, get to a doctor immediately.

THESE are conditions that exist at your feet, but how well acquainted are you with the horizon? Does your information give you a clear definition of landmarks? Are the landmarks defined from more than one place or more than one point of the compass? Any promontory will change shape as you travel across the desert. An ordinary road map of the area will give some idea of all the paved roads that are available around or through the area you wish to search. Making use of these roads will give the opportunity to examine the mountains from many different points. A small sketch and a notation of compass readings will aid in knowing which direction to travel to reach a modern highway and aid.

To further your knowledge, a geological survey map may be acquired from most blueprinting companies. These maps may be as much as forty years old, but their accuracy is better than road maps or hand-drawn sketches. A pair of comparative dividers will place your map or sketch in a better perspective and give you a more accurate idea of actual distances involved. The more you familiarize yourself with the actual area and make basic comparisons between your physical knowledge and your cartographic information, the better chance you have of ending up on the spot marked "x."

Geological maps will also give the approximate compass declination and the year the measurement was made. Compasses are also known to deviate greatly inside of mountains; therefore, at least try to keep track of where the sun rises and sets. If it appears to rise and set in the same place, you have a problem.

People travel deep into our desert areas every year and most of them have absolutely no difficulty. This serves to point out that most of them feel safe and very sure of themselves. The only point that can be made here is this: If you are ever in trouble of any kind, and you are on one of our great deserts, you are in more trouble than any other place in our country. The desert's basic hostility takes ordinary problems and hands them back with its own interesting additions.

To hunt for treasure, whether it be a lost mine or buried loot from a holdup, the desert traveler should have the basic deductive ability of Sherlock Holmes, be an expert naturalist, geologist and botanist. His knowledge of history and psychology should be extensive. He should have the weather knowledge of a graduate meteorologist. He should have the stamina of Sampson and the water carrying ability of a camel, the reflexes of a cat and the intuitive functions of a female medium. Other than these, almost any human will do.

Should you still be determined to travel into the depths of our Southwest, there is one thing which can and should be done before you leave. Let *someone* know where you are going and when you expect to be back. It will give the search party a place to start and hopefully in time to do you some good. Take with you these thoughts:

Never go alone. Never panic. If you have a vehicle, stay with it, particularly if you have advised someone of the area you intend to visit. If you are in trouble and you are late in returning, make provisions for the lighting of signal fires for planes flying over. If you are too weak to build these fires, burn your spare tire; and if you are too weak for this, open all the windows on your car and BURN THE CAR.

Do not try to "cut across" country of which you have no knowledge. Travel, if possible, in late fall, winter or early spring. To pass on to you three decades of desert living and four generations of knowledge of these areas is almost impossible, but it is hoped that some of this will help you to come home safely. Maybe not rich, but alive. Good luck!

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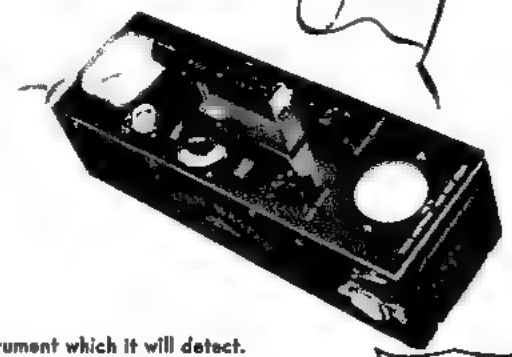

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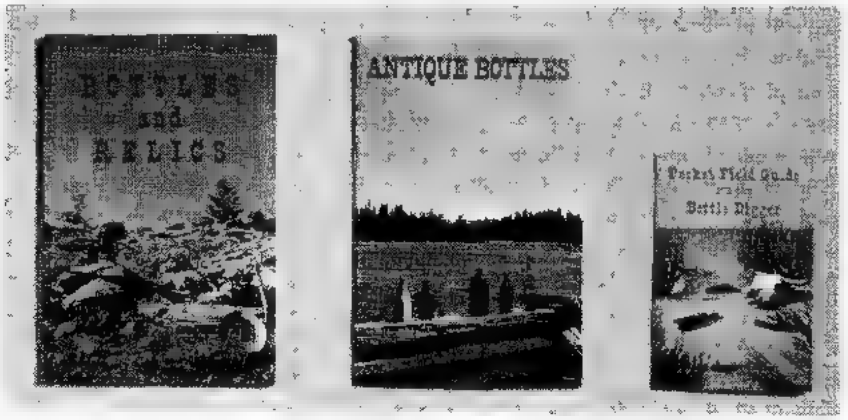

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 44)

The Tribulations of "Good-Eye"

Dear Sir:

The little article by J. Frank Dobie in the December 1968 TRUE WEST takes me back just about sixty years to the time I was a trainman on the S.P. between Del Rio and Sanderson, Texas. The town of Langtry was about half-way between these two terminals.

"Good-Eye" Babb, so called because he had only one eye, was a rancher who frequently was seen around that place. He was just about as ornery and tough as they come.

Automatic handguns were becoming popular about that time and Good-Eye purchased a .45 Colt automatic with a suitable holster and belt for carrying the cartridge clips.

Now no sensible gun-toter ever carried a live cartridge under the hammer of a six-shooter in ordinary circumstances. When the hammer was pulled back to a firing position a live cartridge was mechanically put into place for use. The gun could not be discharged accidentally unless the hammer was pulled all the way back. But with the automatic it required two hands to pull the top part of the mechanism back in order to bring a live cartridge into the firing chamber.

Of course this was not at all satisfactory to Good-Eye. The only way the gun could be carried for instant use was to have a live cartridge in the firing chamber and rely on a safety snap to prevent accidental discharge.

Naturally, this latter method was used by Good-Eye—at least until one day when in one of his fits of temper he used it as a club to strike a recalcitrant Mexican ranch hand over the head. The gun went off and the bullet killed a prize heifer in the corral. He sold the entire outfit to a railroad engineer for $5 and went back to his Frontier Model Colt.

Good-Eye rode into Langtry one day fully armed. He had a .30-30 saddle gun and a Colt on his hip. He left his horse somewhere and walked toward the railroad depot where he spied Section Foreman Ike Billings standing.

Ike Billings was one of the nicest, friendliest men and was never unfair or abusive to anyone. But for some reason Good-Eye had taken a dislike to him and he proceeded at once to curse him. This took Ike entirely by surprise but he soon realized the seriousness of the situation when Good-Eye threatened to shoot him on the spot. Billings was not a man who could be buffaloed, and when he realized what he was up against, he told Good-Eye that he (Good-Eye) certainly could not shoot an unarmed man but if he would give him a chance to get his gun he would then meet him at any time or place. Good-Eye pulled his six-shooter and threw it on the ground in Billings' direction and dared him to pick it up and fight. Billings would have accepted this challenge although Good-Eye stood ready with his Winchester.

Several men in the Brown News lunchroom in the railroad depot had heard the commotion and came out to see what was going on. One was "Red" Fischer, the manager of the lunchroom and another was the railroad roadmaster, Ellison. Neither of these men were pushovers. They prevented Billings from picking up the Colt and Ellison walked over and blocked Good-Eye while Fischer picked up the gun lying on the ground.

Several months later Good-Eye had an argument with another rancher in the Pecos River Valley and came out second best.

He surely would have been an interesting subject for present-day psychiatrists! —Burr H. Mallory, 3 Mitchell Street, Glen Ridge, New Jersey 07028

Logging Camp Memories

Dear Sirs:

In the December 1968 TRUE WEST I read the story of Six-Toed Pete and the logging camps and mills out in Oregon.

My father-in-law, F. J. Green, now of Virginia Beach, Virginia formerly had a logging camp in Washington State. He also salvaged logs out of an old millpond. He set up the equipment and I helped him salvage some of the logs which were left. We never got them all and F. J. went broke trying to retrieve them. A story and pictures were in the *Post Dispatch* in 1952—our mill, the pond and pictures of the old log trains and workers of that time.

F. J. Green got the idea to salvage the logs after recovering logs out of Big Lake in Washington where he had a resort and a round dance hall built on the lake (which is still standing and was lived in back in 1962 when we went to the Seattle World's Fair). I also have an old pistol we found in the millpond. It's about an 1875 model. F. J. owned the land and millpond until last year, at which time he sold it and went to Virginia Beach to live.—E. Jack Webb, 602 Hipoint, Collinsville, Illinois 62234

Dear Editor:

I just recently read "The Love of Six-Toed Pete." I hope there will be more stories of the early days of logging in the Pacific Northwest. I'm interested in finding sites of early logging camps in this area (Grays Harbor County). I would like to hear from anyone having any knowledge of any early camps from about 1914 on back.—David Hoffman, 817 West Heron, Aberdeen, Washington 98520

Ace of Hearts

Dear Sir:

I have a playing card—the ace of hearts—with a bullet hole through the center. My grandfather got it while at a show somewhere in Texas when he was working on the railroad in the late 1800s.

The card is about two-and-a-half inches wide and four inches long and on the back is printed, "HOWARD ATHENEUM STAR SPECIALTY — SHOT EVERY PERFORMANCE BY CHEVL. IRA PA." (The corner of the card was torn and only the first two letters of the last name are left.)

I would appreciate anything anyone can tell me about this card and if it's worth anything.—Richard Newland, 619 Maplewood Street, Willard, Ohio 44890

Argentina Senorita

Dear Sirs:

I am an avid reader of your magazine and want to congratulate you on your very interesting articles. I would like to get in touch with American readers interested in western history. I am a thirty-eight-year-old Argentine teacher, female, and will answer all letters.—Miss Nélida Berlengieri, C.C. 648, C. Central Rosario, (S. Fe.), Argentina.

Milt Moe on Tea Trader

Dear Sir:

We have been getting your fine magazine for three years and wouldn't miss it! But tell the postal department not to be so hard on it! By "we" I mean my seven-year-old son and myself; then it goes on to an old retired cowboy who enjoys it very much.

Although I am a woman, my son and I go on camping trips and enjoy most of the old ghost towns and anything outdoors. I am enclosing a picture taken in the era of '28 to '34 of Milt Moe on a horse called Tea Trader by Doubleday. I hope someone can tell me where this picture was taken and what year.

I would like to hear from anyone who is interested in the fun art of treasures and old ghost towns.—M. C. Powell, 521½ Edgar Street, Wolf Point, Montana 59201

(Continued on page 55)

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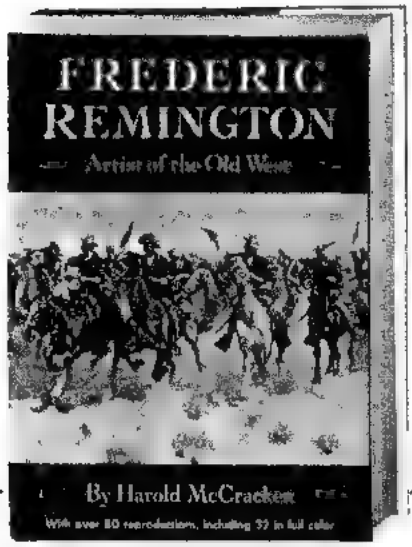

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Christmas at Rocky Point

(Continued from page 13)

and the forty-rod cheer from profferred bottle and jug. His shock of unruly ash blond hair took on a silvery sheen in the reflected glow of the overhead Rochester lamp that hung from the ridge log. He wiped the glistening sweat from his forehead, having just finished the dance, bared his teeth in a wide grin, and made his announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen," his hearty voice filled the room, "the special event of the evening is about to take place. Antoine will play 'Red River Jig,' and big Gregory Doney will dance it. For the benefit of those who may never have heard tell of the Red River Jig allow me to explain its origin. It belongs to the French-Canadian Metis. The Gladeau, Doney and Azure families that are now present are all Metis. During the unsuccessful Riel Rebellion in Canada which lasted from 1884 to 1885 a sizeable number of Metis were forced to leave Canada and seek refuge in Montana. Some settled in the Milk River Valley, others sought safety in the Larb Hills. Most of the older generation were trappers for the Hudson's Bay Company, and by ancient tradition the Red River voyageur knit sash of many colored yarns was a part of their costume. Not only is Gregory Doney a mighty hunter who as a teen-aged boy killed a full grown mountain lion with a hunting knife and still wears the scars to prove his bravery, but he is the only Metis who has successfully mastered the intricate step routine of the Red River Jig."

Mark Frost gestured at Antoine Gladeau and jumped off the counter, whereupon Antoine scraped his bow across the taut fiddle strings to make a loud discordant sound.

GREGORY DONEY, attired in beaded, fringed buckskin shirt opened at the neck, tight fitting woollen pants, the gay colored sash around his middle, beaded moccasins on his large feet, shouldered his way through the crowd onto the dance floor. He stood motionless on widespread legs, arms folded across his chest, straight backed, head lifted, his coarse jet black hair sprinkled with gray, trimmed almost shoulder length. He had come from the bunkhouse when summoned by Mark Frost and his dark face was a trifle flushed from the whiskey he'd consumed.

As if on signal when Antoine commenced the quick-paced music of the famous Red River Jig, the tall, statuesque figure of Gregory Doney suddenly came alive. With a single leap he bounded high, clicking moccasined heels together. Lithe as a cougar he started the intricate quick changing jig steps, nimble and loose jointed as a dancing master. Leaping high, clicking heels once, twice and three times, landing with a bounce to shuffle in perfect timing to the quick music of the fiddle, the long fringes of the sash whirling around his lean, hard muscled middle. So fast that the human eye could scarcely follow, the beaded moccasins, catching glints of lamplight, were like many-hued sparkling jewels. Gregory's booming laughter filled the room as he danced. Hands clapped in cadence to the fiddle, and time was lost in the rapt attention which had a tense, excited undertone as Gregory made his final leap, clicking his heels, twisting in mid-air to land on wide spread legs. Antoine drew his bow across the fiddle strings in a final discordant sound that was like a hungry timber wolf baying at a cold winter moon, then jumped down from the counter to join big Gregory Doney who was headed straight for the jug at the bunkhouse amidst wild applause.

Again Mark Frost was on the counter announcing that the next dance would be ladies' choice—a make believe Leap Year—and for all bachelors to beware. Peg Leg braced his wooden leg firmly for balance, tucked his fiddle under his chin, tuned it up and began the first strains of a polka, while each girl timidly approached the man of her choice, and the married women their husbands.

Pearl Swag vainly sought for her partner throughout the crowded dance hall. "You seen Bert around lately?" she asked Fred Roberts.

"Lemme think where was it I last seen Bert," Fred Roberts scratched his head in thought. "Seems like the last time I seen him he was takin' a moonlight stroll with some purty breed gal in tow, and they was headed for the river."

Pearl snorted her disbelief and turned her back on the big grinning cowpuncher. She next queried Frank Howe who was being led to the dance floor by the tenderfoot schoolmarm, a smiling and willing captive. "Have you seen anything of my husband, Frank?" she asked.

"Ain't seen hide ner hair of Bert lately, Pearl," Howe told her. "The last I seen of him he was dancin' with Julia Landusky. After the dance he was weavin' his way towards the door like he needed fresh air to sober him up. Now if you'll excuse me, Pearl, Miss Betsy here has cut me outa the herd for ladies' choice."

Pearl watched the couple until they were lost to sight, then she cornered Mark Frost.

"Last time I sighted Bert," Mark Frost told her, "was when I went to fetch Gregory Doney to dance the jig. When he bumped into me outside he was a little tipsy, said he needed the fresh air to sober up. When he said he was going for a little walk on the river I warned him to steer clear of the air-holes below the ferry crossin'. Nothin' to worry about, Pearl, drunk or sober Bert can handle himself all right. Sooner or later he'll show up." And Mark Frost proceeded to back away.

"Hold on a second, Mark," Pearl Swag called him back. "Are you sure Bert was alone, that he didn't have a young breed gal in tow, or most likely one of the Landusky girls?" Her voice was raw with jealousy.

"As far as I could tell in the dark, Bert was all alone with himself," Mark Frost assured her and hastily walked away.

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BY THE TIME the polka ended, Bert Swag's wife was fit to be tied. She knew that Bert had been trying his damndest to make time with the schoolmarm and every likely looking young filly there, white or halfbreed.

To the annoyance of the girl-shy young cowhands who in their bashful manner had tried to shine up to the vivacious schoolmarm, the Landusky sisters, and the black haired halfbreed girls, the handsome, smooth talking Bert Swag had horned in just as one of them was making progress. When the fiddler called a tag dance Bert Swag was busy as a heel fly tagging the fillies, and these young cowboys were on the prod. Among them were Tommy Maybery, Harry Isom, young Dave Nichols, to name a few. So when Pearl began making anxious queries about her missing husband they grabbed the opportunity to get even with the man who had beaten their time. They had gathered for a quick medicine talk and had agreed on one white lie.

"Yes ma'am, Miz Swag," they answered her question, "we seen Bert and some girl headed in the direction of the river where the ferryboat's hauled up on the bank. No ma'am, it was too dark to tell who the young gal was, but don't let on to Bert that we told on him."

"If Bert don't show up by the time I finish my coffee," Fred Roberts promished Pearl who came over to sit beside him at the table, "I'll organize a search party. But like I told you he's just walkin' his jag off. I was only joshin' about him havin' a young breed gal under his wing."

"Don't lie to me, Fred Roberts," Pearl spoke sharply. "I got it straight from half a dozen other men that the old fool had some young heifer with him, and him a married man with a two-year-old daughter. When I get done workin' him over, he'll have knots on his bonehead to last him many a day. Dyin' his hair with shoe blackenin', waxin' the ends of his mustache, actin' up with gals young enough to be his daughters."

"Don't get so upset, Pearl," Fred Roberts advised her.

"Dollars to doughnuts it was you that egged Bert on," Pearl said angrily. "Both of you swillin' down booze while Liz and me were sweatin' over the hot stove for a lot of drunk cowhands. And now you got the gall to stand up for your drinkin' pardner!"

"Yes, you keep your oar out of it, Fred," Liz warned her husband. "Can't you see Pearl is worryin' herself sick about Bert? It's time you get that search party in action like you promised."

Big Fred Roberts was only too willing to make his getaway. He located Mark Frost. "Bert Swag ain't around anywhere, Mark, and his wife is ready to blow up. I promised her I'd get out a search party." With Mark's help it was accomplished.

Armed with lanterns they split up in small groups, every man bundled up in an overcoat and wearing overshoes. One horsebacker was sent over to Tex Alvord's saloon across the frozen river with news that Bert Swag had turned up missing. The women were left behind to watch from the windows as the lan-

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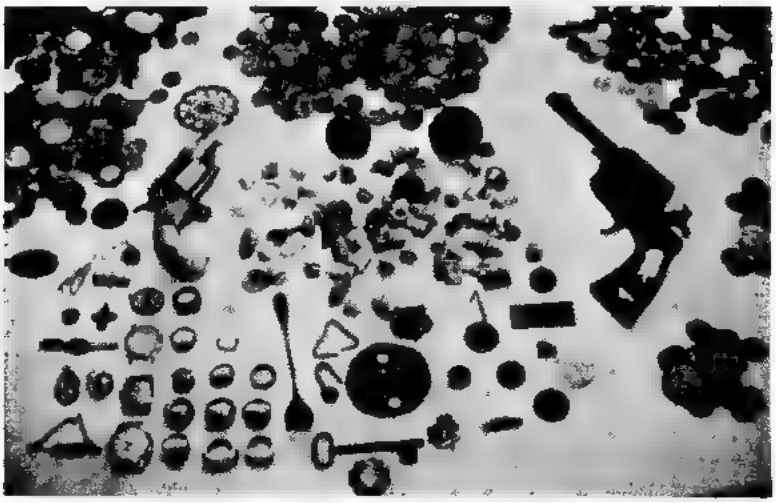

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terns moved like a swarm of fireflies across snowdrifts and river ice.

ONE HOUR passed slowly into the second and third hour while the men covered every foot of land within a radius of a mile or more and searched the river up and down for a mile each way before they called off the search and headed back for a well earned swig at bottle and jug.

Mark Frost and Fred Roberts, after fortifying themselves at the bunkhouse, reluctantly returned to the store to break the news of their futile search to Pearl Swag. Mark led the almost hysterical Pearl into the partitioned-off post office compartment which was piled high with buffalo hide laprobes and blankets. Mark seated the weeping woman by his rolltop desk, slid out a drawer, and produced a quart bottle of whiskey and a tumbler. Filling the glass half full he handed it to Pearl, saying it was doctor's orders.

"Poor Bert," Pearl sobbed. "Dead. Drowned in an airhole he stumbled into in the dark. The only man I ever loved. Poor baby Pearl left without a father. Bert worshipped his daughter, and here I was accusing him of going off with some young girl. May my dead husband forgive me for every unkind word I ever spoke." Pearl buried her head in her arms and sobbed hysterically.

Mark Frost beckoned for Liz Roberts to come in to give Pearl a woman's consoling sympathy. Liz sank to her knees and put both arms around her grief-stricken friend, and now both women were sobbing in close embrace.

Fred Roberts had tiptoed in also and the men eyed one another uneasily as they shifted their weight from one foot to the other, at a loss what to do.

"I loved Bert," Pearl sobbed. "If my tears could bring him back to life I'd promise to never again lift my voice in anger."

At this moment a slight movement could be seen disturbing the high pile of blankets. Mark Frost and Fred Roberts stared bug-eyed at the upheaval as the women, whose backs were turned, sobbed on. Then the head and shoulders and flailing arms of the long missing Bert Swag emerged, his black hair disarranged, eyes blinking as he crawled out on all fours, a foolish grin on his handsome face.

"What the hell's goin' on here?" Bert asked the two men staring at him. "Something happenin' around here?" he asked again as he got slowly to his feet, legs wide spread to keep his tipsy balance.

At the sound of Bert Swag's familiar voice the two sobbing women broke apart and stared wide-eyed at the man they thought had been drowned in an icy airhole in the river. Then Pearl was on her feet moving swiftly towards her husband, clutching him in a sobbing embrace, while Liz Roberts just stared in bewilderment.

There for a few minutes within the confines of the small partitioned quarters allotted to the Wilder post office all was babbled confusion. Pearl's hysterical laughter, mixed with tears of grief, now became tears of joy as she wildly embraced her long lost husband who withstood the onslaught through bleary eyes, his whiskey fumed brain cells milling around inside an aching skull. His wife's arms around his neck in a wrestler's strangle hold, Bert made an effort to brace his weaving body as his eyes sought the doorway where Mark Frost and Fred Roberts stood.

When he spied the bottle of whiskey on the rolltop desk, he pushed his wife back to free himself, and bellered, "What's been goin' on here, anyhow? You drunk, Pearl? Got a cryin' jag on?" It was a most unfortunate choice of words. It was like a slap in the face to the woman who had mourned her missing husband as dead.

"Drunk!" Pearl retorted angrily, her voice shrill. "Take a look at yourself, you drunken sot!" Pearl Swag's eyes blazed as she heaved one gasping sob that purged her of all grief. "You've got a nerve! What's been going on around here anyhow?" She mocked his words. "I'll tell you what's been going on around here in short order. After you wore yourself out lollygagging and pawing any young girl that got within arm's reach, you sneaked in here and crawled under that pile of robes to sleep off your drunk, while every man here spent half the night prowling the badlands and river ice with lanterns, figuring old Bert Swag had fallen into some airhole and drowned. And I've been crying my eyes out, thinking you were in the icy water and the catfish already gnawing on your carcass, leaving me a widow with a fatherless baby to look after. That's what's been happening around here!"

As the last bitter words left Pearl's mouth she literally climbed her husband's frame, knocking the unsteady man backwards onto the scattered pile of robes and blankets. Sitting straddle of his back, both hands gripping his thick black hair, she yanked hard.

"You'll be baldheaded by the time I'm done, you dyed-hair lady killer!"

WHEN BERT let out a scream of pain Fred Roberts and Mark Frost dragged Pearl off his back. By now there was a sizeable audience of men and women looking through the door. A few of the younger cowpunchers shouted words of encouragement to Bert Swag's outraged wife.

"For God's sake, Liz," Fred Roberts implored, "lend a hand here." And it was Liz who finally got Pearl simmered down as she held the sobbing woman in her arms. Meanwhile Fred Roberts had taken the disheveled Bert out and led him toward the bunkhouse. Mark Frost had closed the door on the two women and motioned Peg Leg to take his stand on the long counter, telling him to play "Hell Among The Yearlings."

"Those young bucks," Liz Roberts confided to the now subdued and contrite Pearl Swag, "was ribbin' you about Bert havin' a young gal in tow. The fact is Bert got cold outside so he came in here and crawled under the laprobes to sleep off his jag. That's all there was to it."

"How come you know so much about it, Liz?"

"That's the way I got it figured out, and I'm willin' to bet all I got to lose and throw that husband of mine in for boot

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that I'm right." Liz reached for the bottle of whiskey. "What we both need, Pearl, is a shot of booze even though we're not what you'd call drinkin' ladies. We'll need something to fortify us when those Fancy Dans show up like a pair of sorry kids that played hookey from school."

Liz's prediction came true a short time later when the two husbands returned from the bunkhouse.

Bert and his wife kissed and made up, and the two couples toasted each other in a Merry Christmas, Peace on Earth, and Good Will Towards All. In due course of time, as the dance progressed, the whole affair was treated as a big josh on everybody. And the perpetrator of the big josh, Bert Swag, who came in for a lot of ribald remarks at the bunkhouse, was proclaimed both a hero and a martyr —the symbol of what happens to a married man when he gets out of line. It was breaking dawn and both the fiddlers were too drunk to play when they scraped out a somewhat discordant "Home Sweet Home," and everybody went off to bed.

A full course turkey dinner was served by the women at high noon on Christmas Day, and a few hours later the teams were hooked up to the bobsleds, the horses sadddled, and all guests departed after thanking their host and wishing each other "A Happy New Year."

Thus Mark Frost's Christmas dance at Rocky Point was destined to have its own niche among the tales recounted in ranch bunkhouses and roundup camps; a memory tucked away by old-timers who have heard the fiddle and the stamp of feet along the old Missouri.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 50)

Zane Grey

Dear Sirs:

The story of Zane Grey in your April 1969 TRUE WEST was especially interesting to me as I was in a CCC Camp (Camp Steamboat near Roseburg) when Mr. Grey came out and gave a talk. His cabin wasn't far from the camp, and I had the pleasure of helping him with his equipment the next day farther up the mountain to a place he had chosen to do some writing. I guess without a doubt that was about the biggest thrill of my life.

It was 1937 when I saw him, and according to the story he fished in the Umpqua River near where I was stationed. I left camp soon afterward and came back to Missouri, but I heard that he became very ill and I suppose that was the stroke mentioned in the story.—Jesse Long, 4026 DeTonty, St. Louis, Missouri 63110

Old-Time Songs—Buffalo Pictures

Dear Editor:

A cowboy artist wants old-time cowboy songs, ballads, and railroad songs and old buffalo covers from books. I will answer all letters and exchange pictures. —Frank Kaizynski, 3306 Cargill Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15219

(Continued on next page)

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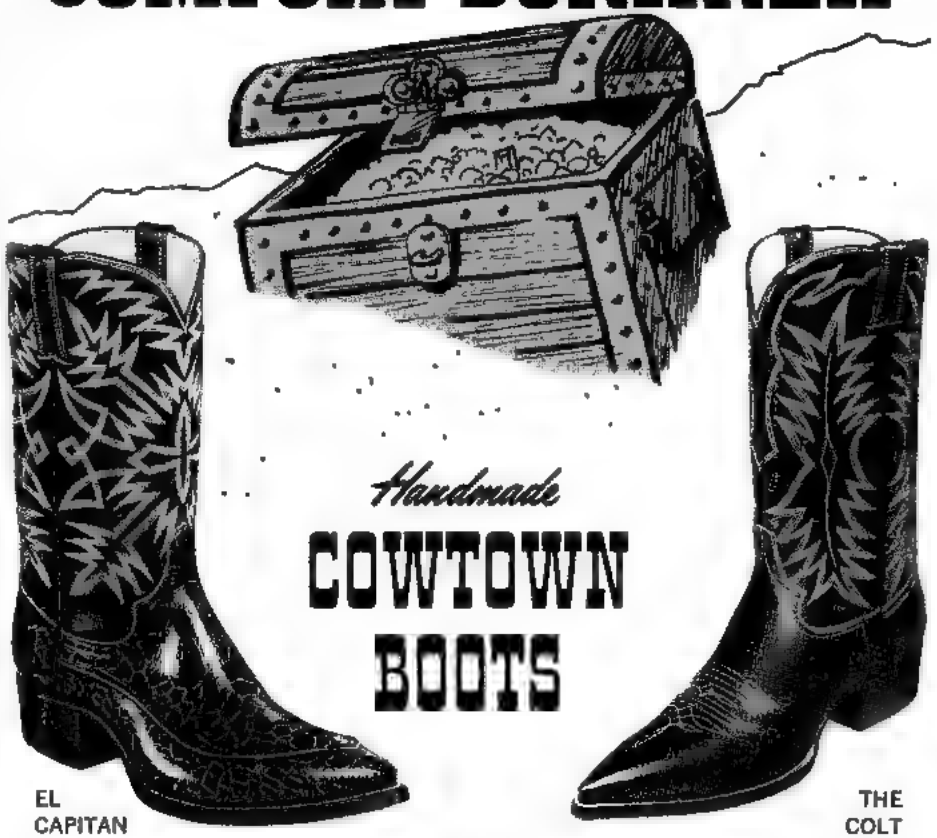

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(Continued from preceding page)

"Every Word of It Is So!"

Dear Editor:

Back in August 1955 a neighbor gave me TRUE WEST No. 10 and I read the story, "Ghosts of Gold and Glory," on page 46. It told about Roosevelt, Idaho. Thinking it sounded like a big lie, I read it to my dad.

"Every word of it is so," he said. "My first school teacher in Cottonwood, Idaho went down there and started a store. Her name was Wallen. And when the water came up, she lost everything and walked out." She also told him that every saloon bragged of having a piano—carried in on poles slung between mules as one mule wasn't big enough to carry a piano alone!

Another time a long piece of mining equipment was carried in to one of those mining sites and it took a whole pack string to carry it, strung from one mule to the next.

Dad went to Idaho in 1881 in the winter. He worked in the woods and went to school in the summer. One of his school chums, Nel Ekart, married Melvin Pearce. The town of Pearce, Idaho was named after his folks. I met them years later.

One winter Dad lived in a cabin at Mount, Idaho with a man by the name of Coffee who was splitting rails there. At night this man studied to be a doctor by the light of a coal oil lantern. Later he taught my father pre-med at the University of Moscow, Idaho. (I have a picture of them sitting around a table looking at a skeleton.) In later years Dr. Coffee became known as one of the greatest research doctors in the world.

My grandfather, L. A. Bruner, helped rip logs by hand to make planks for a big flume to carry water down the Salmon River for mining. Some of it was still there a few years ago.—Paul E. Bruner, Route 1, Box 24, Valier, Montana 59486

Dr. Nicholas Stutesman

Dear Sir:

I read all of your magazines I can find—both old and new. I recently read of the Stutesman case in the February 1964 TRUE WEST. Noting the ending, I can add some to it. Dr. Nicholas Stutesman, after being freed from the murder charge, moved to Lincoln County, Oklahoma (at least in the early 1900s), finally coming to Sparks where in 1913 he delivered me into this world. He also delivered my brother in 1921. He died in the 1920s; I don't know exactly when. But I'm sure he's buried in Sparks cemetery if anyone is interested. I'm sure more could be found out about this man, who according to my father (eighty-six), was a wonderful doctor and a fine but rough man. I had several visits to his office but can't remember much about him other than my memories of him are pleasant. In plain English, he was a good doctor and a fine man.—Ed. W. White, 1503 Peachtree, Mesquite, Texas 75149

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 8)

great-grandmother. I would like to know more about his younger years, parentage, etc., and also anything about Mathilda.

Another great-grandfather was James Tow, also born somewhere in Kentucky in 1809. He died in Wilson County, Kansas in May 1889. His wife Margurite Wilson came from Scotland at age thirteen and had a twin sister Janet. I haven't any dates on her. Great-great-grandparents Windsor P. and Rachel (Williams) Craig both came from Tennessee about 1830 shortly after they were married and went first to Fayette County, Illinois and then to Wilson County, Kansas in 1859. There they lived until their deaths in the 1880s. They had ten children. Windsor was a farmer and lay preacher in the Methodist Church. He was born about 1814 and Rachel about 1816. I would like to know more about them before their marriage.—Mrs. R. T. White, 130 Quartz Lane, Sparks, Nevada 89431

Fleet Smith Byars

My grandfather, Fleet Smith Byars, was born in Pittsboro, Mississippi in 1881. He married Claudia Raney of Alabama. My great-grandfather, Harold Byars was born at Jacksboro, Mississippi in 1840. He married Mattie Bounds Smith, a widow with no children. Harold Byars came to Collin County, Texas in 1892. I would like to hear from someone in Mississippi, Alabama or Texas who knew of my grandparents.—Fleeta Adams, 1021 Main Street, Floydada, Texas 79235

Carthel

I would like information on the name of Carthel. All known descendants now live in the Panhandle and South Plains area of Texas. As a young man, my great-grandfather Carthel came to Texas from around Joplin, Missouri. He was left an orphan when his father was killed by Union soldiers over some horses. It is believed that Fullbright was the mother's last name.—Gloria Carthel Johnson, 516 Georgia, Redlands, California 92373

Edna Dawson

In 1891-92 my grandfather and grandmother, Hamilton H. and Susan Josephine Norman, left Kansas to homestead in the state of Washington. Their eldest daughter, Minnie Belle Norman, had been ill for a long time and decided to go west with her parents. She was married to Beauragard Dawson in 1887-88. There is a record of this in the Kansas City, Kansas courthouse. They had one daughter Edna (Edna May, I believe) and were separated and had not been living together for a considerable time.

Because of my aunt's illness, Beauragard's sister Elizabeth had been caring for the little girl. Elizabeth was married to Amos Younger, a cousin of the Younger brothers. They had no children and had become very attached to little Edna. When they learned that Minnie was going to take her to Washington they refused to give her up.

The day before the Normans were leaving, my aunt hired a buggy and a man (he could have been a relative) and went to the Younger home. They took Edna from the yard where she was playing and hurriedly started for the Norman home. About halfway home they were overtaken by Amos with a shotgun, who took Edna from them.

The next day the Normans and Minnie left for Washington. It was my aunt's intention to return and obtain possession of her little daughter when she had recovered her health but she died before she was able to accomplish this.

We have never heard of Edna since. She would be about eighty if still living. She could have gone by the name of Edna Younger or maybe her own father took her and she remained under the name of Dawson. Census records possibly could establish this and I have written to the Kansas State Historical Library in Topeka for any information pertinent to this case.—Mrs. Ezra A. Fox, 748 2nd Avenue, North, Kent Washington 98031

DeWitt-Stowe-McGuire-Ball

My great-grandfather George Washington DeWitt came to Missouri from London County, Virginia. His first wife was Minerva (last name believed to be Pope). His second wife, Malinda Stowe, was my great-grandmother and came from Tennessee. My great-grandfather Josiah McGuire married my great-grandmother Elizabeth Ball in Hancock County, Tennessee. Both great-grandfathers died from illnesses contracted while serving in the Civil War. I have accounted for all the children of George W. DeWitt except William L. and Sarah E. Anyone having any information about the above mentioned families, please contact me.—C. R. Ackerman, Box 191, Forsyth Missouri 65653

Earnest "Edd" Taylor

I am writing to see if any readers might have known my father or some of his relatives. His name was Earnest Taylor but he went by Edd. He was born and grew up in Kerrville, Texas but left home when he was around seventeen years old and never went back. He had two sisters, Mary and Carril, and his parents were Laura and Crate Taylor. He worked as a ranch hand in Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico and was of Spanish descent. If any of you old readers know anything about him or his folks, please write me—his daughter.—Mrs. Leona McGarry, Route 1, Box 70, Boswell, Oklahoma 74727

Ballard-Jacobs

My paternal grandmother's maiden name was Minerva Ballard. For most of their married life, Grandfather Allen Jacobs and family lived in Lucas County, Iowa and in Republic and Smith Counties, Kansas. For some unknown reason the family moved to Beatty, Benton County, Arkansas in 1888 but moved back to Smith County in 1891. One of my aunts died in Benton County. Grandmother Minerva had one younger and three older brothers of whom little is known: James, born about 1822 or 1823; William about 1825 or 1836; and John Ballard about 1828. One of these three brothers, probably William, may have died young but

(Continued on page 62)

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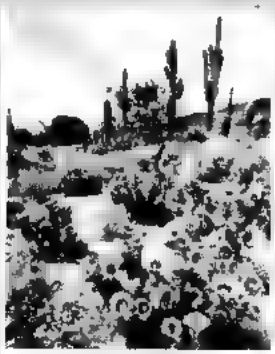

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Possible Fortune

(Continued from page 43)

person, was driven away by, "I hear water running, but no river and I hear voices and no one there but me." This sealed cave is somewhere on Norfork. I think the map that he left started at West Plains, Missouri. The fellow who has the map thinks the cache is in a fifteen-mile radius of West Plains, but I don't think so.

I can't tell you the person's name who has the map; he withheld his name. You could probably get a copy of the newspaper and verify this.

I can give you the name of a person who spent most of his life digging for the hidden silver. There were two Indians who came to this fellow's house many years ago. They told him there were twelve pony-loads of silver hidden there somewhere. The story had been passed on to the Indians by other Indians about the silver, but they could never find the exact location. There are all kinds of signs where they have dug for the silver. The old-timer who spent fifty years seeking the silver mine was John Sanders; he never gave up hope, but died without finding the treasure.

This code I have found is about eight miles from where he did his digging.

THE FOLLOWING is an excerpt from the *Ozark Guide Yearbook, 1964:*

LOST SILVER MINE

It was many moons ago that I saw the Indians from Oklahoma pass by where I live on Black River in Wayne County, Missouri. They came by once a year and went out on Current River in Carter County and camped for about two weeks. These Indians told the white men if they knew what the Indians knew they could shoe their horses with silver.

These Indians had a chart that was to guide them to a cave that contained a large number of bars of silver which were hid there when the white settlers drove their granddads out of this part of Missouri. I saw the ruins of the silver smelter on Current River, but if the silver bars have ever been found I have not heard of it.

There was a white man who married an Indian girl and got a copy of the chart of directions to the Cave. He also came once a year, but at a different time than the Indians came. About the year 1911 this man told the farmer with whom he was staying that he wouldn't be back anymore, as he was getting too old to make the trip. Then he told what he was looking for.

The Spaniards and Indians worked a silver mine near Black River and carried the ore in buckskin bags to Current River where it was smelted and then floated down to New Orleans in dugout canoes. There it was traded for knives, guns, clothing and other supplies.

I have done quite a bit of prospecting here in the Ozarks and the only thing I have found that interests me is an assay of 25 percent aluminum.

—Wm. M. Wallace, Mill Spring, Mo.

Two other references of interest taken from *Treasure Hunt, U.S.A.*, by Norman and Jeffrey Carlisle read as follows:

> 54. At a wagon ford used by the '49ers there is believed to be a variety of treasure, including $60,000 reportedly buried by a returning miner who fell ill. In Missouri, 25 miles west of Rolla.
>
> 55. A chart led searchers to Old Spanish Cave where possibly $1,000,000 in treasure was buried. They found the cave—but not the treasure. Perhaps it's still there. Twenty miles south of Ozark, Missouri.

Could the code on this rock tell the location of one of the lost treasures mentioned above or tell the location of the lost twelve pony loads of silver?

NOW BACK to what I have done in trying to decipher the code. I knew a man by the name of John S. Edwards, Kansas City, Missouri, who was a trained graphologist. I corresponded with him and told him what I had found by accident, and he was very interested. He had no problem in breaking the code. This is what he wrote to me:

> I am not afraid that I will not find it as I am schooled in the many fields of hieroglyphics, petrography of many kinds; I calculate that our first find will be about 160 pounds or more, maybe 250 pounds. I have no doubt about finding it, but my worry is that, since I am an asthmatic and have difficulty in breathing, I would not be able to do any task such as that which would require exertion, no strenuous work such as climbing or digging. So with this in mind, I am somewhat handicapped. If I am fortunate enough to hit upon the right trail, it could be that I would consider establishing myself there nearby, where you and I could prospect together to locate the entire scattered bonanza. There will be from 83,000 to 93,000 in our first find.

But, to my disappointment, John became more ill and died, so here I am still looking for some way to decipher the code that he had broken to his satisfaction. He never told me, but said he would show me.

The following is a letter I once wrote to the editor of the *Quill*, West Plains, Missouri. The letter was published August 28, 1965. In the article I suggested that a particular person in the State of Washington work with me and we would share the rock code and map and perhaps obtain the answer to the

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question in both our minds—he never did get in touch with me.

DEAR SIR:

This letter concerns an article that appeared in your paper last fall about a person in Washington State having a map that he came into legal possession of through a deceased relative that concerned numerous valuables put in a cave and the entrance sealed up with rock, dirt and various hand growth planted therein and he thought that it was in a fifteen-mile radius of West Plains, Mo. because the map started at West Plains.

Would you please forward this letter to the anonymous person in Washington State. You can print this letter if you so desire:

This letter relates to a petroglyph, or writing on rock, that I believe may have some bearing on the lost articles sealed in a cave which you wrote about to the West Plains *Quill* paper.

I have deciphered the petroglyph to my general satisfaction. I continue to be at a loss as to its authenticity, since it refers to three phases of meaning.

1. It could be a practical joke.

2. I could be a premeditated principle of what is known as salting a plot of land.

3. It could be authentic as there is an undertone in its design that antedates its creation as far back as about eighty-three years ago. Such a marking—a petroglyph—could denote boundary line markings—a map. Since the inscription on the rock does not speak, symbolize, or relate to any buried wealth or treasure, I can only evaluate that which might be. If I could see the writing on the map, there are a number of things I could tell by the inscriptions.

I would be willing to investigate and share with you the 'glyph' as I feel it has a connection with your map. Since there are several things that cause me to be mystified about the writing on the rock, I can only create my own ideas; that which might have transpired in the past. If it turned out to be a joke, I would expect you to laugh with me. I do not and cannot guarantee anything.

I feel that it would be best to investigate the map and petroglyph and follow out the trail of the rock and map, as the person that made that petroglyph was a very, very clever and cunning person. I have reason to believe that he did not hide his cargo all in one place. This I will be able to find out when I start searching by the law of triangulation. I am not afraid we can't find it, as my partner is schooled in the many fields of hieroglyphics, tetroglyphics and signs and symbols of many kinds.

I am familiar with this part of the country and there are many, many things that I will relate and talk about, pertaining to the past etc. that coincide with things that you have written to the *Quill*.

As I recalled in your letter to the West Plains *Quill*, that the person that had the map was a very superstitious person. Would he be Indian by descent?

The person that carved out the glyph

(Continued on next page)

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was clever. The marks and letters were designed to be deceptive, as it combines three or four trains of thought.

It was meant to be confusing to a regular prospector, an Indian and even to a highly trained eye in graphology. It could indicate a great distance as some 'glyphs' cover an area of 14 to 18 miles—like a road map. The writing on the rock illustrates a very crude way of symbolizing a cave. It is my thought that he warped an old miner's symbol meaning 'in or under a cliff, hill or cave.' That is why I stated that I was mystified about things on the rock. I believe it speaks of an Indian somehow, if all of my concepts are correct.

There are several letters carved in the rock but only one number, which is 12. It has been known for letters and numbers to specify time of day that a hill will cast a shadow pointing out approximate location, like a sun dial.

There were at least five men involved in staying and aiding in the development of the glyph, and at least three more involved; yet only about three that shared the actual secret. There is always the possibility that they may have returned and recovered a part or all of the treasure or cargo. I believe that there was an Indian in the party and even he never did learn or know where or what became of the cargo. It was probably intended that he did not know.

The code on the rock speaks of three or four different things; silver, lead, molded plates and gold bullion.

The person that had the map was intended not to know. Just as he did not witness the making or location of the rock glyph.

I will close for this time with the very anxious desire to hear from you in the near future.

Sincerely yours,
Bob McGowen
Rt. 1, Box 27
Mtn. Grove, Mo.

I received no reply. I have the code, but not the answer to its mystery. If any of you who read TRUE WEST magazine are interested in this petroglyph, feel free to get in touch with me.

Edna Wilson

(Continued from page 45)

THE SEARCH began. Far and wide the Wilsons hunted—south to Utah, and as far north as Billings, Montana but no trace was found of their eighteen-year-old daughter.

Stories sprang up around the area, but all led nowhere. A shallow grave on Owl Creek turned out to be an Indian's. A woman's foot sticking out of the water in Kirby Creek was not Edna's.

Al McComb did return, but stayed only for a short while. He rode into Mail Camp right after he had left with Edna Wilson. His saddle horse was exhausted, and he spent one night, got a fresh horse, and disappeared. When the news of the Wilson girl's disappearance reached Mail Camp, Al McComb was long gone.

In August, the same year that Edna disappeared, the Fenton Brothers found a headless horse still wearing a beautiful, silver-mounted saddle. They kept the saddle and asked around, for surely someone who had lost a fine saddle like that would like to know where it was. The news about the saddle traveled slowly, and didn't reach the Wilson family until the following March. They investigated and identified it as Edna's saddle. The Fentons wanted proof and the Wilsons were able to oblige, for they had given their two daughters matched saddles and bridles as gifts. The sister's saddle was brought and the two were identical. The Fentons gladly released the saddle to the grieving family.

There the case rested until Al McComb reappeared in 1925. He was recognized and cornered in Meeteetse, Wyoming. When asked what had happened to Edna, McComb explained that when they came to the river, which was swollen and dangerous, she expected him to cross it with her. He tried to reason with her that it was too dangerous, but she had called him a coward. Edna had pulled away, plunged her horse into the torrent, and was swept downstream. He said he was so shocked and upset that he left the country—besides he thought he would be blamed.

Friends contacted the missing girl's father, and set a date for McComb to meet him and tell his story. The day of the meeting arrived, but again McComb had slipped away. The family now believed he surely must be guilty or he would have appeared. They offered a reward for his capture, but he was never located.

The Wilsons kept on searching and hoping. After the girl's mother died, a letter came from Canada signed only "E. W." Whoever wrote it wanted a share in the "estate," but the family heard no more. Was the note from McComb? Was it from some fortune hunter? Who in Canada would know of the missing girl in the wilds of Wyoming?

NOW in the Fremont County Museum in Lander a little glass box holds the skull and some bones, the copper bracelet, the comb and mirror. The brow band with its blackened silver bangles, and the Spanish bit lie nearby—all that remains of the fancy bridle.

So what happened to Edna Wilson? She didn't drown as McComb said, so did he carry her up in the high rocks? She reached the shore, but what happened next? Was she running away from McComb?

The skeleton of Edna was found high in the jagged cliffs where no horse could go. Was her horse injured, or was it shot by McComb? Did he destroy the horse's head to hide the fact that he had shot it?

If Edna and her horse were both half-drowned and injured when they reached the opposite bank, why did she crawl away into the high rocks and take the bridle? Did she hide in the shelter of the rocks from the weather or something worse? Was Edna Wilson hiding from McComb, or did McComb put her body there? No one will ever know—except McComb.

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Mystery of the Sansbois

(Continued from page 29)

the pans and bucket lids loose from Mama's pan rack on the wall. After reaching its greatest pitch the knocking would recede, at last faintly dying away.

It was as if something hollow was being struck—something wooden. And it did not come just at the door, or just at a window, but from the walls, the floors, the chairs. It could be heard everywhere, but always with the sound coming from something of wood.

THE IDEA of our being the victims of a prank was soon discarded. Night after night, our fear grew. My mother forbade us to play outside alone. Many were the days that she would sit and cry and hold us close, waiting for the knocking to begin for another night.

The cause of the disturbance just could not be determined. The cabin was only a little distance from the mill camp, and the light from the slab fires illuminated one side of the cabin. When the knock was coming from that side of the room, Papa would stand on the outside, looking at the spot where the knock had been located, and Mama would hold her little kerosene lamp to that spot on the inside. Nothing was ever seen that could be connected even remotely to the strange knocking that defied all investigation. And the pattern of the knock never changed.

We tried to keep our fears to ourselves, even as we tried every known sleuthing technique to solve the mystery. But one day a neighbor sensed my mother's distress and pressed her to tell her trouble so some help might be offered. After that day the news was out. In virtually no time the entire area had been told of the mystery of the Sansbois. Night after night the little cabin was filled with men and women and sleeping children. They, too, heard the knocking. They, too, were mystified. In an absolute silence they sat, huddled against one another, until nightfall. Never were they disappointed. The knock always came, always in the same pattern—softly, louder, violently, then receding.

Papa was persuaded to contact a spiritualist. He agreed reluctantly, but even the smallest chance for a solution was worth trying. The spiritualist came; the people gathered. The medium lay flat on his stomach and listened to the knocking. It was coming from the space on the floor where the two boards were missing; there he lay his head. He placed the little lamp on the ground under the floor and listened. The knocking came as though to announce its utter contempt at our investigations. The pattern was the same. The medium began to speak, slowly, almost inaudibly, then at last distinctly. I do not recall his whole formula, but I do recall his asking these same words three or four times: "What in the name of the good Lord do you want?"

To that question the vibrations came even more violently than before, shaking us all. Then the knocking moved. No longer did it come from the open space in the floor, but from a makeshift settee that my mama and papa had built. The settee was made of solid oak, and was covered with cretonne. Its cotton padding was fastened with big brass tacks. On this settee sat three men who suddenly bounded to their feet when the knocking moved to their area. Suddenly one of the men jerked up the ruffle of the settee, but nothing unusual was seen. The knocking continued. The same crescendo. The same pattern. Then it slowly died away. The medium could offer no explanation.

NERVES became taut and tempers quick. The constant company, the visitors, the curious, took their toll of family peace. Mama accepted the management of the local boarding house and moved her family in with her. A new family moved into the cabin, and we waited and listened to their reaction. Their experiences paralleled ours. The exact things followed. The knocking continued. The only change was that the knocking often came from their wooden beds; our iron beds somehow did not appeal to the "intruder."

At last the timber was cut, and the job of making a living was more pressing than satisfying our curiosity. The mill moved, and we moved with the mill. The neighborhood ceased to exist, and the mysterious log cabin was left again to the wilds of the forest.

It has been more than forty years since we left that little logging community in the Sansbois. Four years ago I was told that the little log cabin had gradually deteriorated and was little more than a dust heap as long as twenty-five years ago, a dust heap to be blown away by the wind and rain. But I can never forget its appointments. Nor can I stop looking for a solution to the mystery of the nightly knocking.

I have been told that this was the site of a small coal-mining town many years before my father found the little cabin when he was scouting for timber. I have heard Papa speak of many incidents which occurred in the shafts, some of them quite tragic. So many men were lost. Was the knocking somehow related to the death of some miners? If, through some weird circumstances, men were still surviving in one of the shafts why would they begin their knocking only at night? How could they know the difference between day and night? If they were calling for help, why wasn't the knocking continuous? Maybe somebody had been trapped in a shaft which ran beneath the log cabin. They could

(Continued on next page)

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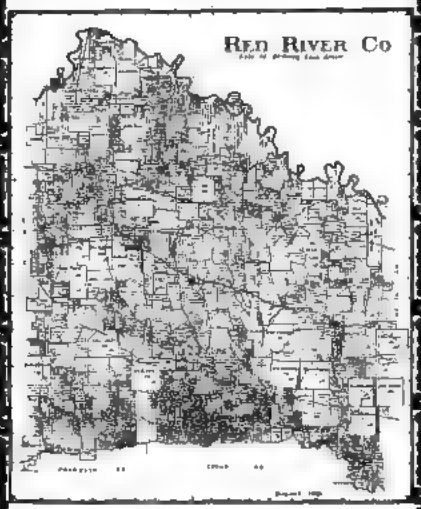

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live awhile—but surely not that long.

Four years ago I found an old man, aged by hard times and hard experiences. I asked him if there were a possibility that the sounds had originated from the shaft of an abandoned mine.

"No," he replied, "the shafts were dug straight with the valley. Not a single one ever went out toward the mountain on either side."

Then I recalled the trip we made to Cave Springs. That was a natural cave in the mountains. Perhaps explorers of it had traced an underground tunnel to a place just under the cabin. Maybe a cave-in or a landslide had cut off their escape, and the knocking was their call for help. Yes, they could have lived for awhile in that cave. There is a place where one can feel ice cold air, coming from a source from within the cave which has never been found. There would be sufficient oxygen for men to survive for a time—but not for as long as we had to endure that mysterious knocking.

Just a few years ago, a rich gas basin was discovered to be running beneath what had been this old mining town. Could pressure from the gas have explained the knocking? Why, then, only at night? And how is it that we could localize the sounds—from a chair, from a wall, from a floor?

Could some natural phenomenon explain this mystery? I'd very much like to think so.

Russell Watercolors

(Continued from page 17)

BEFORE his marriage, my grandfather, Jasper McFry, worked as a cowboy in Montana. During 1882 and 1883 he was on a roundup with Charlie Russell in the Judith Basin. Those were the days when Mr. Russell painted little watercolors of the activities going on around him and gave them away to his cowboy friends. He painted a picture of my grandfather about to rope a longhorn. Later Mr. Russell presented him with a colored sketch of an Indian on a hunting trip. I believe the latter was a Christmas present as it bears the date "Dec. 25, 1883."

When I was a small child these two watercolors, and another Russell showing a black bear, hung in his home. We are from the southern part of Missouri. I am the only child and still have Grandfather's farm. Although I now live in St. Louis, every summer I go back to the old home place. My father, who would be eighty-six if he were still living, died twenty-five years ago. The little paintings had disappeared from the house and I had little hope of finding them.

Then one summer when I was on my annual sentimental visit to the farm, I went to see a family friend and you don't know how surprised I was to find two of the Russell paintings hanging on her wall.

"Where did you get those pretty pictures?" I asked.

She said, "Why that cowboy is your Grandpa McFry."

But she wouldn't give them to me. Nor would she sell them to me. She said she would will them to me. However, I had heard her say that she would like to have a little antique rocker I had, so I went again to her house the following winter and asked if she would trade the watercolors for the rocking chair.

"Yes, one," she agreed.

So I got the one of my grandfather and I was curious to know more about it. A friend told me to write the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth, Texas who in turn advised me to send the watercolor to Fred Renner in Washington, D. C. Instead, I took it to him. He confirmed that it was a Russell and told me that there was a similar one in the Amon Carter Museum in which the cowboy is quite probably my grandfather. The staff had wondered for years who the cowboy was.

Mr. Renner says that the "Z" on the right ribs of the steer was the brand owned by I. G. Baker Company of Fort Benton and no doubt was the outfit Grandfather worked for. I had never known before.

About six months later I went back to my friend's house and offered to buy her a lamp she wanted in exchange for the Indian painting. Once again she agreed.

I have no idea what happened to the third Russell, but at least two have been retrieved and I have a priceless family heirloom for each of my children.

Editorial

(Continued from page 2)

they make it come out as 68 pages) for fifty cents. These magazines actually have 68 pages including cover, any way you count it, while GOLD! and OLD WEST have 100, including cover—any way you count it! This is not to say that a company couldn't come out with 200 pages of stuff that would be worth less than 68 pages of *quality* material. If you stay in the publishing game these days, we believe you've got to have both *quality* and *quantity*.

Well, we *know* that we have quantity in GOLD! but it is the reader who will tell us, in the final reckoning, whether we really have put together a *top quality* package of GOLD!

I could go on for quite a spell telling about what's in the issue but you'll know more in one minute by reading all of page 3 in *this* magazine, and you will either be sold solid after reading the contents or you might just save fifty cents!—Hosstail.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 56)

the other two could have lived to have families. George Washington Ballard, the younger brother was born November 27, 1840.

There is quite a legend about him and one of his older brothers during the Civil War. During the late 1890s or before 1904, George was supposedly in Texas, but it is not known whether he had a family or not. An obituary I received in

June 1968 concerns a Theodore R. Ballard who was killed near Emmett, Idaho in 1961. This fellow was born July 10, 1904 at Benton, Arkansas. At the time of death, Theodore R. Ballard's mother, Mrs. Addie Butler, lived at Pine Bluff, Arkansas and two sisters were also alive, Mrs. Ida Duncan of North Little Rock and Mrs. Dee Coker of Little Rock.

Theodore also had three brothers still living, Buck Ballard of Pine Bluff and John and Ernest Ballard, both of North Little Rock, Arkansas. I would like to contact any of these families concerning a probability that their Ballard ancestor may have been one of my great-uncles, James, William, or George Washington. Benton and Benton County, Arkansas are a long walk apart. I would like to contact anyone knowing of Ballard families who may have lived in Benton County during the 19th century or who may still live in the northeast county of Benton.—Zane E. Jacobs, 1418 Regulus Drive, Point Mugu, California 93041

Thomas C. Carruth

I am seeking information on descendants of Thomas C. and Mary Trouth Carruth who were married at Bonham, Texas on May 2, 1865. They later lived at Gatesville, Texas. Their marriage ended in divorce and he died in Brown County, Texas a few years later. She took the children and returned to Bonham. Their childrens' names were J. Lonnie, Ed and Bell. Lonnie and wife moved to Bryan County, Oklahoma about 1900. No further information on him. Bell married a man by the name of Gordon and they moved to California, probably near Pasadena as Mary Trouth Carruth died there in 1928. No information on Ed. I would appreciate hearing from any by the name of Carruth.—Clifford R. Carruth, 805 Aleta Street, Arlington, Texas 76010

John Farrell-Lawler

Could anyone tell me anything about a John Farrell who went west during the gold rush or anything about a Lawler from Cincinnati, Ohio who fought in the Civil War? My great-grandad drove freight from Bismarck to Fort Yates and my grandad worked with the threshing crews before he got married.—Frank Lawler, Route 2, Box 81, Linton, North Dakota 58552

Lorenzo Dow Cook

I would like to hear from any descendants of Lorenzo Dow Cook, my grandfather. He was a preacher and lived in northeast Missouri from about 1850 until his death in 1892 or '93. He had quite a large family. My father, the oldest of the boys, was born March 17, 1856 and left home at an early age. He was in the Black Hills at the time Custer and the Sioux had their set-to. Two or three of the sons were attorneys in Maryville, Missouri in 1912 and one of them was a teacher in the Missouri State Normal School in Maryville. There were three girls, two of whom lived in Chicago. Ella lived in Boise, Idaho and was married to a man named Cordell whose first name (I think) was Steve. Their daughter Flossy worked at one time in the office of the Idaho governor. I haven't heard of any of these folks since 1912 and would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows anything about them.—Frank Dow Cook, Box 217, Rogue River, Oregon 97537

Atkinson-Bonner-Mofield

I am trying to locate some of the Atkinson-Bonner-Mofield family from the counties of Bradley, McMinn and Meigs, Tennessee. I am especially interested in finding out about Dr. James LaFayette Atkinson who was born in Tennessee and died May 20, 1926 at Poplar, Montana or on the Fort Peck Reservation. We think he is buried there. My great-grandfather Walter Russell Mofield was born either in Meigs or McMinn County, Tennessee on November 5, 1837 and married Clarnida Tennessee Atkinson who was born either in Meigs or McMinn County on March 14, 1839. Her parents were James Atkinson, born in McMinn County near Athens, Tennessee on March 11, 1797 and Winnie Bonner Atkinson, born, we think, in South Carolina in 1806. James Atkinson's parents were Edward and Nancy Austell Atkinson. Very little is known of them. Winnie's parents were Ezekiel and Mourning (or Morning) Bonner. We believe she was Cherokee. The Atkinsons and Bonners were landholders in Tennessee, and we know that some of the descendants moved West. Can someone help me find out more and especially tell me about Fort Peck, Montana?—Imogene Parish Breon, 500 East Shafner Drive, White Haven, Memphis, Tennessee 38109

Georgia Tysons

I am seeking descendants of Thomas Stanley Tyson, born February 26, 1830; Olin Valton Tyson, born March 3, 1838; and Hinton Crawford Tyson, born April 11, 1842. These sons were three of fifteen children born in Georgia to Eugene Hargraves and Frances Elizabeth Poythress Herring Tyson. In the early 1860s they went from Cherokee County, Georgia to Jackson County, Missouri. In 1869 Thomas Stanley and Hinton Crawford resided four miles west of Lonejack and eight miles north of Pleasant Hill, Missouri (the post office was Hickman Mills, Missouri) and Olin Valton resided in Lonejack. I am particularly interested in the marriage and death records and places of burial of each. I am the great-great-grandniece of these three men.—Mrs. J. C. Fleming, 1243 Westridge Road, S. W., Atlanta, Georgia 30311

Helms-Wilson

Dayton B. Helms (born 1835 in Indiana) and his first wife (name unknown) had two sons born in Illinois: Elmer A. (born 1861) and Elbert (born 1865). Dayton also had a sister called "Angie." About 1870 he wed Frances Ellen Wilson (born 1854 in Illinois, died 1908 in Oklahoma), who claimed kinship to Woodrow Wilson. (Her dad was born in Canada, her mom in Michigan. What were their names?) After the wedding, they left for Missouri, never again mentioning or allowing questions about Illinois, their family or their past. Why? They settled in Gentry County, Missouri where the

(Continued on page 70)

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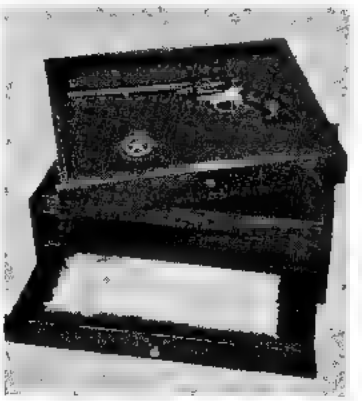

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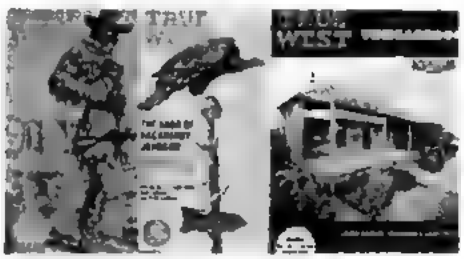

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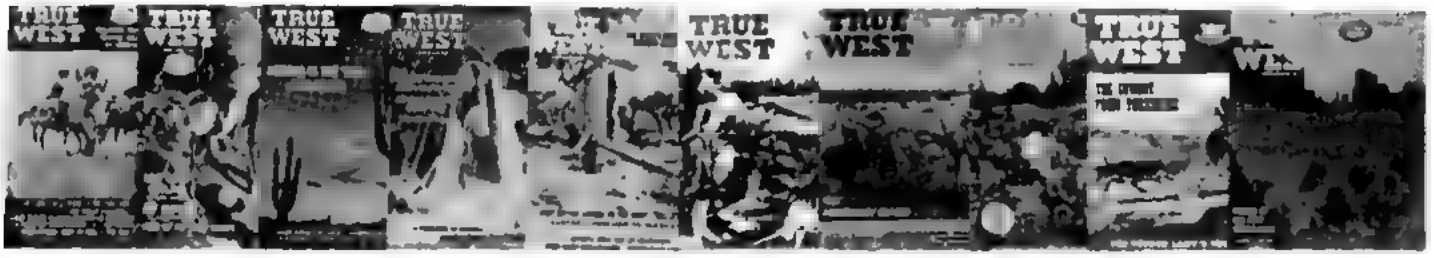

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Retribution at Fort McLane

(Continued from page 32)

records, in the usual military style—terse, sparing of detail, and as one reads it and studies other related facts and versions, he entertains a growing suspicion that there is much left untold.

Captain Shirland describes his part of the incident in a one-paragraph report saying that he left West's command, while en route to Fort McLane, with twenty men of Company C, First Cavalry, California Volunteers, on the evening of January 14. Traveling mostly under cover of darkness they reached Pinos Altos before daylight on the 16th. Mangus had been warned of the approach of the troops and had disappeared. Shirland disposes of the subject of his capture in one short sentence: "I however succeeded in capturing him on the afternoon of the 17th Inst., and brought him to this post [Fort McLane] on the following day."

The main part of the report dealing with the chief's actual death is told in a page-and-a-half report to Carleton's adjutant general, signed by General West, and dated Mesilla, January, 28, 1863.

West referred to that section of General Orders, No. 1, 1863, ordering the establishment of Fort West and the campaign against Mangus' band, then stated that he considered those orders of such importance as to cause him to accompany the command personally for as long as he thought justified in neglecting his duties at his Mesilla headquarters. He accordingly marched with the troops to Fort McLane. Captain Shirland's advance expedition against Mangus and his capture is told briefly, as well as his arrival at Fort McLane on the 18th, bringing the chief in as a prisoner. On the day of his capture, Mangus had boasted of his authority and domination of all his followers, stated West, but when accused of the many atrocities committed by them attempted to deny responsibility. He was told bluntly that he could not evade such responsibility and that his expressed desire for peace stemmed from his knowledge that he was now in a tight spot, and by the prospect of retribution for his past deeds.

West stated that the honor of the army and of the United States prohibited him from taking the chief's life while a prisoner there, yet he felt that he should take such action so as to prohibit Mangus from ever again waging war. The chief was told that the rest of his life would be spent as a prisoner of the United States, but that he would be treated humanely and would be permitted to have his family with him. Then he was warned that any attempt to escape would result in his death.

The report continues by saying that at 1 o'clock next morning, the 19th, Mangus was shot dead by the guard and that West was immediately notified. He at once arose and investigated. He reported that a sergeant and three privates of Company A, Fifth Infantry, California Volunteers, had assumed guard over the chief at midnight, that within the next hour the prisoner had three times attemped to escape and was shot on the third attempt.

West now carefully points out that Mangus, because of his many murders and other atrocities, had forfeited his right to live "by all laws, whether human or divine," but the "good faith of the U. S. Military authorities was in no way compromised." Thus was the death of Mangus Colorado summarized by those military authorities.

THESE REPORTS should be followed by the third version, one recorded later by a man who was present at the actual slaying of Mangus. Daniel Ellis Conner in *Joseph Reddeford Walker and the Arizona Adventure* tells how, in the late months of 1862, he joined a party of prospectors traveling toward New Mexico and Arizona in search of gold and while encamped at Fort McLane participated in the capture of Mangus. There is considerable doubt as to the complete truth of Conner's narrative, and it is certain that it is exaggerated in several instances. Yet it nevertheless adds flesh to the skeletal report of General West.

Conner's party traveled down the Rio Grande Valley to Cook's Spring, turned west (probably through the debris of Mangus' many ambushes in Cook's Canyon), and eventually set up their camp at Fort McLane. They had tried to go on west into Arizona but had found the way blocked at every point by Apache signal smokes and by the tribesmen themselves, determined to hem them in for the eventual kill. At Fort McLane, which Conner spelled "McLean," a common error then, the party decided to attempt to capture the great chief Mangus and hold him hostage until they had safely passed his western barriers. It was at this crucial moment that Captain Shirland and his detachment arrived, bent upon the same errand except that the latter had no intention of restoring the chief's freedom later.

Conner begins by telling of the arrival of "Capt. Sherland *(sic)*," of the United States' army, with thirty or forty soldiers, the advance guard of some California troops en route for the war in the East. He states that their party to capture Mangus, led by Jack Swilling, a notorious southern sympathizer from Arizona and second in command of the party of prospectors, "was now ready to proceed after Mangus and invited the Captain and his soldiers to go with us to 'Pene Alto,' some of whom accepted," a statement hard to swallow in its entirety.

The narrative continues telling of their arrival at Pinos Altos, of contacting the Indians at a distance next morning by means of a flag of truce, and of making an offer of a treaty of peace. The savages professed interest, then Mangus and three or four of his followers came forward while the rest remained half hidden among the boulders. The Americans now leveled their guns on Mangus, ordering him to surrender, which he did, very much surprised. When told that none of his followers was included in the arrest he told his people that the white eyes were not Mexicans,

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to be trifled with, and intimated that they might not see him again.

Conner wrote that they told Mangus' band that they would hold the chief for ten moons and if allowed to travel in peace they would then release him. The description given of him was that he was dressed in a low-crowned, wide Mexican straw hat, cotton shirt, breechclout, and tight fitting, high legged moccasins. He appeared to be about fifty years old and stood more than six feet tall. He was big, full chested and superbly muscled, his bearing erect and proud. The party of whites made a hasty march back to Fort McLane, arriving about the same time as General West and the main body of troops.

MANGUS was silent and wore an air of anxiety. The prospectors, said Conner, took charge of him during the first night, then the next day General West assumed charge, placing him under guard of two sentinels beside a campfire of logs from the huts of the abandoned fort. Security of the camp was shared jointly between Conner's party and the troops, the first walking a day and night beat of 150 paces on the west side of the area. The volunteers camped next to the civilians, with a guard beat forming a right angle at Mangus' fire with that of the prospectors. Mangus lay on a blanket beside his fire. The two sentinels standing over him were in addition to the regularly assigned guards on the beats.

Conner was assigned to the civilian beat for the first half of the second night, which was very cold. Later he noticed that Mangus seemed quite restless, attempting to keep his feet covered with his one blanket. As Conner walked his beat, away from the fire, then turned to retrace his steps, he sensed that the soldiers were annoying the chief in some way while Conner's back was toward them, then ceased as he approached the fire again. Conner had quickened his pace so as to approach the fire sooner than usual when he saw that the soldiers were heating their bayonet tips in the fire and applying them to Mangus' bare legs. This continued for some time, then just before midnight Mangus raised himself on one elbow, remonstrating with his guards, declaring in Spanish that he was no child to be played with in such manner. As he spoke, both sentinels brought their guns to bear on him, firing as they did so. The old man fell back upon his blanket and each of the two sentinels fired two shots through his head with their six-shooters. Mangus died instantly, his blood spattering the frozen ground.

The camp was aroused by the shots but returned to their blankets as soon as they learned what had happened, callous to the death of a savage Indian. Conner states with emphasis at this point that it was still a few minutes before midnight.

Next morning Mangus' corpse presented quite a curiosity to the soldiers, and one of them borrowed a bowie knife from their cook, with which he scalped the chief. About noon the body was dumped into a gully and covered with earth. A few nights later, said Conner, several soldiers uncovered the body, cut

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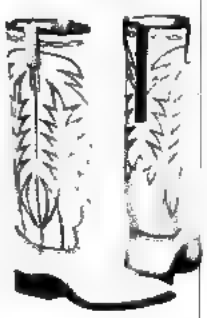

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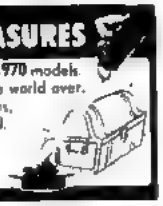

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the head off, cleaned it of flesh and prepared it to be presented "to the museum in New York." The sentinels' statement that Mangus was attempting to escape was apparently never questioned by their superiors.

Years later Conner wrote a letter to an Arizona editor giving a rather more explicit description of the affair, and one that differed considerably in minor details from his original narrative. This last account is interesting enough to warrant quoting:

"WHILE we had a good camp for our sixty mules, Captain Walker conceived the idea of capturing Mangus to hold as hostage, thus enabling us to take a short route across the mountains in central Arizona. It happened that the day before the date fixed for the attempt, in February, 1863, Capt. E. D. Shirland, with about a half-company of California Volunteers, came trailing into camp, stating that he was the advance guard for a larger force of several companies not far behind, under command of Gen. J. R. West. Captain Walker immediately broached the programme for the next day and Captain Shirland accepted an invitation to take part.

"Accordingly the next morning before daylight, to avoid detection and the report of our movements by means of signal smokes, half of each force was on the road toward the Indian camp, arriving quite early in the gap. At Pinos Altos, just before the summit was reached, John W. Swilling was put in command by Captain Walker, who remained in the camp and who had the soldiers conceal themselves in the old shacks, hiding every uniform. Swilling and his party of citizens stalked across the treeless gap at the summit. All was silent; not a human being was seen. Suddenly Swilling issued a war whoop that might have made an Apache ashamed of himself. There was only a short delay when Mangus, a tremendously big man, with over a dozen Indians for bodyguard following, was seen in the distance walking on an old mountain trail toward us, evidently observing us intently. A precipice broke down the mountain between the two parties and the trail bent up to cross it at a shallow place, probably 150 yards from us. Jack left us and walked to meet Mangus, who with his bodyguard slowly but decisively crossed the ravine. Swilling, though six feet tall, looked like a boy beside Mangus.

"They both could speak broken Spanish. We could not hear what was said, but Swilling looked back at us. We interpreted the look to mean that he wanted to be covered. When our squad suddenly leveled our guns upon the party, for the first time Mangus showed appreciation of his perilous position. Swilling went up to him and laid his hand on the chief's shoulder and finally convinced him that resistance meant the destruction of the whole party. They came walking toward us, bodyguard and all. When Swilling told Mangus that his bodyguard wasn't wanted, he stopped with some gutterals and finally instructed them in Spanish, 'Tell my people to look for me when they see me.' When we passed back over the summit the soldiers came out of their concealment, disgusting Mangus beyond measure.

"Knowing that he had numerous warriors nearby and that we had fifteen miles to go, we hastened down the mountain to the Walker camp, where we arrived at 3 o'clock without firing a shot. In our absence General West had arrived with two companies of soldiers. He demanded that Mangus be sent to his personal quarters, which was done. Of course I don't know what took place there, but Mangus came away in the custody of two soldiers.

"The prisoner stood about the camp the rest of the evening. He had prominent bloodshot eyes and disdained to notice anyone and was a head and shoulders above any paleface present. He wore a cheap checkered shirt with blue overalls cut off at the knees and a white straight-brim sombrero with a square crown like a quart cup and much too small for him. The hat was tied to his tremendous head by a string under his chin. He had a head of hair that reached his waist. His nose was aquiline and was his one delicate feature, both in size and form. His receding forehead was in keeping with his receding jaw and chin. His wide mouth resembled a slit cut in a melon, expressionless and brutal. This, as I remember, is a correct description of Mangus.

"NIGHT CAME and I was on guard for Walker, to be relieved at midnight. At the end of our established beat we had a fire, to which the two soldiers brought Mangus, for the night was cold. The Indian lay upon the ground by the fire with one blanket. My beat led me out 150 yards into the darkness. About 9 o'clock I noticed the soldiers were doing something to Mangus, but quit when I returned to the fire and stopped to get warm. Watching them from my beat in the outer darkness, I discovered they were heating their bayonets and burning Mangus' feet and legs. This they continued to do until I warned George Lount to take my place on guard till midnight. I took another turn on my beat while George was wrapping up and upon returning this last time, Mangus arose upon his elbow, angrily protesting that he was no child to be played with. Thereupon the two soldiers, without removing their bayonets from their Minie muskets, each quickly fired upon the chief, following with two shots each from their navy six-shooters. Mangus fell back into the same position on his left side that he had occupied and never moved.

"An officer came, glanced at the dead body and returned to his blankets. I went to my blankets, leaving Lount on guard, and in twenty minutes all was still again. The next morning I took some trinkets from the body, including a little oak block about 4 inches in length by 2½ inches wide and three fourths of an inch thick, with a hole burned through one end for a sinew loop large enough to admit the hand. Deeply burned in one side were hieroglyphics. A little soldier giving his name as John T. Wright, came to the dead body and scalped it with an Arkansas toothpick (Bowie knife), bor-

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rowed from Bill Lallier. Then Cook and four other soldiers came and lifted Mangus, blanket and all, into an old ditch and covered the body about one and a half feet with earth. A few nights thereafter, Capt. D. B. Sturgeon, the military surgeon, exhumed the body and secured Mangus' tremendous skull. That ended the first Chapter. (The skull eventually was secured by Prof. O. S. Fowler, the Phrenologist.)

"Some years thereafter one Governor Arney brought charges of brutality against General West concerning this Mangus affair. I have the clipping from the Washington *Republican*. In his letter of defense, General West states that he had placed seven soldiers, including a non-commissioned officer, over Mangus, to be sure he could not escape; that Mangus was captured by his command red-handed in a fight with the soldiers and was killed at midnight while he was rushing upon his guard to escape."

STILL a fourth version was told in later years by Clark B. Stocking, and published in James H. McClintock's *Arizona - Prehistoric - Aboriginal-Pioneer*, in 1916. Stocking had been a private in Company A, Fifth Infantry, California Volunteers, stationed at Mesilla until January 1863, when they were ordered to Pinos Altos, and were no doubt members of the expedition encamped at Fort McLane when Mangus was killed. As he related the story, the affair occurred at Apache Tejo, which statement is all right since that was the name of the spring that supplied running water to Fort McLane. This spring was about a mile north of the old fort and it is likely that the two names were used more or less interchangeably at the time. Mangus, he related, was confined under guard by two soldiers in an adobe building—not in the open by a campfire as Conner stated.

When told by General West that he (Mangus) had killed his last victim, the chief remonstrated that for five years past he had prevented his young men from murdering the Americans, but West, unconvinced, reminded the old Indian of the canyon where the bones of 500 men, women and children lay whitening in the sun. Then, continued Stocking, the general addressed the two guards, James Collyer and George Mead, saying: "Men, that old murderer has got away with every soldier command, and has left a trail of blood for 500 miles on the old stage line. I want him dead or alive tomorrow morning. Do you understand? I want him dead." Then about ten o'clock that night one of the guards threw a rock against the rear wall of the adobe, causing Mangus to start up in alarm, whereupon he was shot dead by the guard, and his death assured by a sergeant who rushed in and sent another bullet through his head.

Stocking believed the killing justified, "though there was no honor in it," for "Mangus had killed many a woman and child besides torturing men by throwing them into a bunch of Chollas. He got what he deserved and no one in our command pitied him or cried about it."

An examination of the muster rolls of the California Volunteers reveals that there was a Private James Collyer and a Private Mead in Company A, Fifth Infantry, though the latter's first name was John instead of George, a matter of little importance since it is easy for a veteran of the military to confuse the names of his former comrades when there were so many of them. These men, including Stocking, were mustered into the service of Company A at Camp Union, California, on October 2, 1861, and in turn were mustered out at Mesilla at the expiration of their enlistment, November 30, 1864.

These then are the four different versions, five if one considers Conner's latter one a separate entity. The screening of these different versions is actually not too great a problem except as pertains to the less important factors. Basically, the historically important facts of where and by whom Mangus was killed is firmly established by General West's official report and is substantiated by both Conner's accounts and by that of Stocking. The latter's statement that it occurred at Apache Tejo instead of Fort McLane means little because of the proximity of the two locations. That Fort McLane was located a mile south of Apache Tejo has been well established by National Archives and on-the-spot research.

That the location was actually within the Territory of New Mexico instead of

Arizona is amply attested to by numerous official documents of the 1860s, some giving a detailed location in relation to Pinos Altos, the Coppermines and the Burro Mountains. The placing of it in Arizona by some writers arises from the fact that West's area of command was designated the District of Arizona, extending east across southern New Mexico as far as Franklin and Hart's Mill, now El Paso, Texas. This mistake has been heightened by the fact that some official correspondence referred to it as simply "Arizona." The spelling, "Fort McLean," instead of McLane, was quite common; in fact some army reports in the early sixties used the first spelling. The post was named for Captain George McLane, of the Regiment of Mounted Rifles, who was killed in action against the Navajo Indians at about the time the post was established.

IF THE ABOVE established facts are to be accepted, Doctor Gwyther's absurd narrative placing the event at Fort West is automatically branded as pure fiction, all thirty-nine dollars worth of it. Nor should there be cause for controversy over the denial that a treaty was desired. General Carleton repeatedly had ordered that no treaties were to be entered into, that any red males old enough to bear arms were to be killed wherever found. The offering of a potential treaty at Pinos Altos was a subterfuge only, designed to appeal to the Indians' cupidity and to serve as a means of getting Mangus into the power of the whites. Careful scrutiny of Conner's version places the responsibility for this bit of duplicity upon the civilian party, rather than upon the troops. General West's defense against Arney's accusation declared that the chief was actually captured in battle.

Conner would have had his readers believe that the capture of Mangus was planned and executed entirely by his band of civilians and that the troops went along merely for the ride. To one who is familiar with the role played by the California Volunteers in New Mexico this is indeed difficult to believe. General Carleton several times praised Captain Shirland's qualities as an officer and we can be sure that if an officer received such encomiums from Carleton he was indeed a leader, not a follower.

Stocking, in his account, spoke of Conner's group, saying "but they were citizens and were waiting for the soldiers to clear the way." Both Joe Walker and Jack Swilling were experienced frontiersmen, wise in the ways of the Indians and it is reasonable to believe that Shirland was glad to avail himself of their experience in his efforts to capture or kill Mangus. In fact Carleton, in a letter to West three months previously, when plans were being formulated for a campaign against Mangus and his band, wrote: "If Jack Swilling could be trusted he would doubtless make a fine guide. . . ." But that Shirland and his troops sat on the sidelines while Walker's party planned and executed the entire movement, as Conner's account implies, does not ring quite true. On the other hand West's report makes no mention of any participation by the civilians and this, in turn, smells suspiciously of misrepresentation.

The principal subject of controversy, however, and one that like the Custer hassle will probably never be satisfactorily settled, seems to be the less important details of the actual killing of Mangus. Conner says it was done before an open fire, Stocking that it occurred within an adobe building. The army ignores these details entirely and Doctor Gwyther's account should be forgotten. Conner's two versions contain several contradictions. He is wrong by a month in the date which he gives for the event, and there are enough other discrepancies to inject a measure of doubt as to the full authenticity of his story, but his story is probably basically true, although colored by the author's desire to place his party in a favorable public light. It is also rather evident that his version furnishes the answers to many potential questions left dangling by General West's perfunctory report.

THAT MANGUS was actually murdered will always remain an accepted fact; that it was an unjustified murder is quite another matter. General Carleton was, and still is, another controversial subject. Reams have been written condemning his Civil War policy, and more reams have been written in his defense. He had many staunch friends and supporters and it must be remembered that his role was one of a stern, unswerving man-of-the-hour, which he most emphatically was. The federal states were engaged in a desperate struggle to prevent dissolution of the Union; the scattered population of the Territory of New Mexico, indeed most of the entire West, was left to the negative mercy of the Indian hordes bent upon complete extermination. Something had to be done and that something had to be drastic.

Carleton was the answer to this in New Mexico and he attacked the problem as his years of Indian fighting had taught him it must be attacked—war! And war meant killing and imprisonment. With such a kill-or-be-killed policy it was only natural that the leaders of the enemy should become first objects of retaliation. It became Mangus' ill fortune to receive the first brunt from a body of hard fighting men who mirrored their commander's attitude exactly.

General West and his small command at Fort McLane have been accused of savagery in the incident of Mangus' decapitation and the preparation of his skull for medical study. It is well here to further quote Conner's narrative concerning an incident occurring shortly before Mangus' murder. His party had been trying vainly to penetrate the cordon of Apaches gathered in the mountains of western New Mexico to dispute white passage into Arizona. He wrote:

"We came in sight of Stein's Peak . . . we saw what we supposed smoke arising from its foot. . . . Some of the men went to investigate the cause of the smoke and found there three white men. . . . They were hanging by their ankles all in a row to a horizontal pinon limb. Their hands were tied behind them and their heads hung to within a foot of the ground and a little fire had been built under each head. They were dead and the skin and hair had burned off their skulls, giving them a ghastly appearance as they swung there perfectly naked."

If those who have been so critical of the California Volunteers for their act against Mangus' body were privileged to witness such an utterly barbarous act against one of their own people it is doubtful if they would tender much mercy toward a people who knew not the word.

Author's Note: The documentary evidence and references for this article can be found in my historical study, "The Enigma of Mangus Colorado's Death," which appeared in the New Mexico Historical Review, Vol. XLI, No. 4, October 1966.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 69)

following were born: Luther Manford (1871), J. Arthur (1873), Ida Rosella (born 1876; married Harvey Pierce), Charles Edward (born 1884), Allen (who disappeared), Benjamin Harrison (born 1889), and Raymond Earl Helms. Dayton taught his sons use of musical instruments.

In 1908 the Helms family (except Elmer and Elbert) moved to Kay County, Oklahoma. Dayton, partially paralyzed since 1898, died soon after the move. About 1934 his sons formed a dance band in Oklahoma. Between 1935-39 Luther, Arthur, Earl and Ben died. Elmer A. Helms' children were Edna A. (married Tom Holland, Beaver County, Oklahoma), Fannie Marie, Fay, "Onie" and "Wink." Letters placed the family in Missouri at Raven Wood, 1909; Maryville, 1910; and Skidmore, 1920. Elbert Helms and wife (Lilly Russell?) had Ralph, Martha, Bertha, Grace, and another daughter. Letters place them in Missouri 1909 and Milan 1916 and Deer Park, Washington (1917). Who was Dayton's first wife? What county were Elmer and Elbert born in? Who were the parents of Dayton, his first wife, and Frances? What happened to Allen? I would like to correspond with descendants of Elmer and Elbert or anyone having knowledge of this family or their lives in Missouri and Illinois.—Mrs. Ben H. Helms Jr., Route 2, Tecumseh, Oklahoma 74873

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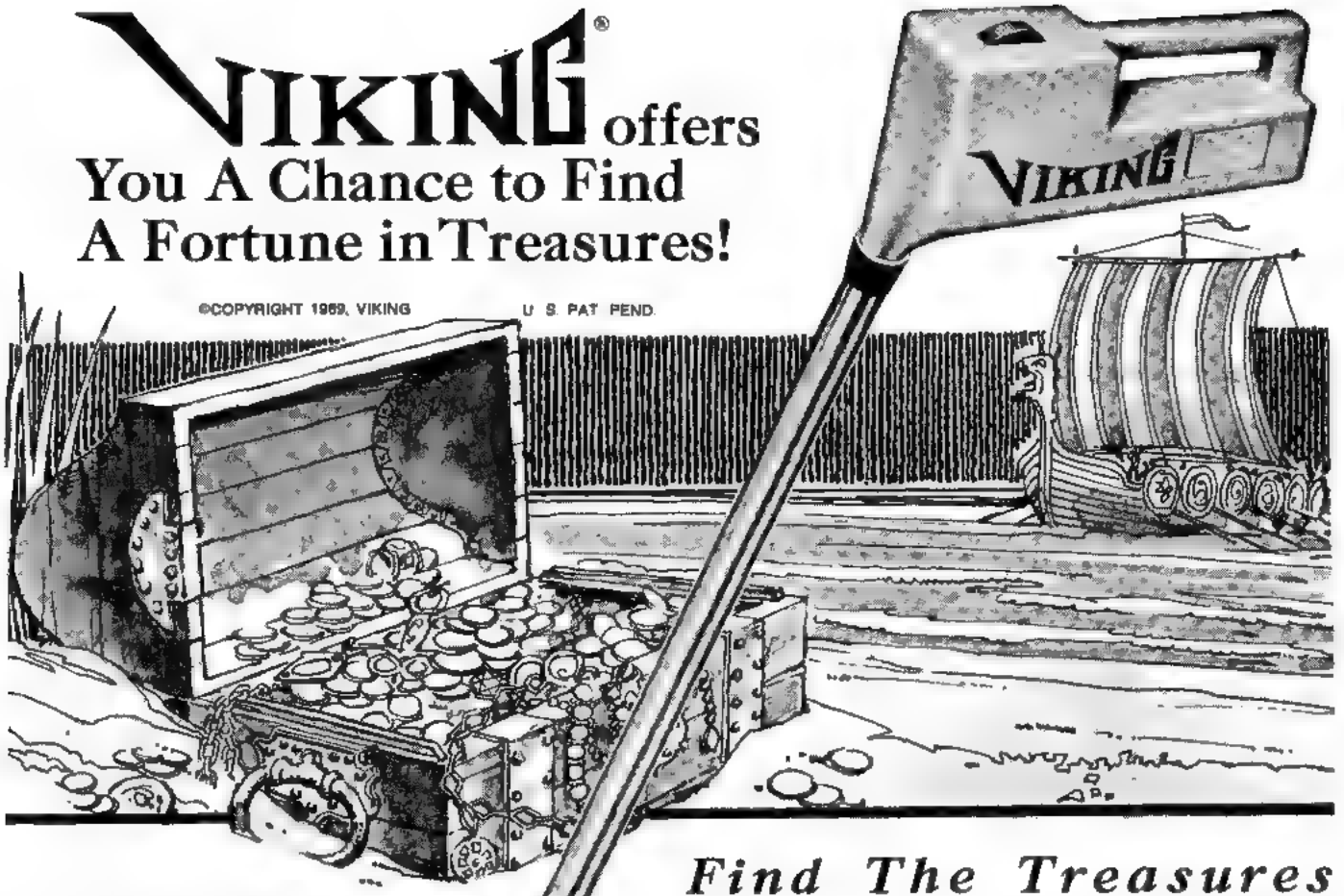

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Devil Sam's Gold

(Continued from page 16)

in a curve, natural obstructions obscured his movements.

A little later a new snow began falling. When the usual gathering took place at the community store four inches lay on the ground. The people were more excited over Devil Sam's second appearance than his first, but, again, it was impossible to track him.

Ten miles south of the San Juan, Devil Sam emerged from the swirling snow. Plodding on steadily in his lanky stride, sundown caught him at the junction of Chinle and Walker Creeks. There he camped for the night but was on the trail at dawn.

That afternoon, using the massive cathedral-like Church Rock as a landmark he turned due west, entering Comb Ridge through a narrow pass in the jagged rocks. As he neared his oasis the burros went into a trot and he let them go.

When he overtook them on the campsite they seemed to act strangely uneasy. After they were unpacked Sam started looking around and discovered some moccasin tracks. With some concern he studied the encircling rocks and then got his only firearm, a Winchester carbine, out of a pannier.

Further study of the ground sign indicated that two Indians had invaded the oasis during his absence. Their tracks faded out west over a sloped mass of solid stone.

Back in camp he discovered something else. All the iron pyrite nuggets which had been thrown aside for the useless metal they were, had been picked up by the two Indians.

The night was a fitful, restless one for Devil Sam. Early the following morning he scouted the entire area of high standing rocks, but observed no further sign of prowling Indians. At last he returned to picking gold out of the gravel.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER a renegade Piute, William Posey, and one of his followers appeared at the Bluff store. After smoking free cigarets the lined face of Posey cracked as he placed a handful of nuggets on the counter.

"You like to trade for gold?" he asked.

At the words several loiterers moved closer. The storeman examined the nuggets, then tested them with acid.

"This isn't gold," he replied. "Fool's gold. Worthless. Where did you get this stuff?"

Posey was well known in Bluff. He was a redskin outlaw who stole horses and cattle from the settlers. The storeman suspected that he had taken the pyrites from the prospector he knew as Devil Sam Brooks. Probably in the process Posey had murdered him, as others had met death at the Indian's hands.

Blinking his eyes, Posey asked, "You sure this no gold? No good?"

"Worthless." Again Posey was asked where he obtained the nuggets.

With a grunt the Indian turned away from the counter and followed by his silent cohort, left the store. The several men present watched the two Piutes kick their scrawny ponies out of Bluff.

"Sure as shootin' that rascal killed the prospector," the storeman declared to the bystanders. "It's the same looking iron pyrites that he brought here before."

MEANWHILE down in the far reaches of Comb Ridge, Devil Sam had lost his apprehension of prowling Indians. Working every hour of sunlight, he had come onto more gold. His hoard was now well over a hundred pounds, buried in canvas sacks.

Returning to camp one dusk he told himself that as soon as the new find petered out he would call it quits. The snow falling at higher elevations would soon reach him anyway. It was time to leave. But Devil Sam's gold hunting was already ended, as he would soon learn.

Entering camp, he kindled a fire with dry brush and started cooking supper. From the crest of rocks behind his back to the west a rifle crashed. Before the sound echoed, Devil Sam felt the bullet burn across his ribs in a downward course and drive into the left thigh. The blow threw him to one side so that the following two bullets missed cleanly. He was also in the deeper shadow of encircling rocks. Despite the pain suffered, Sam crawled a few feet to get hold of the carbine. Lying doggo, he waited, expecting a desperate fight with unknown assailants.

Half an hour elapsed before the bushwhackers concluded that he had been killed. Three Indians appeared on the north side of the oasis, advancing with guttural whispers, moved a few feet at a time, then waited, listened intently. Devil Sam let them come within fifty feet before aiming carefully and firing on the near one. The Indian pitched downward without uttering a sound.

Levering cartridges rapidly into the firing chamber, Devil Sam poured lead at the remaining two. But they had wheeled about at the first shot and were running toward the rocks.

Devil Sam muttered to himself. Once under cover the Indians did not open fire again into the oasis, and during that period Sam managed to stop the blood from the thigh wound and bandage himself with a torn shirt. Knowing that he must get out that night or risk another ambush he staggered to his feet and followed the base of the rocks which were in deep shadow. On the far side, he threw pebbles at the burros to drive them toward camp. As the last one moved from the open into the shadows it finally dawned on the Indians what was afoot. A single whip-like crash echoed as that burro was killed in its tracks.

Hurrying the best he could, Devil Sam rounded the oasis and caught the surviving pack animals. Within a few minutes he had dug up his gold and loaded the panniers. Making it to the south side he headed toward the pass, driving the burros ahead of him.

At least one Indian was somewhere in high rocks to the west, able to get a glimpse of the moving animals. The bullet came ahead of the rifle crash, ricocheting off a near pinnacle. Wheeling, a second bullet whining near, Devil Sam fired at the head and shoulders of an Indian silhouetted against the starlight. Not exactly an expert shot over considerable distance, he was surprised when the Indian pitched off into the oasis and lay still forever.

Catching up with the burros Devil Sam pushed on but did not get far until weakness beset him. After a period of rest, he climbed to the pack saddle on the jenny. The rest of the night he traveled steadily, expecting to be attacked at any time. He did not know how many Indians might have been in the party, but hoped only the three he had seen. Of them only one was left alive.

On Chinle Creek when day came again, Sam was forced to lay over several hours. From there on he was safe, but did not reach Bluff until the next day, and then in a howling snowstorm.

His fantastic luck still held. Devil Sam was lifted from the saddle and taken into the store. Right behind him several men carried the panniers containing his gold. Fortunately the settlers were honest men and he would leave Bluff with his wealth intact. It was marveled over that a greenhorn could accidentally find gold where hundreds of experienced prospectors had failed.

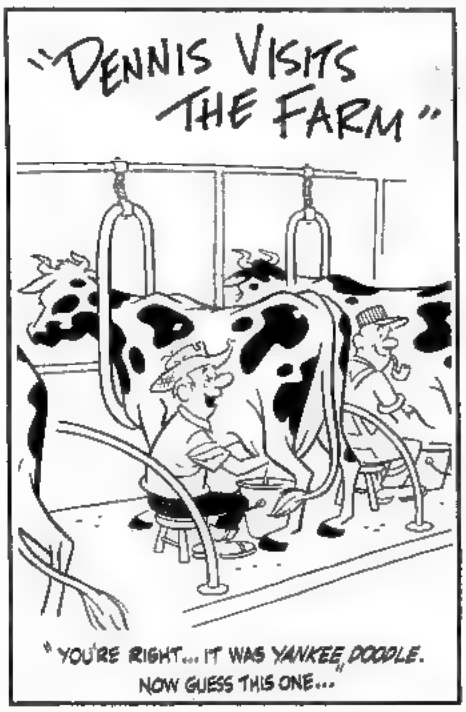
GIVEN a glass of whiskey, Devil Sam revived sufficiently to relate the circumstances. The storeman inclined his head. "Ol Posey was here some days ago trying to sell me some fool's gold. So him and his bad eggs, they was in your camp. When he found out the yellow metal wasn't gold, he went back to kill you in revenge for his own mistake."

"But I didn't do anything to him!" Devil Sam protested.

"According to him you did, fooling him with iron pyrites."

When Devil Sam's wounds were examined the storeman helped him into the rear living quarters of the store. An elderly midwife possessing considerable knowledge of doctoring was summoned.

After doing the best she could for him



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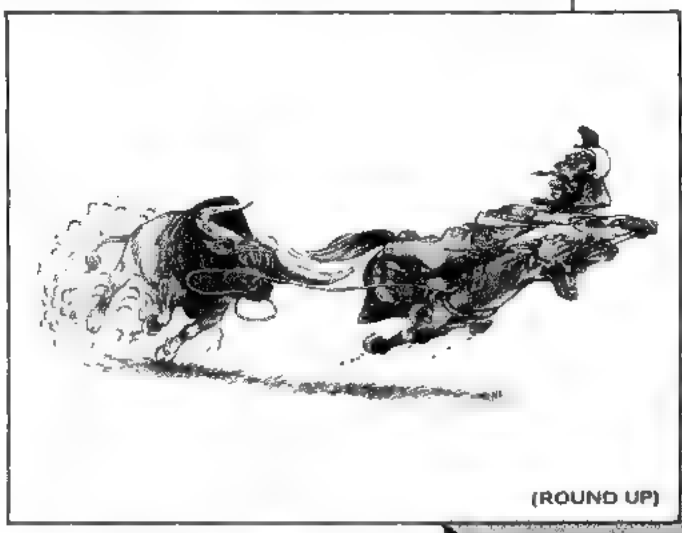

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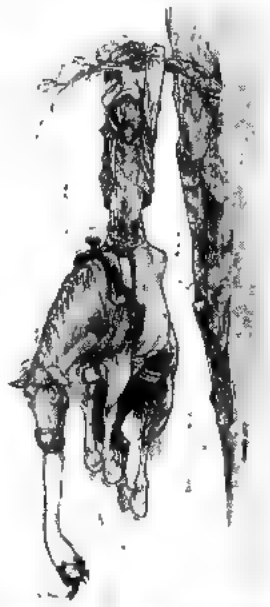

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she said, "You're lucky. A week in bed will fix you up, mister."

Two days later the aged woman had to cut the bullet out of his thigh, as the wound became infected. The thigh swelled and turned angry red but subsided after the lead was removed. This caused Sam to spend another week in bed and in hobbling around.

While recovering, he described the oasis —the part of Comb Ridge where he found the real gold. "About four miles this side of that great rock that looks like a church, you turn into them sawtoothed ridges," he explained.

"That's Church Rock!"

"Well, it looks like one. There's plenty of gold left but it's going to be hard to get if them Indians argue about it."

"I can handle them."

"Good luck."

Devil Sam drew a rough map, but it was never to lead anyone to the gold in the gravel. At the end of three weeks he left for Colorado in a freight wagon. Back home in Indiana he bought a big farm that he had always wanted. For the rest of his life he related the experiences of his prospecting days. Because of Sam's singular adventures he was held in high esteem.

At Bluff the storeman kept his secret until the next spring. Taking three friends in as partners, he outfitted and moved south along the east side of Comb Ridge. He turned west at the point described by Devil Sam, but the oasis could not be found.

Months later the storeman worked persuasively on Posey, but could never get anything satisfactory from him. In return Posey bragged to a number of white men that he knew where gold existed in the great sandstone ridges. One of the white men he became friends with and to whom he related the shooting of Devil Sam, was John Wetherill, Indian trader at Oljeto, Utah. Posey agreed to guide him to the oasis, but changed his mind again and again. Continuing to steal livestock from settlers, the Indian was fatally wounded by a posse of deputy U. S. marshals and county lawmen in 1923. Escaping to a cave in Comb Ridge, his body was not found until years later.

John Nance heard the story of Devil Sam's gold from Bluff settlers and went south hunting it. Three weeks later he returned with a small pouch of coarse gold. He said that was all that remained in the wash running south from the oasis. No one ever believed him. It was supposed that there was a great deal of gold in Comb Ridge which he would take out later. Instead, Nance, a rough character, went to Holbrook, Arizona, where he was killed in a drunken saloon brawl.

On both sides of the Arizona-Utah border the inhabitants still relate the story of gold lost in a dry wash somewhere in Comb Ridge. They hunt for it occasionally, but the ridge is a rough, hot area to search. Heat alone has driven many hunters out before they could find any leads.

Old Folsom Prison

(Continued from page 21)

or else he knew of no other way to manage prisoners, for in March 1903, convict James Deare of Folsom Prison died shortly after being released from a straightjacket. An official who had visited Deare when he was in the jacket testified. "Deare's face," he said, "was swollen and he was giving forth agonizing cries."

Death resulted, said an official report, from a "blood clot on the brain." Autopsy revealed the presence of "pus in the pelvic cavity."

Warden Wilkinson and his Captain of the Guard denied that the straightjacket had even been used. The investigators—the same group who had allowed Wilkinson to continue in office the previous year—claimed to be convinced that the jacket had disappeared from Folsom. There was, they said, no need for additional investigation. The matter was further confused when the State Assembly's committee on prisons came up with an official report admitting the presence of the jacket at Folsom, but favoring its continuance! Other methods of punishment in the prison came to light and were debated, but no conclusions were reached and no action was ever taken—at least not by officialdom.

A GROUP of thirteen convicts, however, took their own sort of action. They made the first successful mass escape

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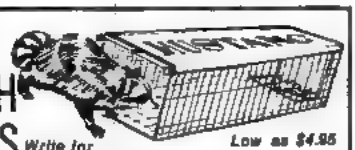

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from Folsom Prison. (Seven desperadoes had tried a decade earlier to escape, but had failed. Three were killed in a gun battle, and four recaptured and punished.)

A convict known as "Red Shirt" Gordon was the leader. He was so named because the prison's incorrigibles wore identifying red shirts. Gordon and his twelve followers made their move early on the morning of July 27, 1903, as they stood among a slow-moving line of convicts waiting to be counted through a cell block gate. Armed with knives, they made a sudden assault on a guard captain's office.

The move had been carefully plotted. At the moment of the attack, Warden Wilkinson was—by schedule—in the little office, as was the head turnkey, P. J. Cochrane, and the captain of the guard. The convicts quickly took control of the office, killing a guard, wounding the head turnkey, and taking the warden and the guard captain prisoner. They next surrounded the warden's nephew and an overseer who were in an adjoining office.

Gordon and his men tied the hands of their four hostages, then quick-marched them out of the office and through the back gate of the prison. They came around to the armory tower at the front, and threatened to kill their hostages if the keys to this arsenal were not brought forward. Once the convicts were equipped with rifles and ammunition, they took three of the hostages and made for the surrounding hills. Later the hostages were stripped of their clothing and left still bound, to struggle back toward the prison.

Seven of the escapees were either killed or captured within a short time. An eighth was later killed during an attempted holdup in Colorado. Red Shirt Gordon and four others were never heard from again.

Why did Gordon and his men go up against the Gatling guns which monitored the deadline, and against sure retaliation by torture if they were recaptured? According to an inmate-turned-author, Gordon and the others must have felt that chances of survival on the inside weren't much better. (Gordon was serving a thirty-three-year term.)

Life in the prison, according to this man, grew worse under Wilkinson's regime:

> *The tasks were increased, the food rations cut, and even the convict stripes were made thinner and cheaper. These abuses, coupled with brutal infractions of rules, crystallized all the hatred, despair, and hopelessness in the prison.*

OTHER punishments were inflicted on the convicts also. Two of the more common were the derrick, and a process known as tricing up. An inmate left this description of the derrick:

> *The derrick consisted of an overhead block and tackle hanging from a hook before each punishment cell. The prisoner's arms were extended behind him by a guard and two convict helpers, who fastened a pair of handcuffs around his wrists, and hauled his arms upward until only the tips of his brogans were touching the stone floor. This caused his head to be tilted down to the level of his waist.*

And this is what yet another inmate had to say about the derrick's effectiveness:

> *Sometimes the convict was suspended in the air altogether, with no support at all. The convicts under punishment were stretched for five hours a day, two and a half hours in the morning, and two and a half hours in the afternoon. Very few men were conscious at the end . . . and fewer still walked to their cells.*

Since so many prisoners lost consciousness while on the derrick, it eventually lost favor as a method of enforcing discipline.

Tricing up was the hanging of a man by his wrists or by his thumbs. Ringbolts used for tricing up were installed in the punishment area. This practice was discussed several times during the straightjacket investigations in 1903. A captain of the guard freely admitted that tricing up was practiced but only under the supervision of the prison physician. The latter gentleman promptly announced that he knew of no evil consequences resulting from this process. It was, he stated, more humane and less injurious than long periods of solitary confinement. This last statement might have been true, as some few inmates were kept in the hole for periods ranging up to three years.

Yet all of the tortures put together were probably little worse than the general atmosphere and day-to-day living conditions. Nearly all of the convicts labored in the prison quarry, cutting granite to be used in the construction of the prison itself, or in a dam and powerhouse located on the nearby American River. The latter work was done under arrangement with a private contractor.

Working conditions were allegedly so bad that convict foremen were bribed with opium, and common laborers with occasional twists of black tobacco. The smuggling of all kinds of goods was rampant at the prison, and favors of every sort were bought and sold. Opium was probably the prize contraband, as it brought relief from tedium, hunger, fatigue and pain.

The food had apparently become less palatable then in the earliest days of bean table, beef table and mutton-chop table. The average cost of each meal was seven and one-half cents. The usual bill of fare was "vile unsweetened 'bootleg' coffee, black as coal tar, dry coarse bread, and a dish of watery unseasoned beans." Or at least this is the description provided by one former prisoner. He may have been exaggerating, but it is doubtful much more could be provided for seven and one-half cents. At times even the guards complained about their diet. As the prison kitchen was operated by the inmates, better quality food was no doubt enjoyed—at the expense of the rest—by those inmates who could

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come across with money, merchandise or other favors.

AT ONE TIME, a group within the prison found an excellent method of "putting one over" on the hated warden and his staff. Their plot was designed to provide an endless supply of money for purchasing smuggled items. They went to work in the prison blacksmith forging counterfeit coins. The counterfeiting ring operated for over a year, and the coins they made, they boasted, were circulating in the open economy within a week of their manufacture. None of the gang got rich, but they were able to afford a steady supply of opium and cigarettes, and had the great satisfaction of embarrassing the prison officials.

The first the prison officials knew of the operation was when United States Secret Service agents staged a surprise raid on the blacksmith shop. Even though the operation was discovered and shut down, the inmates chuckled. One said:

The news of finding a counterfeiting plant in full operation . . . discovered by two Government men from Washington rather than by the vigilant officers of the prison was by far the biggest joke of the season, both inside and outside of the prison.

This grim bit of humor seems to have been about the best the early decades of Folsom Prison had to offer.

It was not long after the turn of the century that Warden Wilkinson's term of office ended. When this seventy-year-old political appointee was replaced by younger, more ambitious Archibald Yell, conditions began to change.

The jacket, the practice of tricing up, and other punishments continued for a time, but on a more restricted basis. Yell's first major action was the virtual elimination of opium traffic. One by one, the major discomforts were alleviated somewhat. A boiler plant and a laundry were built, a prison farm begun, and a cannery. Food allowances went up. The old cell blocks were improved and made habitable.

As improvements continued down through the years, the only remaining symbol of former abuses seemed to be the prison cemetery. Here, on a steep sun-scorched hillside, are the plain wooden markers or inmate-made granite slabs which mark the graves of over 600 convicts. Burial in the prison cemetery, known as a "box parole," was the only way out for these men. If there were no family or friends to claim a prisoner's remains, out he was sent to Folsom's "boot hill."

Burial practices here remained unchanged for an unbelievably long period of time. As recently as 1936, some prisoners were buried without clothing, without embalming, without services. If a man's body were not claimed within three days after death, it was simply put into a plain wooden coffin, lowered into the grave and covered up.

The twentieth century has finally caught up with the last of Folsom Prison's old ways. Folsom is still plenty tough, but it's not like it used to be.

Half-Million Robbery

(Continued from page 23)

At this time vigilante committees had been formed but hadn't gotten a good start. Before long, however, they had the trees hanging full of thieves, crooked judges, lawyers and lawmen. The vigilantes hanged such men as Henry Plummer and Jack Slade and a hundred and some more before they ran out of material.

The half-million in gold was fetched in at night to the storage sheds, sewn into small canvas bags, and then put into iron-bound wooden boxes which were placed all over the stage to balance out the heavy load.

The next morning the giant coach was pushed out of the shed, ten fine horses were hitched to it, passengers were loaded, and two shotgun guards mounted their posts, one riding next to Jack and one on the hind boot. Many Jacksonville residents were on hand to see it off, having no idea what was on that stage but knowing it was something extremely important.

Then Jack walked out, a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a box of cigars in the other. He wore two revolvers and a big knife. He mounted while the lead team was held by a stage hand. He adjusted himself to the seat and fastened his safety belt so he could ride the stage over the rough roads and still remain aboard.

JACK looked things over and was satisfied. He gathered the lines, kicked off the foot brake, and jerked out and unrolled his thirty-foot blacksnake whip. He threw it back, then forward, cracking it like a .45-70 rifle. Those ten horses hit their collars as one and were soon at a full gallop.

As the stage pulled out, Howard asked Comstock, "Do you allow your drivers to drink on the job? I see he had a bottle of whiskey which he didn't attempt to hide."

Comstock looked at Howard and replied, "In this case all we have to worry about is that outlaws don't discover what Jack is drinking—otherwise we are okay."

Aboard the stage, the guard sitting next to Jack could no longer contain himself and asked, "Jack, I'd sure as hell like to know what's on the stage to require all the attention of two guards, ten horses, and the best driver in the West. Do you want to tell me or shall I just guess?"

Jack pulled a couple times on his cigar, looked Sam over, then replied, "Sam, I've known you for some time and believe you to be as honest as a man could be where a half-million in gold is concerned."

"Gold!" exclaimed Sam, "I knowed it!" If the guard hadn't been fastened onto the stage he'd have fallen off. "A half-million! I didn't know there was that much money in the world."

Then Jack continued, "We are pretty safe from thieves because the officials have been real secretive about this shipment, so don't worry, but keep that gun handy."

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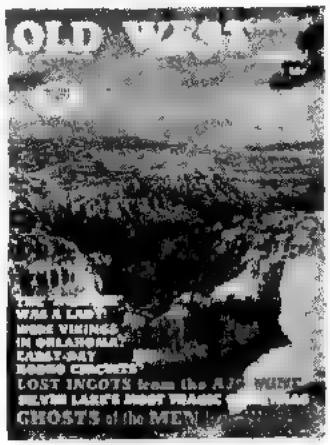
(Were there Vikings in Oklahoma?)



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A few minutes went by before his friend replied, "Jack, you know damn well you're just makin' conversation. That kind of loot would turn any man into a crook—official or otherwise." So ended the conversation. They both grew silent trying to throw off the feeling of doom that gradually had come over them. Had this shipment really been kept secret?

The first stop was "Jump Off Joe" Station. Jack told the passengers to remain aboard since they were stopping just long enough to change horses.

From there they roared into the Rogue River gorge where the country was as rough as the road. Jack didn't slow down but kept the teams at a full run. Now and then he'd crack the long whip to let the horses know there was to be no hanging back.

When they reached Grace Creek Station, the passengers were informed they had twenty minutes to eat. The stage men remained with the coach and ate while the teams were being changed. When all was in readiness Jack Montgomery set the horses afire with that long whip and soon they were at a full gallop. One passenger remarked, "I wish that damn fool would slow down and stop cracking that whip! He'll kill us all if he don't."

At that moment Sam stared ahead and yelled, "Look, Jack, robbers sure as hell!"

Two men sat fine riding horses, one on either side of the road. Jack told Sam to put down his gun, that these were guards to take them through the roughest part of the trip. Sam relaxed. When the stage thundered by, the two horsemen fell in behind. It took a good horse to keep up with a stage the way Jack drove it. Many a band of Indians had been outrun by such horses as these.

The next stop would be Canyon Creek Station. In places the road was just wide enough for one wagon, but Jack didn't slow down. Several times Sam yelled at him, "For God's sake, Jack, watch those rocks or you'll put us over the side sure as shootin!" But Jack kept cracking his whip and yelling like a wild Indian.

THEY PULLED into the station just long enough to get fresh horses and were off again. Soon they reached the Missouri bottomland where the going was smooth, then climbed back into the nearby hills. The road here was the worst yet and several times they had to stop to remove fallen rocks from the road.

When they reached Big Rock Station, the passengers were allowed twenty minutes to eat and relax. Once again the passengers ate inside, while the guards and Jack ate beef stew on the porch. Jack announced here that they would run all night, stopping just long enough to eat and get fresh horses.

Jack told the mounted guards that after about five miles farther they could go back, that the danger would be over. Had the outlaws been going to strike, Jack felt, they would have done so back where the coach had to stop and the timber was heavy.

Before they left Big Rock, Jack lit the lamps inside the stage and on the outside of the coach. It would soon be dark and he didn't want to stop unless absolutely necessary. The guards, as per instructions, remained with the coach for five miles or so, then rode up and bade the men on top farewell and good luck.

The stage had to slow down considerably as it climbed Roberts Hill. When the coach crossed one of the bridges, all of which had loose boards, the noise could be heard for five miles. As the stage passed Umpqua Falls the passengers thought they were running into a thunder storm.

"It won't be long now," Jack remarked to Sam. "About fifteen minutes we'll be at Mountain Home Station where we'll rest for a few minutes."

But on a hillside a quarter of a mile away sat several men with other ideas. One had a fuse in one hand and a light in the other. The road ran between two hills, a deep cut in the mountain. Jack and Sam were looking ahead into the darkness when they heard a loud boom and saw a blinding flash. Jack tried in vain to check the team. When he saw they had panicked, he dropped the lines, jerked his knife, cut his belt and jumped. Sam failed to get his belt cut and was crushed to death.

George Kelly, the guard on the hind boot, already had unfastened his belt to be ready to jump if Jack put the stage over a bank. Now he jumped too, hit the road hard, and rolled in the dust unhurt.

George said later he turned and ran in the opposite direction as fast as he could and finally fell to the road exhausted. A few minutes later he saw animals approaching. He ran to the hill and hid behind rocks. He counted twenty-one mules with a leader on horseback in front and one in rear. The mules were tailed, each tied to the tail of the mule in front. They were headed for the stage.

George remained in hiding until the muletrain returned, this time loaded and guarded by six men. He knew they carried the gold. When they had passed he returned to the stage to find it crushed and sealed by debris but partly exposed. Passengers were screaming and yelling. When he failed to get the rocks off the door he told them he'd be back, that he would go to the station and get help. On the way he met four men. He hid until they passed and then continued.

When he arrived at the station he found only a woman in attendance. On a bed lay Jack Montgomery. The woman, Alma Redding, said Jack had come in holding his insides in his hands. He told her of the avalanche which had crushed the stage, then fell to the floor. She had sewed up his wound, which was about a foot long in his stomach, and had put a poultice on it to keep out infection. Jack had lost a lot of blood and was badly hurt.

GEORGE KELLY sat down, poured himself a stiff drink, and tried to visualize just what had taken place. When Jack regained consciousness, George gave him a drink of whiskey and told him what he had seen. Jack tried to rise to his feet and fainted.

The woman told George that when she

and two station attendants heard the blast and the rock slide, the two stage hands had refused to investigate. But as soon as two other men came along, the four rode off to find out what they could. When they reached the stage they found three passengers and eight horses dead and the stage demolished. The gold was all gone, not one ounce remained. The robbers had done a thorough, well-planned job.

Jack said later, when he was able to make a statement, that when he saw the light from the blast, he tried to check the horses but they grabbed the bits between their teeth and went plumb crazy. After yelling to Sam to jump, Jack cut his belt and tumbled head over heels for about a hundred feet. He was stopped by a scrub pine. He was stunned but soon regained his reasoning. Jack could hear the rock sliding down over the stage about forty feet on his left.

On the road above he could make out the forms of perhaps four men. By their yelling at each other he knew them to be outlaws. He pulled his revolver and fired into them. One screamed, then somebody cursed, "We didn't get them all! There's one down there somewhere."

They fired in his direction but hit nothing. Jack said he then heard or felt someone behind him and turned and tried to fire at the figure of a man but his gun was empty. The man swung at Jack with a hatchet and cut a twelve-inch gash in his abdomen. The driver grappled with his assailant but was too weak and felt himself slipping. Then he noticed that he still had his cigar in his mouth. He took the cigar in his free hand and jabbed it into the man's eye. The outlaw yelled and lost his balance. Jack grabbed the hatchet and hit him over the head several times. The man didn't move but Jack didn't know if he had killed him.

When Jack Montgomery jerked off his shirt he saw his intestines protruding from the long slash. Placing his hands over the cut, he rose slowly to his feet and headed for the station. When he reached there he told the men to arm themselves and go to the aid of those people on the stage. He then collapsed on the floor. When he came to he saw George and Alma Redding. He talked some to his shotgun guard but didn't remember anything more for days.

Jack eventually recovered and returned to stage driving but never got over the loss of a half-million in gold. He took full blame, but actually he did all he possibly could and no other man could have done better.

Jack talked to the vigilantes several times to see if together they could come up with a clue but nothing developed. A posse from Roseburg investigated the robbery, followed the mules to the Umpqua River where they entered the water, but soon lost the trail and gave up.

Later the vigilantes got word that four men were holed up in a cave in the Siskiyou Mountains near the scene of the robbery. They swooped down on them and found them with several bags of gold dust. These men denied any knowledge of the crime. They claimed they found the gold accidentally when they entered the cave to get out of the weather. The vigilantes were not satisfied with their story and took the four out and hanged them.

Today this type of justice seems a little barbarous but at that time it was very effective. The vigilantes of Oregon were the most thorough in all the West and rid this part of the state of crooks large and small.

Jack Montgomery continued to drive stages until the railroad took over his run. Turning to quieter pursuits, he homesteaded 106 acres in the Agate district of Jackson County and also operated a general store. On October 7, 1878 in Jacksonville he married the daughter of a southern Oregon pioneer, Burrel B. Griffin. The ceremony was performed by County Judge Silas Day and one of the witnesses was Jane Holt, the same Madam Holt who ran the Jacksonville hotel. In 1910 Jack Montgomery died in Eagle Point, Oregon at the age of seventy-nine. One of the last and perhaps the greatest stagecoach drivers the West had ever seen was gone.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 39)

When the night of the experiment came, the box was prepared in the shanty, and two chemists, friends of the capitalists, brought their own mercury with them. The box was lowered to the bottom, and the party of five began their wait. Soon after daylight Jernegan announced that is was time to draw the box up again. This was done, and the whole party eagerly set to work to find out whether any gold had been received. When the chemists announced that gold to the value of $14 was found mixed with the quicksilver all were stunned by the discovery and realized at once the vast possibilities in more extensive operations, the original experiment having been made practically with a toy apparatus.

The story spread quickly and the modest Jernegan was prevailed upon to organize a company. Stock was sold, and after getting possession of thousands of dollars the promoter sailed away to Europe. The success of the great experiment was explained afterward.

Fisher, the diver, had gone out from the shore in his diving suit, opened the box, and taking out the mercury that had been brought by the chemists, substituted a vial of his own that had been strongly impregnated with gold.

Both before and since the Jernegan hoax, many attempts have been made to extract gold from salt water, some of them fraudulent, some genuine and based on scientific grounds that have from time to time appealed even to serious students. But all so far have failed dismally. Though traces of gold are found in salt water, commercial application is practically impossible.

WORDS WEREN'T NECESSARY

By Laura V. Hamner

RANCH BOSSES had different methods of teaching the hands on the place lessons that were needed, but the usual way a cowboy was given a reproof was

(Continued on page 80)

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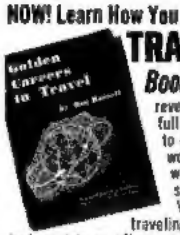

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by saying nothing about the matter. Without a direct word, the manager would make the desired impression.

Charles Goodnight, in the Panhandle of Texas, once set some boys on the Goodnight ranch to digging postholes and setting posts for a fence. It was hot and the boys worked slowly. In mid-afternoon, as they were digging a hole for a post, they looked down the line of posts that they had set up. Goodnight had ridden up to a post and had dismounted. He took hold of the post, shook it from side to side, then pulled it up and threw it to the ground.

He went to another post, shook it, pulled it from the ground, and threw it down. After he had pulled up several, and was sure he had been seen, he mounted and rode off without a word to the fence builders.

The boys stood and looked at each other, then set a post in the hole, tamped and tamped until they felt that it was as firm as even the meticulous old rancher would have made it. Then they went to the next and on down the line, saying with an oath, as they made a post immovable, "Now, let's see him pull that one up!"

Many are the stories told of Bud Arnett's methods on the 6666 Ranch near Guthrie in King County in West Texas. Bud's wife had a brother, Bert, who sometimes worked for Arnett in off seasons. One hot spring day, Bud told Bert to take a certain one of the hands and go put in the permanent water gaps on the Wichita River.

It was hot and dry. There was beer for sale at a little store the boys had to pass, so Bert and his friends decided that they would wet their whistles before they took that long, hot ride. One drink called for another. This "calling" lasted so long that, when the boys realized the time, they decided it was too late to make the trip and spent the afternoon at the store. Bud came by and saw their horses. He realized what had happened. True to custom, he rode on to the ranch, saying nothing to the boys.

Suppertime came and the boys expected to be asked about those water gaps. Nothing was said. Not then nor at bedtime nor at breakfast next morning. The two boys did not know what to think of the situation. In order to bring up the subject, Bert casually remarked, "If I were manager of this ranch, I would wait until after the spring rains were over before I would put in those water gaps."

Bud, who was expected to hear this remark, replied quietly, "Bert, I never yet have seen a man like you running an outfit."

Bert was silenced. He stood waiting for the rebuke he expected to follow, but Bud turned his attention to the work of the day. He gave the boys their "pills," as their orders were called, but ignored Bert and his companion of the day before. They waited, anxiously, wondering what would come next.

At last Bud remarked to them, "You two follow me."

The three went to the corrals. All the horses had been taken except two, the worst outlaws on the ranch.

"Saddle up," ordered Bud in a cold voice.

Cringing inwardly, the boys saddled up.

"Mount," ordered Bud.

The boys mounted.

The usual ranch custom was to keep such horses in the corral until they had "got the pitch out of 'em," as the ranch saying was, but Bud threw the gate wide open and let those horses have the whole prairie to pitch in. The horses "broke in two," pitched until the boys were ghastly pale and could hold on only by clutching their saddles. If a horse seemed about to slow up, Bud yelled and slapped his chaps with his big hat to stimulate its fury anew.

At last the horses wore themselves out and settled down to steady motion so that the boys could dismount. Roaring with laughter, Bud went to the house with never a word as to those water gaps on the Wichita.

One summer after the roundups, ranch work on the 6666 was slack. At the North Camp of the 6666 Ranch there was a farm on which fodder and grain was grown for the cow ponies. Johnson grass had begun to get a good start on this farm.

One day Bud Arnett told his boys to get their hoes and dig up that Johnson grass before it took possession of the field. "Uncle Bud," as the boys affectionately called him, sensed that the boys felt that farm work was degrading and suspected that they would not push the work hard, so he rode up later to see what was happening. It was afternoon and all should have been in the field. Instead, they were sprawled under a tree, fast asleep.

Bud crept up close to one of the boys, lay down, and put his hat over his face as if he were asleep also. Then he nudged the boy in the side as if by accident. The boy waked, saw who was by him, roused the other boys, and all took their hoes and went to work. Bud Arnett rode off as if he had not seen them.

This system of reproof was used on many ranches. The hands expected words in such cases. Silence was more impressive, so the wise manager kept the boys guessing what was coming next and what came made a deep impression.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 6)

ment of Wallula—the natives, pioneers, and law and order complete the book. A few photographs illustrate famous landmarks.

HISTORIAN

Frederick Jackson Turner, considered by some to be the dean of American historians, helped develop the style and format of U. S. historical reporting. Because of popular demand for Turner's writings, University of Nebraska Press has reprinted the 1965 edition of *America's Great Frontiers and Sections—Frederick Jackson Turner's Unpublished Essays* ($1.95) edited and with an introduction by Wilbur R. Jacobs. Turner's major legacy to historical advancement has been to encourage a greater understanding of the American character and the different origins of the American democratic form of government. Before the expanding republic, he saw the great West offering opportunities for constructive rivalries, but affording also fair methods of resolving the differences, and providing the means of converting our actions and objectives toward peaceful uses. The text is composed of five chapters with twenty-three sub-chapters. Chapter three is devoted to some classic writings of President George Washington who foresaw the role of the West in American History.

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—by Tom K. Ryan
O BOY! WE'RE HOME!... GOLLY, TUMBLYWEEDS! WHEN FOLKS FIND OUT YOU RESCUED ME FROM THE INJUNS, YOU'LL BE A HERO!
GRIMY GULCH
POP 56
KNUCKLES, PLEASE!... I ONLY DID WHAT ANYONE WOULD DO FOR A FELLOW HUMAN BEING! I DON'T WANT TO BE A HERO! HEROISM ISN'T MY BAG! PLEASE! DON'T TELL 'EM ABOUT IT!
5-13
UNLESS, OF COURSE, THEY HAPPEN TO ASK...
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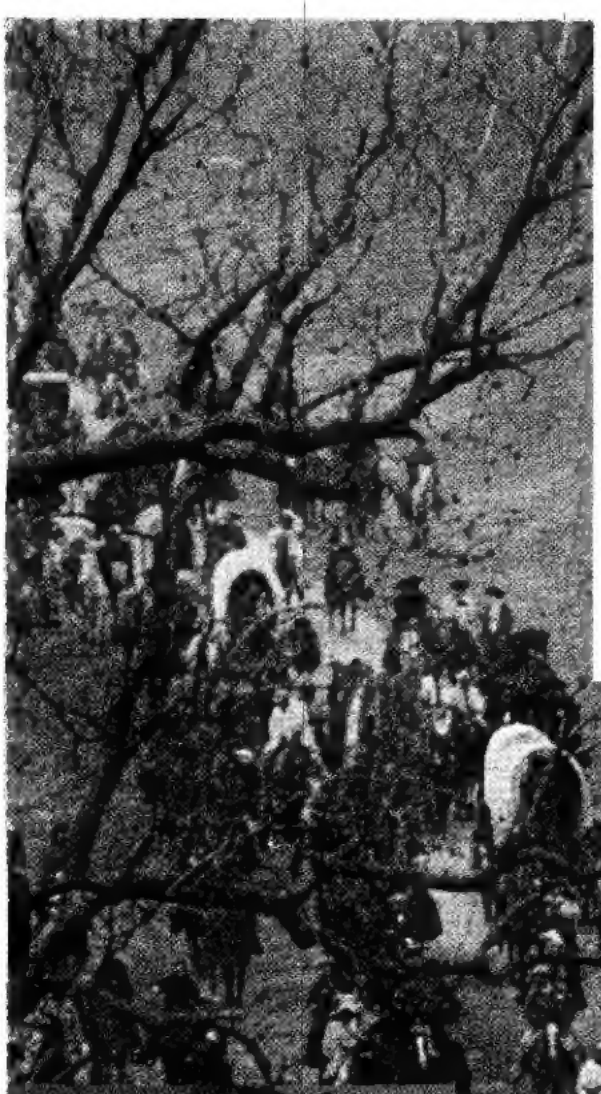

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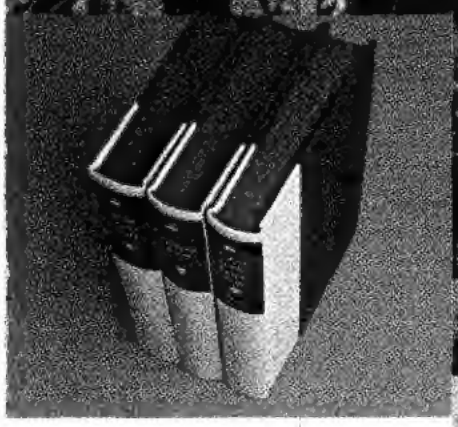

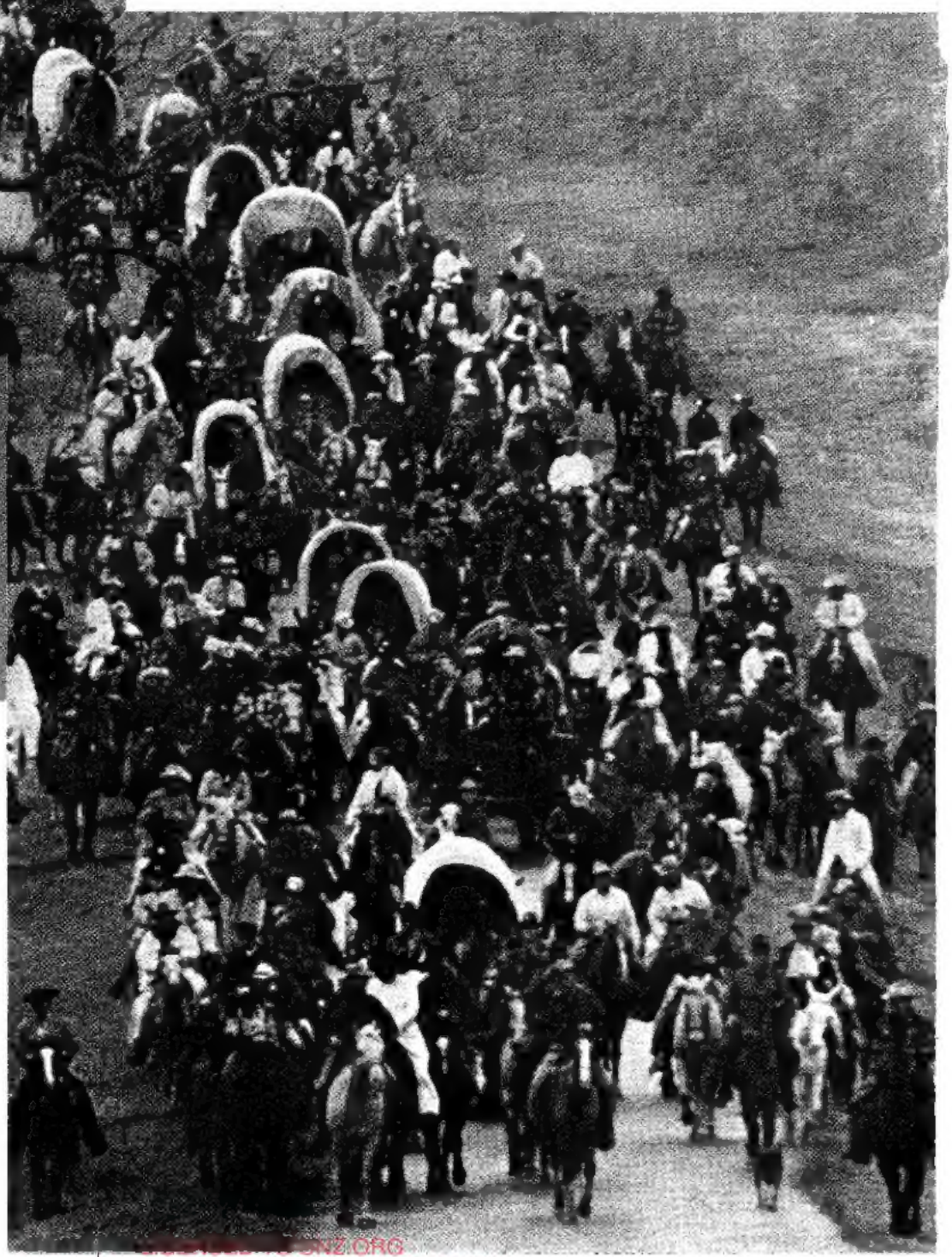

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